THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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George Broadhurst—Teresa Hyde Phillips—Lucy Stone Terrill—Thomas Beer
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* * * *

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MY RECORD					
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THE AGRICULTURAL PROBLEM

By William M. Jardine

Secretary of Agriculture

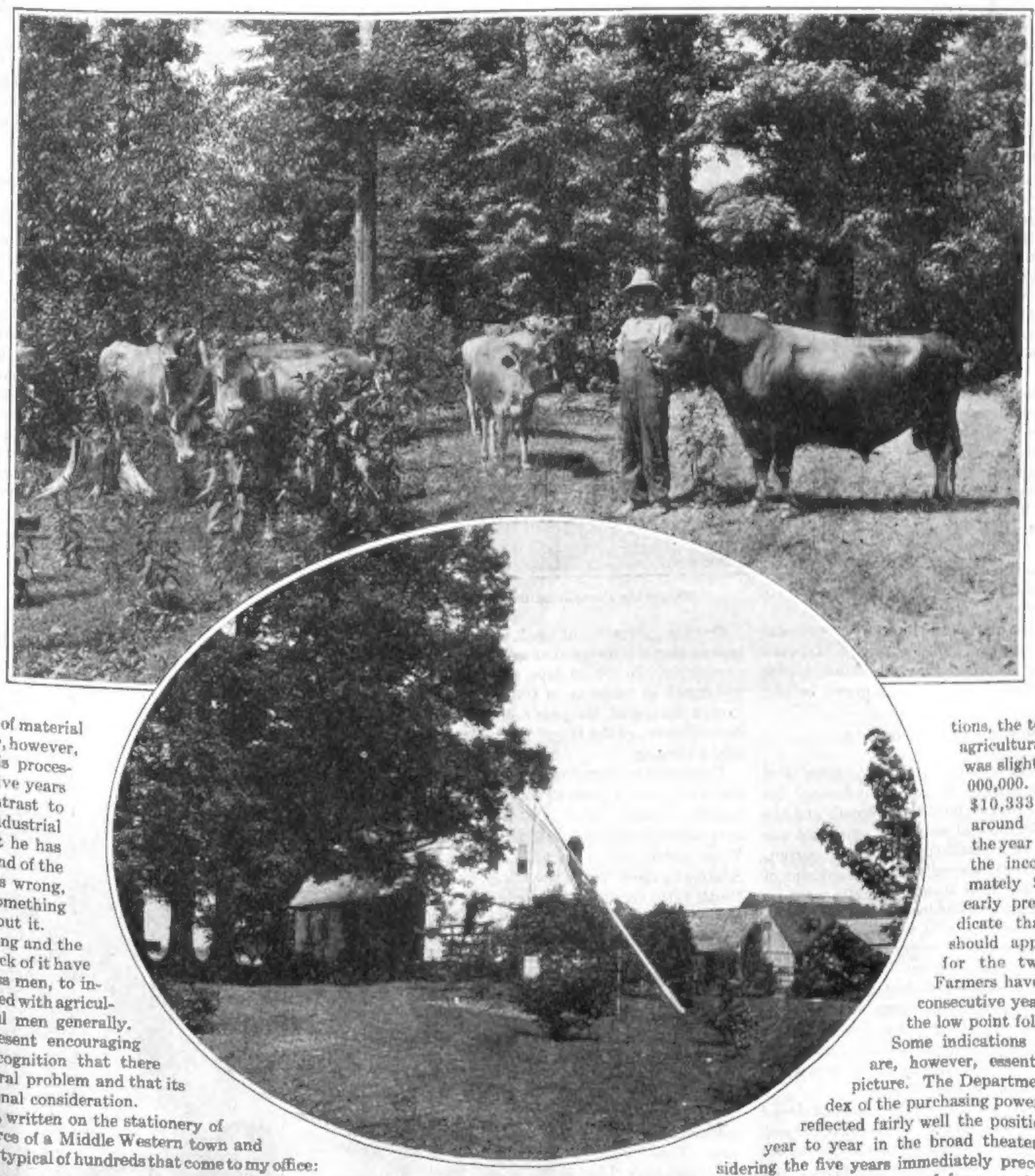
A PROBLEM that involves the national bread and butter is bound to be given some thought on that score alone. The agricultural problem, however, involves not only our bread and butter but something more. The farm homes in this country number about a third of all its homes. Since earliest times we have looked upon those farm homes as a wellspring of national vitality, of thrift, independence, and of those substantial virtues which give sane, vigorous character to our national life. The maintenance of a sound, prosperous agriculture is a matter of social no less than economic importance.

The war and more particularly events since the war have given us food for thought respecting the status of agriculture. Since the postwar readjustment most of this country's workers have advanced steadily to new heights of material prosperity. The farmer, however, has lagged behind this procession. His plight for five years has been in sharp contrast to the prosperity among industrial groups. He feels that he has been getting the little end of the horn, that something is wrong, and that eventually something is going to be done about it.

Gradually that feeling and the undeniable evidence back of it have made appeal to business men, to industries closely associated with agriculture, and to thoughtful men generally. That is one of the present encouraging aspects—this wide recognition that there actually is an agricultural problem and that its solution demands national consideration.

The following letter, written on the stationery of the chamber of commerce of a Middle Western town and signed by a merchant, is typical of hundreds that come to my office:

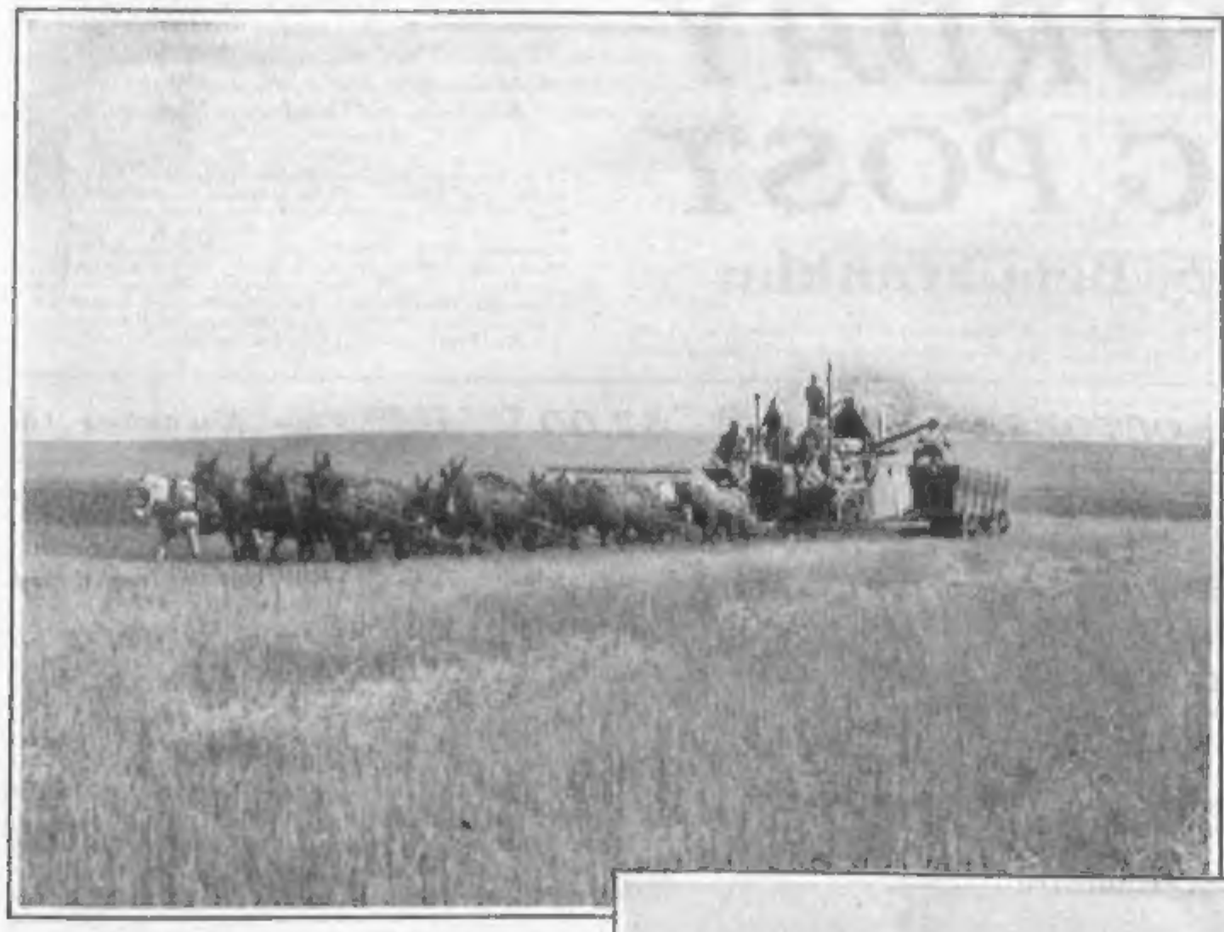
> I am interested in the farm situation. My business depends on how the farmers in this country are getting along. Besides, apart from my selfish interest in the matter, I would like to see everybody in my county and state do well.
>
> Now I know that farmers around here have had a hard time making ends meet for the last five or six years, and they do not seem to be entirely out of the woods yet. I feel, and so do other business men here, that something ought to be done about it. The Government should pass a law, or some other steps ought to be taken.
>
> Some of the farm leaders who have talked to me say that the Government ought to guarantee a price on farm products. Others say that the surplus products ought to be sold abroad so that the domestic price may be kept up, and the Government should levy a fee or tax to cover losses through this plan. Others think these coöperative marketing organizations are going to take care of the situation.
>
> Now I am anxious to find out what the solution really is. If there is some piece of legislation that would take care of this whole difficulty, why doesn't the Government pass it? I do not claim to know, but I want the farm problem cleared up, and I am applying for accurate information where I should be able to get it.



A Connecticut Farmhouse and its Surroundings. Above—A Michigan Farmer With His Herd of Pure-bred Jerseys

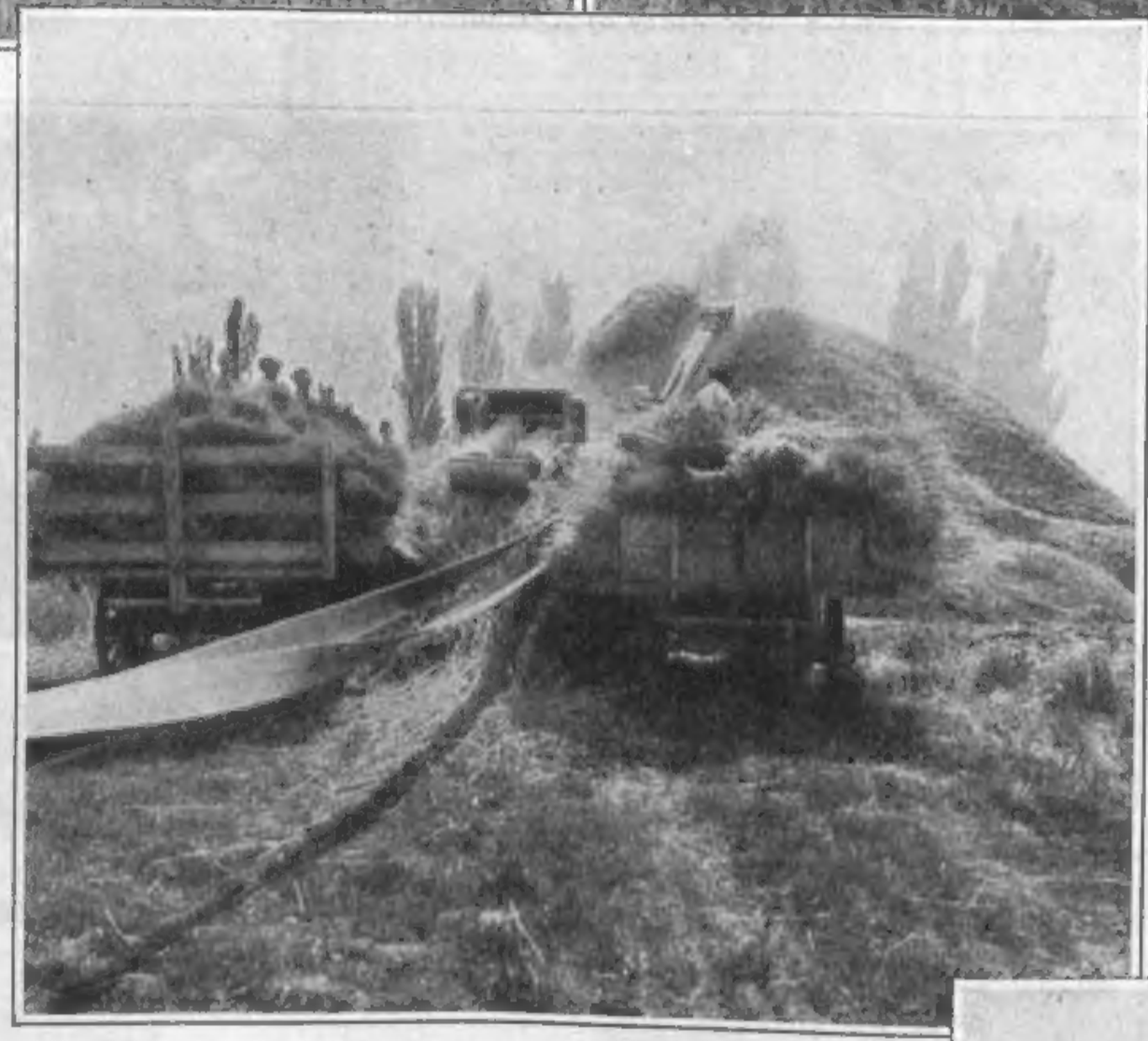
To begin with, we find there has been undeniable improvement in farming conditions since the dark days of 1921. Progress has been slow, and has been, broadly speaking, a succession of regional advances. According to the Department of Agriculture's calculations, the total gross income from agricultural production in 1921 was slightly more than $9,000,000,000. In 1922 it was about $10,333,000,000; in 1923 around $11,250,000,000. For the year 1924 and again in 1925 the income reached approximately $12,000,000,000. Our early predictions for 1926 indicate that the gross income should approximate the figures for the two preceding years. Farmers have promise of the third consecutive year of prices well above the low point following the war.

Some indications of purchasing power are, however, essential to complete the picture. The Department of Agriculture's index of the purchasing power of farm products has reflected fairly well the position of agriculture from year to year in the broad theater of exchange. Considering the five years immediately preceding the war as 100, the indicated purchasing power of farm products in terms of non-agricultural commodities averaged 69 in 1921. By 1922 the position of the farmer had improved until the index had reached 74; in 1923 it was 79; and in 1924 it had worked up to 83. For the year 1925 it averaged 89 and reached a high point of 93, from which there has been some recession.



An 18-Mule-Drawn Combined Harvester and Thresher in a Field of Federation Wheat

A County Agent Examining Bundles of Shocked Federation Wheat in Oregon



Threshing Federation Wheat

Though relative prices do not measure with complete nicety the economic balance between groups of producers, nevertheless, there is no denying the improvement in agriculture during the past five years. Farmers in certain sections, however, have fared better than others.

The whole current situation, however, is but a part of a story that begins somewhat further back. This is, after all, relatively a young country. It was only yesterday, as history is reckoned, that we were parceling out the public land to homesteaders. Almost within the span of one lifetime we put the best part of half a continent under the plow. We set up an extensive system of agricultural research and education. We carried out innumerable irrigation and reclamation projects. We developed machinery which revolutionized crop production at one stride, where fifty centuries had left almost no mark of progress. Some of the men who once cradled wheat on our Western prairies have lived to harvest those same fields with tractor and combine.

For two generations the energy applied in agriculture was directed to the stimulation of production. From the 50's to the 90's that was our problem and our national policy—to get the land settled and producing. We were more than successful on the production end. Many blades of grass were made to grow where one had grown before.

Farm Economics in Transition

COINCIDENT with that marvelous era of agricultural expansion went the equally marvelous industrial development. It was then that we built the railroads and the factories, developed our mineral resources, expanded our foreign trade. Along with manifold increase in output, therefore, came a progressive specialization and division of labor. Gradually the old farm household crafts went by the board. The spinning wheel and loom were relegated to the attic. The old local woolen mills, woodworking shops, tanneries, foundries and similar country plants gave way to modern, centralized manufacturing.

The farm ceased to be a self-sufficient unit. Farmers gradually came into the market as buyers of all sorts of manufactured products. It was cheaper and easier to concentrate upon production of crops and animals and leave the manufacturing processes to large-scale factories whose economic advantage could not be disputed.

A single generation thus witnessed the most profound transition from the ways of handcraft production and self-sufficiency to a complex commercial economy. Today the farmer sells his products for money as a matter of course and buys the hundred and one manufactured articles needed for his family and business. This specialization and commercialization of agriculture during the generation prior to the World War must be reckoned as one of the moving forces back of the present-day situation.

One highly significant result was that relative prices moved into the foreground as a determinant of farm prosperity. In the old days, when things were largely consumed at home or in the home community, the farmer measured his year's outcome largely by the bountifulness of the crops. A bumper crop was usually a blessing.

Under the modern commercial scheme of things, on the other hand, it is not the size of the crop that counts, but its exchange value. No longer is a bumper crop invariably a blessing. It may be quite otherwise. What counts now is the price of the farmer's product relative to the prices of the things which he must buy. Under these conditions a comparatively small surplus of a product is apt to depress prices disproportionately, and the surplus question accordingly looms large.

It is essential to sketch these two or three background features into the picture if one would view the agricultural problem in a fair perspective. For many years we did, as a matter of national policy, bend every effort to expand production on the farms. Then the marvelous events which attended the development of our great interior territory brought agriculture almost overnight out of an age-old self-sufficient economy into a new and commercial economy. The overproduction and hard times of the early 90's were part of the shock of that transition.

The basic readjustment in farming necessitated by these events was still in process when the war period overtook us. Then for a time all normal economic influences were lost in the urge and pressure of war necessity. Once more American agriculture was thrust into a violent program of expansion. Prices soared. Patriotism played its part. Food would win the war! And the farms of this country did in fullest measure what they were depended upon to do toward winning the war.

The Farmers' Nightmare

THEN came the end of the war and the end of inflation. Like a ball tossed up the slope of a roof, prices reached a peak in 1920, paused, then began a precipitous downward plunge.

The collapse in prices of farm products caught farmers with their plants geared to the very topmost activity. Drastic readjustment was instantly necessary, but cropping systems cannot be shifted in a day, nor can animals be made to stop growing and producing.

So the farmers of this country went through a nightmare of financial depression again, worse in some respects than

A County Agent in South Carolina Explaining the Value of Chufas as a Grazing Crop for Hogs

the hard times of the 90's. Thousands upon thousands of men lost their farms and saw the savings of a lifetime wiped out. Banks failed, country merchants failed, big industries dependent upon farm business failed. Land values slumped to bankruptcy levels. There is no need to dwell upon the statistics of distress during that period, for it is now common knowledge. As I have indicated, there has already been some substantial recovery.

The deep significance of that harsh period should not be lost, however—especially by the East and the non-agricultural community generally. It was the culmination of a long era of adjustment and readjustment on the part of agriculture in a young country of rapidly changing economic conditions. To a generation of farmers who had witnessed the transition to the modern commercial system, who had worked painfully through one stretch of hard times, induced partly by a national policy of stimulated production, the war and deflation period capped all experiences. It left a deep-seated conviction that agricultural prosperity hinges in no small part upon governmental policy.

The East and business men generally have no small stake in this matter. Any lasting prosperity in this country is conditioned upon farm prosperity. It is in the agricultural regions, after all, that the East finds one of its trade territories. With the farmer laboring under serious difficulties, with agricultural depression operating as a drag on business, it is inconceivable that intelligent business men should take any other position than one of consideration and helpfulness toward the farm problem. The East cannot be indifferent to this situation. There are many ways in which the industrial and financial community can help the farmer, and that help must be given, for it is in the common interest to do so.

The Home-Market Increase

CONSIDERABLE discussion in the West during the past two or three years has centered about the tariff. The farmer has found himself at serious disadvantage in the general field of exchange. He has seen the industrial community having all the best of it and he resents any inequality of tariff or other protective legislation which seems to give industry and organized labor any permanent advantage over himself. This tariff issue will have to be met, fairly and open-mindedly.

There are, on the other hand, certain aspects of the tariff situation which should not escape attention. During the past fifty years the number of persons engaged in agricultural pursuits has increased approximately 80 per cent, but crop production has significantly increased more than 300 per cent. In the face of this enormous increase in production, agricultural exports have dwindled. In 1901 agricultural exports made up more than 65 per cent of the total exports from this country. By 1917 this figure had been reduced to 31.6 per cent of the total. The war upset the normal trend of agricultural exports, but in recent years the path has been downward again. All of which means that the domestic market, increasing at the rate of 1,500,000 persons a year, is becoming all-important to American farmers. In other words, the trend of production and trade is such as to suggest that manufacturers may become less dependent upon the tariff as time goes on, while our farmers may rely increasingly upon tariff protection for this most splendid of all home markets.

A Dairy Farm in Tillamook County, Oregon

A Colorado Farmstead Showing the Plan of Fields and Gardens

However, the present tariff talk is symptomatic of other and deeper issues. Back and behind it all, we have come to the time in our history when fair and secure place must be made for agriculture in the national economic scheme.

Immediately in hand is the question of governmental aid in disposing of agricultural surpluses. The agricultural surplus problem is a direct legacy of the modern commercial system, just as the unemployment problem is in industry.

I do not view the surplus question, important though it is, as the beginning and end of the problem. There are other factors which enter into a solution and which should have the fair-minded consideration of the community at large. Economists tell us that, broadly speaking, the ultimate development of our national economy must take one of two directions. Either we must so balance our domestic structure that the country will maintain within itself a strong prosperous agriculture, adequate to make us self-sufficient in food and fibers; or else we must follow the way that leads to greater dependence upon a foreign food supply.

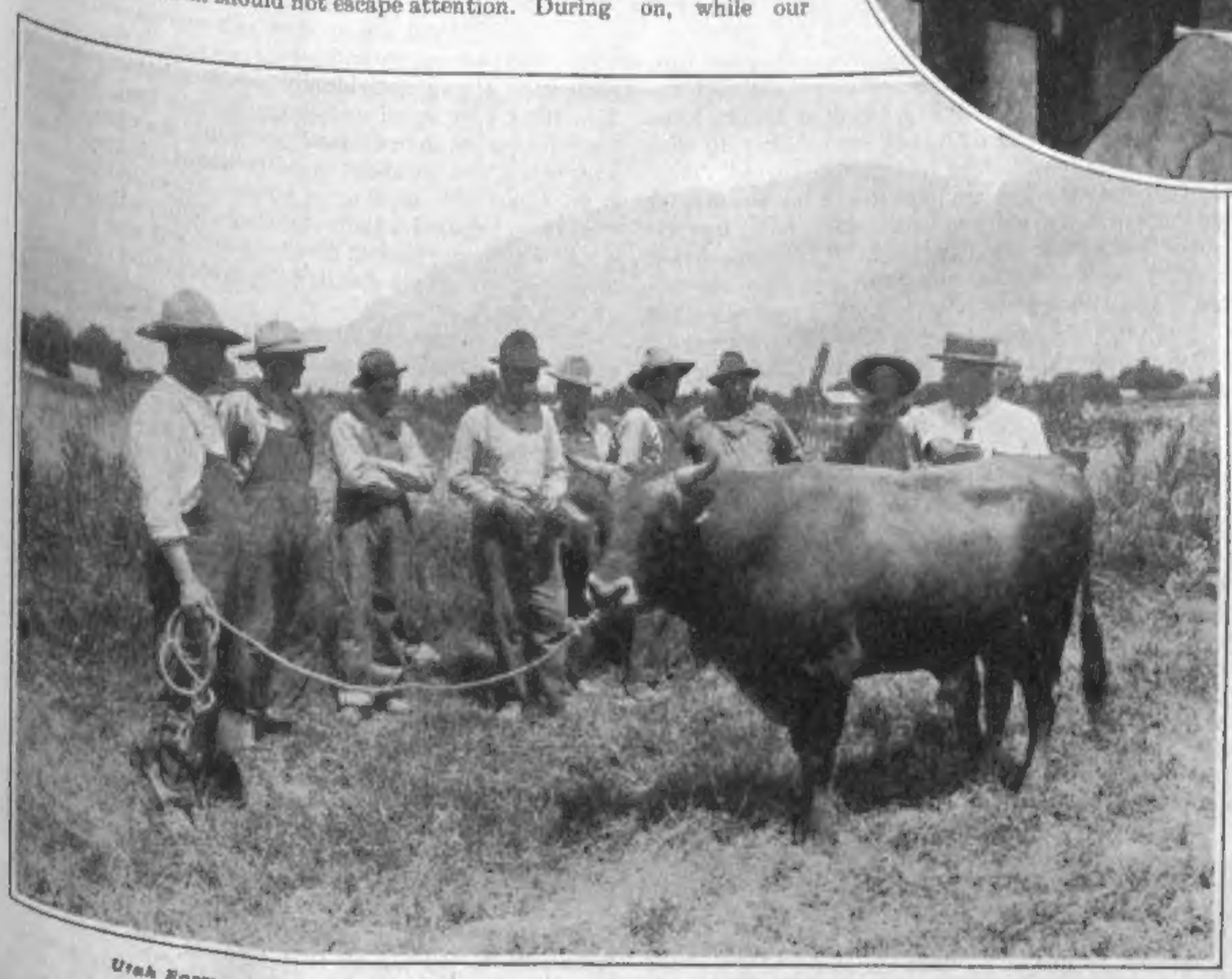
It is true that the United States has made long strides on the road to becoming an industrial country. But our resources in land are enormous; our agricultural production is highly efficient; our rural population is a strong and virile social group. For my part, I am positive that we are absolutely committed to the maintenance of a resourceful, independent agriculture which shall hold its place in the economic scheme on equal terms with other producing groups. There is no doubt whatever that one of the major economic problems of this generation is how to assure to agriculture a fair share in the national income.

In Search of a Solution

GRANTING this to be true, the question is, of course, just what specific things can be done toward a solution. That is a big question. It is a question to be approached sanely and carefully. Mistakes do not help matters. The approach to solution seemingly must be both from the angle of action on the farm and that of public action.

In the first place the problem must be dealt with from the farm end. I have said repeatedly, and I reiterate, that a substantial part of the farmer's problems must be solved on the farm. I say this with full understanding of the difficulties that face the individual. I know well what the farmer is up against in the shape of uncontrollable weather, diseases, limitations of soil and climate, slow business turnover and all the rest. But the solution of this problem

(Continued on Page 169)



Utah Farmers Inspecting an Association Bull. In Oval—A Farmer Listening to the Market Report

A FURTHER STUDY OF PLANTS

"Gerald, When the Quilt Came Off it Was Lucky There Was a Chair Near"

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

IT WAS evident to Willie Gerald that Anthony Herkness, in spite of the loudness of his assertions, was uneasy. The writer stood in a room with a floor of wide Pennsylvania oak boards facing a highboy of a most impressive early type. He repeated the term Queen Anne. "And made in this country," he continued almost violently. "I can tell from the way it's put together. English cabinetwork would have been finer. For example, Mr. Gerald, take the pegs ——"

"I have," Gerald told him briefly.

"Well, there isn't a shadow of a doubt about that highboy. Good Lord, I have to have a little luck now and then! With all the looking around I do, it's only natural I'd come on one good thing without paying the profits of at least three dealers. I mean right in price as well as the rest. And here I was, as I told you, lost on a back road in Maine, I thought a hundred miles away from any antique, when I saw that ship's figurehead—on the table there—in the window. I wouldn't have stopped then except for gasoline, and while they were filling the car I went across the street. There was some common pink luster and britannia ware, and a volunteer uniform from the Civil War, and a deaf old woman with a fixed smile. I was leaving with the figurehead when I saw one of those feet. The highboy was covered by an old quilt.

"Gerald, when the quilt came off it was lucky there was a chair near—a Queen Anne highboy in veneered curly walnut with herringbone bands and most of its tear-drop handles, the very earliest single molding on the drawers and six trumpet-turned legs and the stretchers complete. I had to sit down. The old woman said she kept it covered because it was promised to a woman who had driven through the town six months before. She'd left her address and a hundred dollars' deposit and promised to send for the highboy as soon as she reached home. She hadn't, that was all, and the woman in the store had lost the address. I told her it would have been a great deal better for her if she had lost the hundred instead. But, naturally, she just thought I was cracked—like most of her pitchers.

"I insisted that the other purchaser would never turn up; that probably she was dead; and that she'd have the highboy on her hands forever at a hundred dollars. She said she was afraid I was right, but she couldn't do anything about it but wait. She had gave her word. Then I told her if she would let me have it and the woman did appear I'd personally return her hundred dollars. But she just shook her idiotic grinning head. I did some quick thinking. I know as well as you do that in some circumstances it's just as bad to offer too much money as too little. You might be able to buy a piece of rare glass for ten dollars and get thrown out if you offered three hundred. But I decided this was a special case—Gerald, I couldn't look at that highboy without feeling faint from excitement—and I said, 'See here, I'll be honest with you. I am a writer; I write stories, and I could get such a good one out of that piece of furniture that I can afford to give you two thousand dollars for it. I'll wait here until your bank gets a wired confirmation of my check.'

"When she heard that, she was as badly off as I was. She turned the color of a Pitkin flask. A dark one. I thought I'd have to stay for the funeral and buy the highboy from the estate. There! There it is, Gerald; that's how I got it. When my things are sold to pay for my extravagances it will bring five or six thousand dollars or more."

"I hope so, if you need it," Willie Gerald answered. "I do indeed, Herkness. If you get many more like this you will. I looked at the pegging. In very old furniture the wood shrinks away from the pegs. For some reason or other it hasn't here. And I'd like to have the calipers on those turnings. They look too regular to me. If I were you I wouldn't bother about the top; I'd gamble it was good. It almost always is. But the stand—I am afraid of that." Anthony Herkness, who was now thoroughly and illogically angry, asserted that the highboy was genuine from the bottom of its feet to the topmost molding. "Perhaps," Gerald returned indifferently. "But take my advice—if you do write a story about it, don't have it illustrated with photographs. Why, this is perfect nonsense; the lower part is new. You've been hooked. The highboy was planted where you found it, and very badly planted too. I am surprised that you dropped for it! If you'd discovered a set of walnut Queen Anne chairs in Maine there would have been an excuse—for some strange reason they were made there very early—but that highboy could only have been Virginian, and probably brought over from England. Though that wouldn't hurt it—much. In no circumstance could it have been carried so far north before—well, 1925."

Anthony Herkness, who was thick in the neck and naturally red of face, was positively scarlet, glaring at Gerald. "You experts think you know a lot!" he exclaimed. "In reality, all there is. But every now and then you are wrong, and this is one of the times. It isn't necessary for old turnings to be always cockeyed. And the pegs have been driven back. They wouldn't let them stick out, like a porcupine, on a piece that was for sale."

In that case, Willie tartly informed him, he was wrong in asserting that the wood hadn't been refinished. "Because the present surface covers the pegs. It's no use getting in a temper at me. I didn't sell it to you. All I did was to give you some admirable advice. The real trouble with you, Herkness, is that you are romantic. If you, individually, could call that a trouble. You think your mind and judgment are cool, when the truth is you get so bewildered you can't see what's before your eyes. You are about as deliberate as a Mauser pistol. Now, where this highboy is concerned, actually it isn't worth five hundred dollars. Or that would be the absolute limit. And then you would have to find a dealer who happened to have an old stand of the same period that would fit your top."

The greater part of Anthony Herkness' assertiveness evaporated. Still he protested that Gerald hadn't examined the runners of the lower drawers. "There has been no soap on them, but only wear of the longest kind. You yourself told me that no one could fake the runners of old drawers."

That was so, Gerald acknowledged; but old runners could be cut to fit a great variety of openings.

Herkness' uneasiness changed to a settled dejection. "I'd like to sell every antique I've got," he declared. "How do I know they are antique? How does anyone know? The glass you tell me is Stiegel or Wistarberg or Keene—how can you be certain? And if you were, and half a dozen dealers and a few silly collectors died suddenly, what would it matter! We've thrown away all the whatnots of the past generation, and why won't the next heave this all out? I'm just pouring my money down a rat hole, and I'd trade a houseful of early Americana for a gallon of antique rye whisky." Before he did that, Gerald objected, he would give a great deal of money for the Chippendale sofa behind them, and find Herkness the whisky.

This declamation returned to Willie Gerald's thoughts repeatedly in the month that followed. The truth was there were phases of it which couldn't be easily settled.

About Stiegel glass, for instance—outside one or two patterns, and two colors, no one could be positive. Jersey, if anything, was even more difficult to identify. And what about the present cost of good examples, and the near future? It was possible to answer that question sentimentally, to assert that the small number of objects which had survived from the American Colonies must always preserve a great interest and value; but Gerald felt there was still another, and safer, reason for confidence—as long as dealers remained to profit from the possessive ardor of collectors, the price of rare glass, of scarce silver and early American furniture would be high. And, Gerald was certain, there would always be dealers in historic America—a pursuit with matchless opportunity for honesty and dishonesty, for knowledge and ignorance, for pure intellect and the emotions of beauty, and for a civilized and engaging variety of adventure.

He was specially conscious of that phase with Govrosky in his rooms. Willie was partly dressed for the evening—that is, he was in pumps and trousers, with suspenders that were wide webs of lavender silk, the luster of his pearls shone on a white linen woven in an intricate design and the back of his shirt was lavender silk; while Govrosky, as usual, had on a faded brown-flannel shirt, open and torn at the throat, a brown and torn sweater, shapeless shoes and trousers that hung like old blotting paper. He was counting money, in badly worn bills, on a table, "And a hundred makes seventeen hundred, and twenty makes seventeen twenty, and ten makes thirty, and fifty is seventeen eighty, and ten is ninety, and two fives are eighteen hundred dollars."

"That is splendid," Willie said; "but I was only to get sixteen hundred. At last are you making me a present?"

No, Govrosky said, he wasn't. "I got that much more from Mrs. Lampner; and I'm not a rascal, Mr. Gerald. I am honest with anybody who is honest with me back. Eighteen hundred dollars is yours with right. But I made extra something for myself too. I got a highboy—oh, such a highboy, Mr. Gerald, with the tear-drops handle and the curly walnut veneered. From Queen Anne, and the stand is good enough for plenty of people."

With Anthony Herkness in his mind, Gerald proceeded. "Both pulls off the lower long drawer of the case and no pulls at all on the stand."

Govrosky gazed at him in amazement. "Was it yours?" he inquired. "Did you have it planted? But you couldn't possible—I only paid a little for it. The fellow got stuck, sold it for junk, almost, to a dealer; we know about each other."

Willie Gerald told him that, and most especially where antiques were concerned, curiosity was the parent of lies.

"Mr. Gerald," the dealers' runner went on, "it's a high-class piece and not one in a thousand would know the difference, and I'd ask could you give me any suggestion among all the high-toned customers you got. It wouldn't be nice I should pay you a commission."

Now, Gerald replied, he understood about the extra two hundred dollars, and he would take it. "But you simply must remember I haven't any customers. I don't even know what you are talking about. Next you'll accuse me of being an antique dealer."

"No," Govrosky answered, "not an antique dealer, Mr. Gerald. Not by just a little. Perhaps a hundred and fifty years there is a difference. But it's better as it is. The highest-class piece as possible, and you'd have just the lady would be right to buy it."

Willie Gerald could think of no one then to whom a Queen Anne highboy, doubtful in the legs, might be advantageously sold. "If you hold it, Govrosky, something may turn up, a chance to sustain your unselfish passion for the preservation of American antiquities." Govrosky smiled uncertainly. In the meantime he'd put the highboy in his cellar—a cellar excellent in its cold dampness for just such pieces—where it would stay until Mr. Gerald found the exact place for it. "Mr. Gerald, I saw the man who is turning out the blue-diamond salts by Pennsylvania. I could have any number, he told me, and for ten dollars each. Just for something funny, I sent my daughter with one to Mr. Matthew Wilson's store. He told her it was a nice piece of late glass; about 1840, he said; and he would allow her twenty-five dollars.

"Sara is a smart girl and she said fifty and went she should walk out of the store, and he paid her forty." There, Gerald reflected, was an example of precisely what had been in his mind—Matthew Wilson was a dealer with long experience; his public reputation, like his prices, was high; and yet he had given forty dollars for a blue salt made approximately yesterday and sold at a wholesale rate of ten dollars. The amateurs, the collectors, at auctions in the country were sometimes left breathless at the prices brought by apparently unexciting pieces of furniture, unaware that the objects acquired at such cost were simply without a professional history; they enjoyed the unique quality of being exactly what they seemed.

Busy with his tie, Willie Gerald returned to Herkness' highboy. Its appearance in the light of sales would be only an infinitesimal part of its public course; it would change hands and disappear for months in such darkness as Govrosky's cellar; fifty dealers would come to recognize every mark, every change and improvement made in it; it would grow as familiar to them as their own right hands; they would speak of its vicissitudes with the interest bestowed on a traveling and uncertain friend. It would be a source of large gains or small losses to them, and finally either meet with fatal accident, or, joined to an authentic stand and legs, rest in the final tranquillity of a museum.

His thoughts were so much more entertaining than the dinner at which he found himself that he permitted himself the luxury of an almost complete inattention to the people around him. That, Gerald recognized, would have been impossible for him in the past, when the truth was, he had paid for his dinners by the most unremitting care for every mood but his.

He was floating some brandy on his coffee when a softly drawling voice spoke at his left: "I hate to interrupt you, but really no one in all my life has been so rude."

(Continued on Page 130)

"No," She Firmly Answered His Hesitating Suggestion, "I Won't Let You Do That. We Can Take Care of Our Own Poor. You Have Enough in New York"

LADIES NEED DAUGHTERS

By Teresa Hyde Phillips

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

ONE day a strange event took place in Brooklyn society. Caroline Page, who wore the smartest frocks and gave the loveliest parties and had the most lavish mother on the Heights, suddenly abandoned the purple and fine linen to maroon herself as a nurse in a small unheard-of institution—St. Martha's Hospital for Children. Away four blocks from Fifth Avenue, in a part of town that no one ever penetrated unless it was to take a liner for Europe! The affair, naturally, was a nine-day wonder.

"There must," said Mrs. Landis Britton, who lived on Joralemon Street, and whose daughters were considerably—oh, very considerably—plainer than Caroline, who could never in a thousand years be considered plain—"there must," said she, with something of the judicial, the hopeful and the final in her manner, "be more in this than meets the eye."

"There must, indeed!" agreed the rest of Brooklyn; and Montague, Hicks and Henry Streets put their heads together and talked it all over, but in the end could make nothing of it. "This adoption of other people's children is all wrong. It never pays. We told her that at the start." For it was general knowledge that Caroline had been adopted as a child by her young and beautiful cousin, Frances Page.

Everyone had said at the time that it was a perfectly ridiculous thing for a young woman like Frances to undertake, and they simply couldn't understand it, that was all. Mark their words, no good would come of it! But it struck the capricious Frances, who had always had her own way and expected to have it forever, as a golden opportunity to do the uncalled-for, the amusing, the new. She saw herself as Lady Bountiful when Caroline's father died, leaving an honored name and nothing else. She could adopt Caroline, shower her with all New York's good and perfect gifts, be the fairy godmother.

She entered the situation as if she were physically stepping into something exciting. "You are to call me mother," she told Caroline, untroubled by the fact that she was not quite twelve years older than her new long-legged child.

She herself was beautiful, with a certain seemliness and order which never deserted her. Her hands never suffered from all her golf or swimming; her skin was always smooth and clear; her hair, which, later, she wore shingled, fitted her head like a golden casque. She seemed to control Nature, as she managed the rest of the world; and it was only to be expected that her child, if simply that by law, should grow up to be lovely. And this Caroline obligingly did. She was all cream and amber and coral, and she wore her decorative clothes with a sort of negligent good taste, full of charm, which was her especial gift.

Things went swimmingly until about the time that Caroline made her debut, which was one of the most magnificent affairs ever seen. By this time Frances, seeking new outlets for her exuberance, had decided to storm the social heights. So that Caroline, when she came out, was a woman with a mission. She was to lead Frances from the outer fringes, which until then she had found sufficiently amusing, but which anyone with wealth and charm and a modicum of breeding could attain, to that inner circle which is sublimely unaware of the Pages at the gate.

"To be seen everywhere, my dear, is essential," Frances adjured her. "To be truly successful"—adopting an oratorical tone, suitable, she felt, to the subject—"to be truly successful, you must, naturally, be liked by women; but remember that the brothers and sons are not to be taken lightly. You appear to have the gift of making men believe in their own charm and you have no idea how wonderful that is. For it is only by making the right marriage that you can definitely belong."

She Had Made a Mistake. "What's the Hurry?" He Demanded Stubbornly, and Stopped Again, Pulling Her Back

Caroline, caught in the debutante bustle and flurry, wondered sometimes, down in her heart, whether it mattered if one did or did not belong. With all this noisy, avid scrambling, there were so many delightful, quiet things that one seemed to miss—had no time for. But Frances, that gregarious, volatile, episodic woman, had no such doubts, and Caroline tried hard to stifle all reactionary thoughts. No limitations of temperament should be given way to, no difference of wave lengths in emotion. Certainly that was little enough for her to do to repay Frances for her enormous benevolence.

Though she thought she was concealing this inward reluctance, she made a poor job of it. It was easily recognized by Frances through that deep feminine instinct of hers which defied illusion. She saw that there were elements in Caroline which were not in accord with her own nature, which by no possibility could she comprehend. In association with Caroline, she felt like a triangle trying to understand a cube, and this annoyed her beyond measure. She made no allowances for the fact that they were not of one blood and must naturally be fundamentally different. She had no use for people unlike herself. "If you are not with me, you are against me," was her motto.

"Sometimes I think," she told Caroline coldly, "that you would really like to be a small-town nobody." She shivered dramatically and threw up her hands. "Why don't you try," she added persuasively, "to be more like Betty Hameron or Julie Duncan?"

The comparison acted like a dose of cold water on Caroline. She wondered if Frances had any idea of the way those girls acted. It was an odd thing that, when most of the elders were telling one another how dreadful the younger generation was, her own mother should be urging her to emulate them.

Frances now harked back to a recent tribulation. "Every time I think how you missed the Blakes' dance, I feel like shaking you," said Frances, as if she had been run through with a poisoned dagger.

Caroline, the week before, had gone down on Long Island for a week-end, had missed the train she expected to take, been delayed by a blizzard and, as a consequence, reached home too late for the important dance of the season—the January ball of the Rutherford Blakes. The Blakes were the shining farthest star in the Brooklyn firmament. Missing their dance had been the crowning stupidity of Caroline's life, as Frances saw it. It was to prove to be now, as it were, the key disaster of their entire relationship.

"I am glad I did miss it," said Caroline, suddenly, unexpectedly.

Mrs. Page stared at her incredulously; but she was not half so incredulous as Caroline, who could scarcely believe that she had really voiced a thought that had come to her so often.

"Yes," said Caroline, and her voice shook. "It just seems terrible to me to think of doing nothing but buy clothes to go to a party and then come home to buy more clothes to go to another one, and to go on doing this for years and years. In fact," said Caroline, going very white, for the sound of what she was saying, the look on the other's face, frightened her and yet she could not stop—"in fact, I can't see what it is all for. And I think life ought to be for something. Why, it can't entirely be going from one dance to the next! Surely there is something——"

She trailed off into silence. Frances' large blue eyes were fixed on her and it seemed to Caroline that she was being frozen in blue ice. They stared at each other: Caroline, frightened, beseeching, Frances with the look of one who had nursed a serpent in her bosom. That was how she felt. She had taken this little waif, clothed her, fed her, and this was the thanks she got!

Suddenly the realization came to Frances, full-born, that she was sick and tired of Caroline; that she could get along beautifully without her. There was no room in her life for people whose ideals and opinions she could not shape like a cooky cutter. Heart-burning, rankling resentment came upon her in that moment for the girl who dared to live on a different plane of feeling from her own.

That silly speech of Caroline's was not only patronizing but it was clearly the expression of a nature without the slightest natural aptitude for impressive social achievements. It was evident that as a social quantity she was going to be a supreme nuisance instead of a help.

And then, too, like an impassioned revelation, another perception presented itself. It would be pleasant—oh, unutterably pleasant—to be free again; not to have this radiant girl around making one feel old. She shuddered; she had been thirty last week, and, oh, how she hated it! And there was something about Caroline's morning-glory skin and her slimness and her youth that had begun to grate. To be free, alone! Her mind hung on that thought and her mouth grew tight, and all her beauty flagged as if she had given it a day off.

A picture flashed across her brain. She saw Caroline between white walls where there were no parties and where "life ought to be for something." It was St. Martha's, Hospital that she was thinking of—St. Martha's, where she went sometimes as a member of the Visiting Guild. It would be a good lesson for Caroline, take some of the

nonsense out of her; after all, she had spoiled the girl dreadfully.

Abruptly she rang for her maid And then she ordered her town car and drove across the bridge, and presently was ushered into the superintendent in a little oak room with a long table and two straight chairs and a poor box fastened beside the door.

She said nothing about this visit to Caroline. Outwardly, their lives went on as before. But it seemed now to Frances that she disliked Caroline more than anyone else in the world. She could not understand the change that had come over her feelings. But there was something that smoldered and burned inside her; something to do with her growing older and with Caroline being so piercingly, so fragrantly young. Growing old—that was what one dreaded most. It was what made one buy so many new frocks and go so often to beauty parlors. And lately she had begun to wonder if even massage and jewels and hairdressers were a perfectly certain protection. That was why she wanted to belong to the Rutherford Blake set; so that when all the props that one bought to support the failing foundation of youth and physical attraction were gone, one could at least grow old feeling that one was at the top of the heap. You might lose your figure and your complexion, but you would be Mrs. Page of the Heights, the intimate of the Chispers and the Blakes.

For a week her resentment grew as she considered how she ought to return for all that had been done for her, could make it her duty to be pleasant to the Blake girls. After all, their brother, Rutherford, Jr., occupied the same position relatively in Brooklyn society that the Prince of Wales did in England. He was admittedly eccentric, and was now off heaven knew where studying something — some medicine or some such thing. But he must at last come to his senses and return to the home of his forefathers; and why not, then, find Caroline in and out of his house like a sister? No other girl in their set would have the right to have this pointed out to her. But Caroline, with no claim more to build on than any of them, blithely threw away every opportunity. It was enough to turn one's hair gray!

She contemplated the money and the energy and the time that she had wasted on Caroline in these eight years, and she was so much astonished by the magnitude of it, so much distressed by the ingratitude that it had brought forth, that she could scarcely contain herself. There was nothing else at the moment to occupy her thoughts. She was left empty, with her sense of injury and the knowledge that she would never know intimately the Rutherford Blakes.

She was so full of it that she even mentioned it to her husband that evening. They seldom discussed anything together, avoiding all such intimacies by continually having other people about. It had been so for a long time—this estrangement. It was because he was so queer, she felt; not interested in the ordinary sociable give and take of life, but caring only for his work, and for amusement, golf and books and music. But her friends said he was a model husband, and all he demanded was that she let him alone—not drag him around to affairs that lasted all night.

He had never interfered about Caroline—never from the first; had only said briefly that if the girl was to be their responsibility, she must be legally adopted and they would know where they stood. Now that she was considering unadopting Caroline, as it were, she mentioned the affair only in passing.

"I am wondering," she told him that evening, looking gorgeous in black, with a necklace of emeralds around her throat, "if it would not be a good idea for Caroline to take up some useful occupation."

Such an idea from Frances! He laid down his salad fork and looked at her, in spite of the fact that he had long since decided that no sudden shift of point of view on her part could surprise him. "What's the idea?" he asked guardedly.

"I think it would be splendid for her," said Frances "And besides," she added, "she isn't a scrap entitled to all we have done for her."

"I see!" He refused to commit himself

"She ought to learn what life is," said Frances, always ready with reasons for her changes of heart.

"If she does, I hope she'll let me in on it," he murmured. He often wondered what it was all about himself.

"What would you think," she went on, as though he had not spoken, "of her becoming a trained nurse?"

"What?" He raised his head abruptly

"Becoming a trained nurse," she reiterated, over her avocado pear. "It's a wonderful profession "

"Well, that's a new one!" Slowly twisting the stem of a goblet in his fingers, he observed her face as if he were reading something written there. "Is this your idea or her own?" he asked, after a moment's silence

Her expression tightened. "What difference does that make?" she asked haughtily

He stared back at her. "But, my dear girl — "

"I don't know whether she has any ideas," broke in Frances coldly. "All she can do is be supercilious about the lovely things she has and does. Perhaps a hospital would give her a little appreciation of what she has had "

Her husband kept on looking at her. "How you women do love each other!" he said grimly

He had never before spoken to her like that. She raised her head sharply. "Just what do you mean?" she asked.

"It's a bit high-handed, isn't it?" Behind the mask of his face was an expression that infuriated her

She pushed back her chair angrily, but did not rise "The whole idea of my having her here," she said, "was that she should be a comfort to me, and a companion Well, she is neither. She doesn't want to be. She doesn't know what she wants." She stopped for a moment and then continued: "And now, after I have been trying to do my best for her, for us all —"

He was silent a moment, studying this wife of his Was it not marvelous, the way she made herself free with other people's lives? He shrugged his shoulders. "By any chance," he asked, "by the wildest stretch of the imagination, have you managed to convince yourself that you will be doing her a kindness if you ship her off?" He looked at her curiously, with a kind of scientific interest, as if he were examining some queer sort of insect

Frances' beautiful eyes, half shut, grew sullen "So you are taking her side?" she demanded.

He threw up his hands. "Side!" he repeated. "I am not taking sides. But we adopted that girl and promised to take care of her. It's my idea that she's entitled to a square deal."

"You think I am not giving her a square deal?"

"No, I don't."

She leaned back and moistened her perfectly cut lips "I see!" she said, and her smile was a delicate insult. "It is time Caroline left us, I think—high time!"

(Continued on Page 214)

A Picture Flashed Across Her Brain. She Saw Caroline Between White Walls Where There Were No Parties and Where "Life Ought to be for Something"

SIDEWALKS? YES

By Lucy Stone Terrill

ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

Telephones?	Yes
Water?	Yes
Schools?	Yes
Sidewalks?	Yes
Streets?	Yes
Electricity?	Yes
Boating?	Yes
Fishing?	Yes
High and dry?	Yes

THERE were nine of the small, bright yellow signposts. Until yesterday they had stood at vantage points along the new shell roads which curved generously through the grove where many a veteran orange tree had died to give them way.

Yesterday, Luke, just home from an inexpensive school in North Carolina, had pulled up all the stakes and had thrown them in a jagged pile in the dying vegetable garden. One of the signs had stuck rakishly in a half-upright position, stubbornly proclaiming its fulfilled promise of Sidewalks? Yes.

While he was doing this Luke's mother had heard his young voice lifting in bursts of parody on The Sidewalks of New York:

"East side, west side,
Trees all turning brown,
Not a sucker strolling down
The sidewalks of Grove Park."

Then it was the melody of After the Ball:

"Now that the boom is over
And all our signs in vain,
We'll spade up our subdivisions
And speed up the tractor again,
Fertilize trees that are dying,
Laugh at foreclosure alarms,
Plant out some corn and tomatoes
And advertise Florida farms."

Olive Ainslee knew that the musical message was meant for her ears, half to mock her and half to sympathize with her. She took the canoe and went across the creek to hoe the trees in the west grove of three-year-old grapefruit. But after Luke, whistling, had gone down the stream with a fishing pole and the new pup, she came back to see what he had done with the signs. She got the kerosene can from the kitchen and went out to the dying garden. There, still unconquered, was the sign she most hated: Sidewalks? Yes. She pulled it out and carried it to a heap of aphis-diseased orange branches that she had pruned the day before.

She poured oil over the whole pile and set it afire. Standing in the shade of a big cabbage palm, she waited until the signboard had burned beyond recognition.

Of all the thorns in her resentful spirit, the narrow cement sidewalks that squared her beloved grove into blocks of unsold city lots were the sharpest. She had never set foot on them.

Now for a brief interlude the forty acres of yellowing citrus trees could again be spoken of as the Ainslee Grove. To be sure, the giant subdivision signboard still stood at the gate, upright and firm footed, but an inadequate coat of white paint reduced the glory of its large scarlet letters to a ghostlike modesty in announcing:

GROVE PARK
THE AUTOCRAT OF SUBDIVISIONS

One more coat of paint, however, would render the signboard ready for its new crusade call, which, if only sufficiently more money could be somehow borrowed, was to be:

FRUITFUL FARMS
PLEASANTLY PRICED PROFIT PROVED
PURCHASE AND PROSPER

Beatrice Barnes had made a dashing black-penciled sketch of the proposed new sign. The third day that Luke was at home he found it on a pile of plates in the cupboard as he was putting away the dishes he had just wiped for his mother. He did not wipe dishes often, but he was going to ask her for five dollars shortly.

He spread the paper out on the damp draining board. "Mother, just what sort of skirt do you consider this Bay-at-ree-chay of father's? It's a cinch she's got father's Dante going strong."

Olive Ainslee, hanging up the dishpan, looked bravely over her shoulder at this tall, black-eyed, nonchalant problem to whom she had so dauntlessly given birth seventeen years ago, when she was little older than Luke now was. "Luke, you must remember that I had a very brief education. Honestly, I'm lost in your language. Now if you'll repeat your question in plain farmer turkey talk I'll try to answer it. What is a Bay-at-ree-chay?"

"Aw, mother, don't be assecious. That's how Beatrice is really pronounced. It's a wop name, you know. Some class, those old wops. Dante was one of their fastest goers and Beatrice was the chicken of his choice. Get me now, don't you? I'm asking you if this Barnes dame is a dumbbell or a Jezebel?"

"Neither, I think." She bent down to lower the wicks of the kerosene stove. One wick stuck. She gave it her minute attention. "Mrs. Barnes seems very intelligent

Luke Answered the Question Asked of His Mother. "I Chucked Your Stakes in the Bean Patch. What You Going to Do With 'Em Now?" He Inquired Pleasantly

"I sure did. They made me sick. Say, is Beatrice responsible for that bull about the Autocrat of Subdivisions on the big signboard?"

"Is it a bull?"

"Is it? Why, it ought to be 'aristocrat'; at least that's what I suppose they meant. You know what an autocrat is, don't you?"

"Yes-s well, no, I guess I don't exactly, come to think of it."

"Oh-h!" He rumpled his heavy dark hair with a grand gesture and took a strengthening pose against the sink. "Oh, it's no wonder all the fellows up North joke about things down here in Florida. Good Lord, to think you don't even —— Why, haven't you ever heard of the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table?"

"Yes, I've even read it. It's in there in the bookcase. But I don't remember one word of it. If you'd have to work as hard for the next fifteen years as I've worked the last fifteen, I'll venture your literary attainments wouldn't be much higher than mine. Let's see, though—automobile—automatic—autograph —— Trouble is, I don't know what 'crat' means, so I give up. What is an autocrat, professor?"

"Why, it's a despot, a tyrant like the Kaiser. And this subdivision is a pretty sickly despot, far as I can see. Sw-eet mamma! If any of my frat brothers ever got a squint at that signboard I'd ——" His gesture simply indicated his dismal doom in such an event.

"Well, Luke, I guess you'll be saved that disgrace if the white paint doesn't dry up before your father gets around to putting on the last coat. Besides, perhaps they meant 'autocrat.' Mrs. Barnes was so positive about the superiority of this place over all the subdivisions around here."

"Huh! She and father sure are a pathetic case of flat tire and puncture. But what gets my goat is the way you're letting 'em spoof you. You're—you're ——"

"Assecious?" suggested his mother.

His grin acceded her a momentary comradeship of intellectuality. "Glad to see you caught that word. My

and she's got an invalid husband she supports."

"I'll bet he's an invalid, all right. That lassie plays a wicked wrist I'm any judge of jiujitsu. But I think you'd, on wise, mother, to keep a firmer rein on dad and the lady real estate till he's not quite out of this dangerous age. I like Beatrice is all ing around the subdivision closely, and I don't mean maybe."

"Great nes- ens, Luke, you sound young as a minute if you're not careful. A that's worrying me—I mean the most that's worrying me is the she won't stick around till she gets him out of this mess she got him into. I'm afraid she'll sh out and leave us high and dry as their first sign board says."

"I pulled the fool signs up yesterday and chucked 'em in the bean patch."

"Did you?" said his mother

own make. But you don't fit it. You've got brains, if you'd only exercise 'em. But why in the deuce you don't shake dad out of this white-knickerbocker inhibition and ——"

"Luke"—Olive Ainslee's amused voice was a little sharp—"Luke, why don't you make these suggestions to your father? They seem to concern him more directly than they do me."

"I'm going to, don't you worry, just as soon as I can smooy him away from that Barnes dame long enough to get his attention and recall my identity to him. Thought I'd drop in at his office this morning. But I'll have to have some money to get some gas for the flivver, I guess, won't I?"

"I don't know," said his mother.

"Only about a quart in her."

His mother went to the porch and got her straw hat and big cloth gauntlets.

"Take it out of your pocketbook?" he called.

"If you can."

After five minutes he strolled to the tin-roofed work shed where she was mixing whale-oil spray in a huge barrel.

"Say, mother, what's the big idea?"

"I lost it long ago, Luke."

"Aw, cut the comedy! Think I'm a little Moses to get money out of that pocketbook? I'm broke."

"So am I." She stirred the mixture wearily with a broom handle.

"Didn't your check come?"

"Yes." Every month, from an inviolable trust fund, Olive Ainslee got a check for one hundred thirty-seven dollars and sixty-six cents. Luke's education represented its exact possibilities.

"Well-ll?" he said, ironically patient. His mother took a five-gallon spray can from a shelf and began filling it with a dipper from the barrel.

"Sidewalks!" she said sufficiently. "I thought you were going to help me in the grove this morning, Luke."

"Holy cats, mother! Very first week I'm free from a year's grind you want me to begin slaving in this old grove! Why, even father realizes that I need a little rest!"

"Well, then get your father to finance you." She was awkwardly twisting her shoulders through the straps of the spray can.

"Fat chance!" he muttered, staring at her, perplexed and speculative. She looked a little sick somehow. He went to her impulsively and yanked at the straps of the unwieldy can. "Good Lord, mother, that's too heavy for you! Get out of the thing! Get out of it, I tell you!" He pulled at the straps ill-temperedly and half pushed her down on a box, struggling to lift the harnessed can off over her head. One of her long black braids of hair slipped from her head and caught in the straps.

"Ouch! Luke, you're scalping me!"

"Well, why don't you get your hair bobbed? You're the only white woman in the country with long hair anyhow. No sense trying to look like your grandmother. Honestly, it's fierce the way you go round looking. Maybe if you'd spend a little time prettying up to compete with this Barnes skirt—why, maybe father'd remember that he lives here once in a while." He slammed the heavy can down on the ground and gave it a disposing kick.

Olive Ainslee stared at him blankly for a second. Then she dropped her head forward against her uptilting knees. "Oh, Luke, go—go and look under the knife box in the kitchen table drawer. You'll find three one-dollar bills. Take them for heaven's sake and go to town quick!"

"Got to promise me you'll stop this spraying foolishness. It's silly. What good can you do? Why, it'd take half a dozen men a month to make any showing on this place."

"Yes," she said, "I guess so. . . . Go on—do."

"Well-ll, but ——"

"Go on!" she said. She sat there motionless on the low box, close beside the big barrel, a conquered figure surrounded by conquering gods—the squat grim rusty tractor in the far corner, the two-wheeled tipsy cart spray, broken machinery, innumerable tin cans of all sizes, barrels and bottles and bad-smelling bulging sacks of fertilizer. Her big straw hat had fallen to the damp sandy ground between her booted feet; one glove had fallen inside it. The other big dirty cloth gauntlet dangled ludicrously from her limp hand as her arms lay folded on her knees, supporting her bent black head with its one braid pigtailing down her back and the other one loosely circling her moist temples. She wore a man's shirt, faded, and cotton, and khaki. It stretched tightly over her thin shoulder blades, pulling hard at the belt of her short khaki skirt.

"Mother, why don't you get out of this place? Are you sick?"

Luke was back again.

She straightened up slowly and leaned sidewise against the sticky barrel. Her tanned thin face seemed too small for her big hollowed black eyes. "No. Tired, though. . . . Did you get the money?"

"Wasn't any there."

She could tell by his face that he knew what had happened to it. She laughed. "I'm running out of new hiding places," she said.

"Do you actually let father get away with stuff like this, mother?"

She laughed again. Laughter completely changed Olive Ainslee's face, often not pleasantly. "Oh, Luke, you're so like him," she said.

A noisy car drove swiftly up the new shell roadway and stopped with a shriek of brakes. It was Jim Ainslee, alone. His wife and son waited silently. They heard his feet on the porch. Then he called, "Olive!"

"We're out here," shouted Luke, "in the work shed."

Olive Ainslee sat just as she was, leaning sidewise against the barrel; but Luke, whistling, withdrew to the high seat of the tractor and swung his long legs. "Welcome," he greeted his father. "Saves me a warm stroll to town."

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The Man Said "How Do You Do?" in a More Personal Voice, and Removed His Stubby Pipe. Olive Ainslee Flushed Very Red. "How Do You Do?" She Answered

SOME OTHERS AND MYSELF

By George Broadhurst

His Father

VERY early one summer morning some fifty-two years ago, a boy of seven who lived at Number 8 Wedges' Yard, Birmingham Street, Walsall, Staffordshire, England, was awakened cautiously by his father, who whispered, "Put on your clothes and come downstairs, my lad. I've got something to show you," and then, with a gesture admonishing silence, left him.

The boy dressed quickly and quietly, and, as silently as possible, descended the two flights of loquacious stairs which led to the first floor, where his father whispered, "Wait outside," and then descended the remaining stairs, which led to the cellar.

Into the yard the boy went and waited. Presently the cellar door opened and there emerged half a dozen hens, clucking and clacking in the manner peculiar to fowls when they come suddenly from darkness into the light.

These cluckings met with an immediate response from a big Spanish rooster whose domain was at the other end of the yard. As had been his custom for a fortnight past, like a black cloud tipped with red, he came furiously down the yard, intent on thrashing the hens' legal husband, who, so far as combat was concerned, had proved himself a conscientious objector. Having chased and buffeted the smaller cock to his own entire satisfaction, it was the intention of the larger one to appropriate his harem and add them to his own for the day. To this, of course, the hens made no objection. Following the instinct of all females except the human, they unhesitatingly followed the polygamous male who was mighty in battle.

The Spanish cock stood near the open cellar door, eager and expectant.

The father joined the boy and also stood eager and expectant.

Presently through the open cellar door there came a bird the like of which the boy had never seen. His comb was merely a thin red line which served only to accentuate the length and threat of his beak. His red wings were closely clipped and his tail was docked like that of a champion coach horse. His legs were long, and his spurs, which came to a needle point, seemed even longer in proportion.

A Fighting Family Man

THE black, surprised and dismayed, stood irresolute. Not so the stranger. Another male of his kind confronted him. He did not stop to ask when, where, why, how or who. Into action he went. Almost instantly a streak of black was going up the yard followed by a flash of red. Into his own cellar the black dropped, and knowing nothing of the danger and caring less, after him went the pursuer. Out they came in the same order. Round the yard they ran, and then down into his own cellar the black went again. This time, however, his owner, called out by the clamor, slammed down the cellar door, leaving the red out in the yard, disappointed but triumphant

"What's the meaning of this?" demanded the man.

"It's just as I told you," replied the boy's father. "I warned you if Black Bob didn't keep to his own territory and be satisfied with his own wives something would happen to him. Well, it's happened. That cock of mine, Larruping Larry, is a champion. He's killed seventeen birds already, but they stood up to him. He'll kill Black Bob as well if he comes down our way gallivanting. Serve him right too. I believe in such things. I'm a family man myself."

As the boy and his father walked hand in hand down the yard, the youngster said, "He's a champion, isn't he, father?"

To this the father replied: "Well, maybe he is, my lad, and maybe he isn't. I don't exactly know. You see, I bought him in the market yesterday, thinking he could turn this trick, and he did it. And I'll tell you something else, my lad: I wanted him to lick Black Bob. But I bought him for another reason as well. I wanted to see how Black Bob would look when he first caught sight of him. That alone was worth the money. If ever a bird was kerflummoxed, Bob was the one. The sight of Larry was just about as welcome to him as a creaking floor is to a burglar."

"Does mother know about him?" asked the boy.

"Not unless she has second sight," answered the man. "I smuggled him into the cellar last night while your mother was at prayer meeting."

Later, at breakfast, the boy's mother inquired as to the cause of the noise made by the fowls, and his father told her. "Oh, father," she said, "what will the neighbors think?"

"What do I care what they think?" answered the man.

"But you should care," the woman rejoined. "You should value the good opinion of everybody."

"You're right, mother; I admit that. And yet it seems to me that if Wellington had been thinking of the good will of the French he'd never have won the Battle of Waterloo, and that would have made a whole lot of difference to a whole lot of people."

"We won't argue about it, father—especially as I know you'll prove I'm wrong even when I'm sure that I'm right."

"Just as you say, mother," said the man; and a few minutes later he finished his breakfast, kissed his wife good-by and went out, whistling, to his daily work.

The man and woman were my father and mother, and I was the boy. Never were husband and wife more dissimilar. They differed even in their physical characteristics; and when it came to disposition, temperament and religious feeling, in no single place that I can remember did they interlock. Yet their life together was much more happy than that of the average couple. In some way they had learned the value of tolerance and the inestimable blessings of opportune silences.

Mother, whose hair was dark brown and whose eyes were of the same color, was above the average height of women. Her frame was spare almost to frailty. It seemed that the restless, energetic, indomitable spirit within it must of necessity wear it down, as too much power, constantly used, will break down the mightiest engine. But it did not. The fiber of her body was tremendously tenacious and resistful, and it carried her through the storms and stress of a hard life to an old, old age.

George Broadhurst, the Noted Theatrical Producer

His Mother

Her birthplace was Shropshire, on the border of Wales, and she came of a long line of peasant farmers. Her [illegible] bears were not of the nobility or gentry which owned the land, nor even of the tenant farmers who rented it from them. They were the tillers of the soil who worked from sunrise to sunset for eighteen shillings a week, and who in some mysterious and now forgotten manner, managed to raise a large family, well nourished and decent.

The Queen of Queens

I DISTINCTLY remember her brothers and her sister, my uncles and aunt. They were typical of their class. But mother was not. Somewhere in the family there was a thoroughbred strain, and she had inherited it. She had a great love of beauty, an avid desire for learning, an unquenchable thirst for the finer things of life; and, in spite of the continuously hard work that they had done, the most beautiful hands that I ever saw.

She glowed with religious fervor; her belief was unshakable, and she was undoubtedly of the stuff of which martyrs are made. It was the same with her patriotism. For her, the Queen could do no wrong. She was not only the wisest ruler the world had ever known; she was also the best woman that ever lived, the embodiment of all the virtues. When I, as a youngster with an explorative and inquisitive mind, ventured to ask of what this unimpeachable goodness consisted, the answer she gave was that the Queen had been such a good wife and was such a good mother.

My rejoinder to this being that in our own town there were thousands of good wives and mothers whose goodness was taken for granted and consequently never even mentioned, I again pressed the question as to what made the Queen's goodness so unique and incomparable. To this she made reply that the Queen was the Queen, foreordained by God to sit on the throne and rule her subjects. Being so chosen, anything she did must of necessity be of greater value than a similar act performed by anyone else. God was God, and the Queen was the Queen. The circle was complete. It could not be broken.

Her own education being practically self-obtained, and realizing the value of education, she was determined that her children should receive the best that it was in her power to give. To this end she fought, she worked and she struggled, and she did it fiercely and unceasantly. For the last three years that I went to school before I became a pupil teacher, in addition to her household work, which consisted of keeping her home clean and in order—cooking, washing, mending and all the other multitudinous things which fall to a woman who, single-handed, is managing and running a house for six, she also did the janitor work at the school to pay for the education I was receiving. Years later, when she was a widow, and my brother and I were making her an allowance to be used exclusively for her own benefit and comfort, we found that she was saving a third of it and was sending it to a distant grandson to help pay his way through a university.

Here is just one incident among many to show the quality and spirit of her: A few days before her eightieth birthday I said to her, "Mother, you will never be eighty again, and I'll give you anything you wish for in the world."

She answered: "Son, I knew you were going to be nice to me and I've thought it all out. There are sixty blind people in this town and this is what I want: I'd like to have them all to tea somewhere and to give them all the cake they can eat. Then I'd like to give a dress, a hat, a coat, a pair of shoes to the women, and a suit, an overcoat, shoes and some tobacco to the men. Do that for me and I'll be happy and satisfied."

That was part of her birthday celebration and on her eightieth anniversary she made her maiden speech.

When she was eighty-two she began to grow a new crop of hair, and when she was eighty-three she cut four new teeth, two in the upper jaw and two in the lower. She died at the age of ninety-three, all her faculties unimpaired and she drifted into the gentle unconsciousness which preceded but shortly the passing of her valiant spirit.

A Father's Parting Advice

BUT father! Ah, there was a bird of a different plumage. He was below the average height, with big, square shoulders, light hair, twinkling eyes and an almost constant, quizzical smile. The opinion of his betters, of which his wife thought so much, meant less to him than the rustle of a leaf in the wind. He was a dependent, careless, buoyant and irresponsible. Responsibility never rested on his shoulders for the simple reason that it never could alight there. Nor were there ever any troubles on his mind, because his mind was a toboggan down which troubles slid lightly and swiftly. His was that joyous spirit for which there are no yesterdays, neither tomorrows.

He had an alert mind and a genuine gift for mechanics, but he never earned more than three pounds in any week of his life. He had tried his hand at many things, including coal mining and farming. When it came to employment, he was an intermittent self-starter. It was impossible for him to work when he had more important things to do. He had an almost uncanny faculty for the training of birds and animals; he was much too generous for his own good; he was slow to anger, but of a great heat once the flame was kindled; he was swift to forgive, and once he had forgiven there was no impression left on the plate of his memory; and he was loved by everything and everybody. In short, he was a grand man to have round the house on every day except pay day.

A Scene From Bought and Paid For

The important things of life with him were cricket, football, horse racing, boxing and outdoor sports. Whenever there was a cricket match in our neighborhood—and they often lasted three days—father could always be found lying on the grass behind the wicket, carefully watching the bowling. In winter when there was a football game he was always present, and if it was an important match he would travel far to see it.

One of my earliest recollections is of having him take me to Derby to see Derby County play Aston Villa in the semifinal for the English Cup. I could not have been more than eight and it was my first railway journey. When we reached the grounds we found that all the grandstand seats were taken and that round the field the spectators were standing six deep. Father, with strict injunctions not to stir from the spot, left me near the gate with orders to wait until he returned, which he did shortly in a hansom he had hired for the afternoon, and from the top of which we both had a grand and unobstructed view of the game.

A keen judge of the chances of opposing teams, he would back his choice to his ultimate limit, betting his whole week's wages just as readily as he would a sixpence.

More than once I have known him to come home on Saturday and say, "I've got nothing for you today, mother. I picked the wrong un." But oftener he threw his money into mother's lap, kissed her and said, "There you are, and it's more than you looked for. Put it by against the time when I'm out of luck."

He was one of the few genuinely spontaneous humorists that I have ever known, for he not only had a sense of the humorous, but he had also the gift of expressing it humorously.

He had, moreover, a shrewd and searching philosophy of life which was none the less deep because of his homely and individual phrasing of it. Once my brother was resting his elbows on the table and father said, "Mother, give the boy a plate for his bones"; and when I was leaving home for the first time, with no certainty that I should return, he said, "My lad, I've got just two things to tell you. This is the first: If you can't pay your way, take another road. And this is the second: If you're going to gamble, play 'em high but careful."

The Brother Who Went to Sea

HE DIED when he was seventy-five, and, though I did not see him, I am sure that on his lips there was a smile.

When or how these two first met I do not know, but the records show that when Ann Elizabeth Howells, spinster, married George Broadhurst, bachelor, she was thirty-three and he was two years younger.

Their first child was a son, who was christened Thomas William and whose hair was so blond that his school companions quickly nicknamed him Snowball. In him was an unconquerable passion for the sea. Before he was fifteen this boy, of ground-rooted ancestry and born in an inland town, ran away three times to be a sailor. His father finally, with the idea of killing or curing, allowed him to go on His Majesty's training ship, the Chichester, where at the end of his apprenticeship he gained the first prize for seamanship and the second for swimming.

Then as an able seaman he shipped before the mast in various windjammers, and, never choosing the same voyage twice, visited practically every port of importance in the world and learned at first hand those chanteys which the true sailorman quickly learns and

(Continued on Page 192)

A Scene From What Happened to Jones, One of Mr. Broadhurst's Earliest Successes

PIEPOWDER COURT

By Thomas Beer

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

"Hey, Guy," G. D. Warned Him, "Don't You Touch It Anywheres Back of Its Neck!"

IT WAS very beautiful. A whole regiment came swerving over the dusty meadow from a gap in the shallow forest, and the appalling sunlight smeared this moving bulk of buff and darker browns with a singular glory. That silver tone which tantalizes painters hung in the continuous froth of dust that curled along the ranks; the turquoise cords of the hats twinkled when companies dipped in hollows of the little plain; one mounted officer, abreast of the second company, was regal and insolently commanding beside this motion, and when he flung up a hand the parade stopped as if a god's wish had been mortally made certain in the harsh rattle of sergeants' voices from column to column. They halted, and presently the lines sagged everywhere. The dust ceased and smoke sifted upward in trim puffs, tufts of steely vapor from hundreds of cigarettes. Men strayed and became human points on the shabby Texan grass.

"Oh," said Private George Dewey Brown, "I wish I was a doughboy!"

"And if you were a doughboy, you'd want to be an engineer," Erasmus Conkling yawned; "and when you get East and see some sailors you'll want to be a gob."

"I wouldn't neither," G. D. Brown stated; "I've saw some gobs. I hate 'at kinda pants. They look joovenal."

This adjective fairly stunned Conkling and me. We gaped. G. D.'s vocabulary was getting to be impressive in one so pink and young. He stood inside the rope which surrounded the shady corral and stared at the lounging infantrymen fifty yards away with violent admiration, discontentedly dangling his hat by the knot of its scarlet cord, a child enthralled by the pretty doll in the shop window.

"You're better off in our humble branch of the service, G. D. Those nice doughboys have to go sit in the nasty wet trenches when we get to France and get shot at in ten different ways. All," I said, "that happens to us is long-range artillery fire and the noisome activities of airplanes that come and drop things on us."

"Airplanes," G. D. brooded, "is noisy. . . . Yeh, but I wisht I'm a doughboy."

Twenty doughboys were wandering toward us, allured by the mules which brooded at anchor in the corral's splotches of shadow. The usual miracle of military interest now occurred. Mules were commonplace in the huge reservation, but the soldiers wandered up to the rope and admired these ordinary mules, and asked us questions about them. How often did you feed a mule? And did mules kick much and what did we use 'em for? They gazed at the mules with reverence. A dark grave fellow with shocking blue eyes got under the rope to go and examine a mule from near by.

"Hey, guy," G. D. warned him, "don't you touch it anywheres back of its neck!"

The visitors laughed and the dark man grinned. He was much the coolest of the gang, his shirt dry on his heavy, high shoulders and his flat face clean while his friends' were streaked and moist. A mule let him pat its nose and he came prowling back from the investigation to offer G. D. a cigarette.

"Thank you kindly," said the dreadful child, taking two cigarettes from the package. "How much does your gun weigh, fella? Lemme look at her. . . . Got a match? . . . You keep her awful clean, huh? I wish I was in infantry!"

Five infantrymen at once adjured him to thank God that he was in field artillery. G. D. straddled the rope of the corral and listened to their curses on their part of the service while he fingered the rifle and looked down its barrel. The visitors gathered around him congenially and called him sonny. This was as usual. For G. D. went meandering off among the cantonments of Leon Springs and came back to F Battery with gifts—candy, equipment, cigarettes and magazines bestowed on him by people he'd never seen before and never saw again. The world was his brother.

In France he was restored to his regiment, having fallen off its train, by a furious French general in a high-powered motor car, who scolded the regimental commander for abandoning G. D. in the wilderness of the Charente-Inférieure. He decided to escort his friend Conkling to a hospital when Conkling's arm was smashed on the first day of the St.-Mihiel drive, and the hospital adorned him in pajamas and a dressing gown and had him conduct eminent visitors through the wards for three weeks.

Then he went off to the front with some infantrymen and was found by his proper owners weeping over the remains of a German officer who reminded him of his Uncle Henry in Persis, Mississippi. Reverting to his own regiment, under guard, he broke down the colonel, who suggested that he ought to be court-martialed, by offering him three Iron Crosses collected on the battlefields; and, two weeks later, I met the straying cherub dining at Marguery's in Paris, where he had no permission to be, in the company of an Italian diplomat, the daughter of an English bishop and three officers of astonishing rank. He told me that they were very nice people, but that they talked too much.

There must be a bushel of paper on the subject of Private George Dewey Brown stored with the Adjutant General of the Army, but nothing ever happened to him. He commanded the sun to shine upon him and it did.

"Oh," he told the [illegible] doughboy, giving back [illegible] rifle, "but I'd get kinda tired luggin' that! Yeh, I will say for artillery, you don't have to carry so much when you're workin'. Where you from, guy?"

"San Francisco," said the dark youth, and smiled.

"Yeh? I'd like to go out there an' ——" "Tenshun!"

Capt. Martin Costello said loudly from his tall horse, looming over us, "About time! Should think you men had been long enough in the service to see an officer comin' and salute! . . . Well, get out of the way, can't you!"

His horse almost walked on the dark doughboy and shied from him as Captain Costello went through the group. A murmur followed this officer's passage. He rode close to the rope for twenty feet and headed out onto the open meadow with his spurs blazing.

"Somebody's gonna shoot a few of those in the back when this army gets to France," some youth remarked. "Who's that piece of cheese?"

"He's my captain," G. D. explained: "name of Costello. Useda be a sergeant wiv the leathernecks. Yeh, he eats snakes for breakfas' an' drinks hot ink!"

We all looked after Costello. He'd interfered with us on purpose, riding deliberately around the curved rope of the corral and wasting yards to pass through us. F Battery had been speaking warmly of its new commander for a week, and from my post in the supply office I had [illegible] watching Captain Costello's reputation grow, drul by drul.

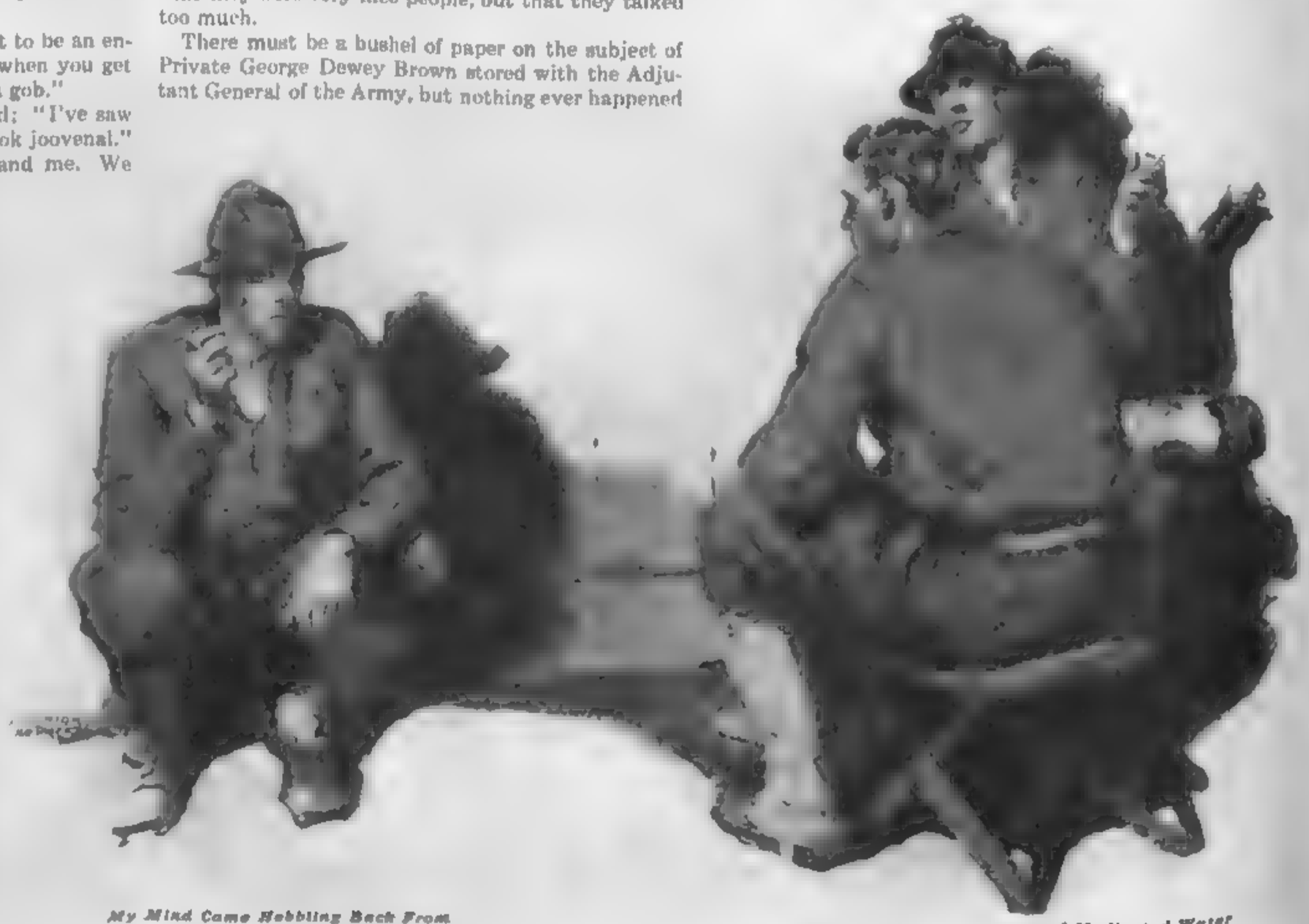
"Fine-lookin', though," said one of the infantrymen.

"He'd look fine lynched," G. D. brooded as whistles blew from the regiment. Then he watched the visitors pelt off toward their reforming companies and said approvingly, "'At guy 'at give me his gun's a nice fella. I wish I was in infantry."

"Spell infantry, G. D."

"I-n-f-i-n-t-y," said G. D., getting his leg over the rope and he went strolling across thin grass to inspect the mounted officer who could order all these toys about. He advanced with confidence on this potentate, and Erasmus Conkling and I noted his approach. The regiment made a neat background for the encounter. Presently G. D. saluted the high personage and, fifty yards from us, we saw him drop into conversation.

"He beats the devil, doesn't he?" Erasmus murmured.



My Mind Came Hobbling Back From San Francisco. He Sat Down on His Heels and Gravely Considered My Blistered Foot in the Basin of Medicated Water

"I can't make it out," I said. "He's not handsome and he doesn't flatter anybody. I think it's his voice. He sounds like a good-tempered baby asking for its bottle. You feel obliged to give it to him . . . Look at him, will you?"

The regiment was moving. Its colonel saluted G. D. once more and left him to review the passage of the great machine of flesh. G. D. put his hands into the pockets of his faded breeches and sat down on Texas to admire the companies passing his complacency in a long snake of bodies which went thumping past his post, in the renewed cloud of dust, until the backs of the last files were olive humps of flattened cloth on muscle, and the faint smell of sweat blew away from us. Then he got up and came back.

"What do you say, Rasmus?"

"Nothin'. Rasmus says, 'Hey, bane, how long you been in dis army?' And I said I've been in a year an' I'm sixteen, and we talked. He's a Swede . . . I like Swedes. They don't walk waggely like cavalrymen an' lieutenants do. Gimme a cigarette."

"You've had twenty since lunch. Sit down and go on with your lesson."

G. D. curled up on the grass under the rope, yawned and opened the book from which his education was coming at the moment. He took a long breath, wrinkled his pink nose and read: "The . . . common people were subject in matters to the determination of justice of the lord . . . What don't make any sense."

"Feudal," Erasmus suggested.

"Yeh, 'at's her! Of the feudal landowners. I know it was because it's a paperback. The lord of a manor could . . . I don't like this book much. It's kinda dull. You tell me what he's talkin' about, Rasmus."

Erasmus said, in his grave voice, with its soft Harvard accent: "The big real-estate owners could boss their tenants. They were the law. The lord of a manor judged all the cases. His tenants were brought to him and he judged them any way he pleased, and they were damn lucky if they could get a higher lord to judge their way. . . . Yes, it's a pretty tough book to teach you reading out of. Go and get the chaplain to give you something easier."

"I surely shall. . . . What's 'is about piepowder, Rasmus?"

"Piepowder? Where?"

I explained idly: "That was a kind of court, G. D. Old *pioudre*—dusty foot. Here would be the lord of the manor riding around and they'd bring him some peddler or chicken thief and ask judgment on him, and the lord gave judgment right there, in the street, or wherever they were. Try to remember that. It's a good, useless kind of fact."

"Oh," said G. D., after thought, "I'd like to've been one of those lords! You could have you a time bein' mean to everybody!"

"You have a noble heart, sonny."

G. D. considered that and modestly suggested: "Well, kinda. I've got fallin's though. Anyways, mamma says so. . . . C'mon, Rasmus, let's go swimmin'!"

Erasmus had no enthusiasm; but he was a very obedient friend, and G. D. liked to wallow in the tepid creek which lay between some rocky slopes half a mile or so below the corral.

It was one of the social spots in the vastness of the baked plateau, as men of all the regiments on duty in Leon Springs Military Reservation were forbidden to go swimming in the creeks without bath suits and, naturally, killed hours of the hot afternoons in doing just that.

"You're too energetic, G. D. All right, come on."

"Ho!" the Colonel Grunted, Abolishing the Corral and Me With the Sound, So That I Perceived My Impertinence in Having Done Anything About This Purse or Even in Being Alive. "Costello!"

They wriggled under the ropes and went striding off toward the woods in a skimming cloud of dust. A breeze lifted a thin shimmer of the gray powder and almost hid the two bodies dwindling from me on the battered meadow. They vanished and I was left with the dignified mules for company, and a French novel to amuse me in this shadow under a skimpy tree. But the novel wasn't thrilling and my bandaged right foot ached inside a carpet slipper. Perhaps it would be just as well to go sleep and get rid of two hours before supper, or to go back to the supply office and write letters.

I got up and stretched, after a time, and was still stretching when my eyes picked out a green affair on the turf beyond the rope, a patch of stationary color on the yellow grass. Then I snorted, with the thing in my hand. Captain Costello's wallet was small and rather ladylike for such a tall man; a square of soft green leather lettered "Martin Costello" in finely stamped gold print, but the thing was plump with folded bills. It had joggled out of some pocket as he rode through us. By and by he would be noisily worried about it.

I shoved the square of leather inside my shirt and limped slowly up a strip of turf behind the cantonments of the regiment to the little hill on which the headquarters sat and tried to be imposing, rather vainly, because the builder of the camp had placed the headquarters offices and two dependent wings of bedrooms under seven of the largest trees in Leon Springs Military Reservation, and the whole structure had the look of a bad suburban bungalow, reduced to humility by the great clouds of dusty foliage which hung over the sprawling roofs. But these same trees made a cool lounging room behind the building for the young officers, who lay about on deck chairs in much shadow, or lay about when Col. Philip Marivaux wasn't lying on his particular chair with a novel.

If the regimental commander happened to be there, the officers sat primly and watched his celebrated monocle glitter in the amazing tan of his face beneath his right white eyebrow.

Rounding one end of the building, I noted with regret that Colonel Marivaux was reading a yellow novel in his red-lined deck chair while the plump chaplain and Captain Costello politely conversed, leaning on the trunk of a tree. They reminded me of schoolgirls trying to be sociable in the neighborhood of a sour chaperon. But, you see, I reminded myself just then of a scared kid wandering too close to a dangerous mastiff, and it did me no good to recall Colonel Marivaux as a shy, gentle little lieutenant of field artillery on duty at West Point when I was a small boy, or to recollect that the cadets privately spoke of him as Marie. The Lieutenant Marivaux of 1896 had nothing to do with the Colonel Marivaux of 1917, whose mustaches twitched evilly when he saw me passing within ten yards of his chair.

"Ha!" said this overlord. "Here! What the devil d'you want, corporal?"

"Sir, Captain Costello dropped h-his purse down by the corral. I ——"

"Ho!" the colonel grunted, abolishing the corral and me with the sound, so that I perceived my impertinence in having done anything about this purse or even in being alive. "Costello!"

The red-haired captain came striding, with a flutter of his tawny silk shirt. "Sir?"

(Continued on Page 115)

A PORTRAIT OF THE WRITER

By Nunnally Johnson

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

"I Suppose We Can Fix That Up All Right"

ADJUSTING his derby at a swagger angle, Mr. Little Frenchy McCord, manager of the Joyland Dance Palais—Gents, Fifty Cents, Plus War Tax; Ladies Free—tore himself away from a sound conversation with an old and horrible friend, Mr. Slant-Face McGroarty, and went to see what was wanted of him at the box office.

He found, standing alone before the ticket window, the occasion for his call, a curiously startled young sapling who blinked nervously and dampened his lips with his tongue.

"Well, young fellow," said Mr. McCord, "I'm the manager. What's on your mind?"

The sapling smiled a ghastly smile, intended apparently to be ingratiating. "Why—ah," he hesitated with some dignity—"ah—I'm Gibbons—ah—of the Globe." He paused, evidently feeling that this should be enough.

"What," asked Mr. McCord amiably, "of it?"

His indifference to the information threw Mr. Gibbons for a few seconds into a deep quandary, from which he emerged with faster and more nervous blinks. "Why—ah," he explained—"ah—I rather thought that perhaps—ah—the courtesies of the house were—ah—extended to—ah—newspaper men." The thought died away.

"Oh, I see!" Mr. McCord said crudely. "You want to get in without paying."

"Why—ah ——" agreed Mr. Gibbons.

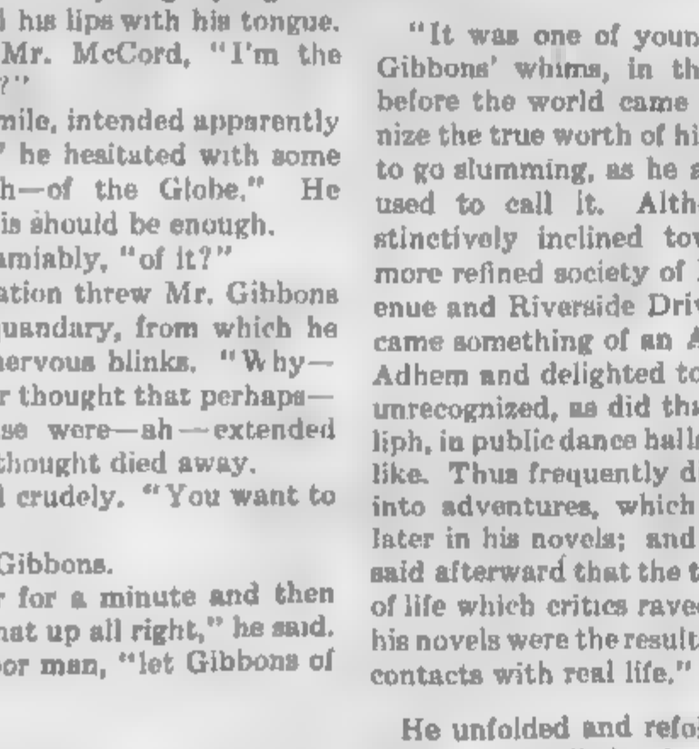
The manager looked him over for a minute and then nodded. "I suppose we can fix that up all right," he said. "Oh, Eddie," he called to the door man, "let Gibbons of the Globe through."

"Ah—thanks."

"Not at all."

Mr. Gibbons of the Globe mounted the narrow stairs and turned into a hall which had apparently been designed and furnished by a delirious Oriental æsthete. The *décor* appeared to be a happy mingling of Chinese, Javanese, chop suey and David Belasco. It was a crowded room, noisy, dim and hot, and down the middle stretched a glistening dance floor, now a thick tangle of sheiks and hotsy-totsies engaged in Terpsichore to the very, very beautiful music of Al Hickup's Jazzing Collegians' Society Harmony Kings. Low lights shone from twenty fantastically Chinese lanterns dangling from the fluted silk ceiling, and everybody chewed gum.

Into this gaudy carnival stepped Mr. Gibbons with the satisfied air of one who is home at last. He halted just within the door to check his hat, a fine new straw with a red-gold-and-blue-striped band; and while he stands there, under a plain, honest, uncolored electric light, the readers are at liberty to step forward and inspect him more closely.



He Wrote the Title: The Best o' Luck

For the benefit of those in the rear of the hall it may be explained that Mr. Gibbons is nineteen, as callow as a calf and given somewhat to the pimples of adolescence. His eyes are wide, round and humorless, but his hair is slick with the grease of the bear; and if that is not a wing collar and a jazz-bow tie he is wearing, then we are all mightily mistaken. One suspects, moreover, that in his major garments he has counterfeited that rakish roominess of collegiate apparel by equipping himself with a suit about three sizes too large. A harmless-looking young man, with, indeed, a most disarming and ingenuous smile, he has elected to wear here, however, the aloof air of superior elegance.

With a world-weary gesture, he lighted a cigarette and stood drawing languidly on it as his blinking eyes swept the hall in a definite search. They halted presently on a slick black bobbed head at the opposite end of the hall, and rested and softened. He dropped the cigarette and moved down the hall toward the head.

The girl was alone, an undersized, tightly bodiced little person, with a definite suggestion of the sparrow about her. Her eyes, now fixed on a comic weekly in her lap, were small and black and sharp. Her nose was white with clinging powder. Her dress was sleeveless, her skirt was short and her stockings were rolled. Mr. Gibbons stopped behind her chair. Unobserved, his arms folded, he inspected her nervously; and then his eyes strayed to the fluted-silk ceiling, to the restless rhythm of the dancers, to Al Hickup's Jazzing Collegians, to the fantastic Chinese lanterns. He meditated, and his meditation turned toward a book, a biography, which might some day be written:

"It was one of young Arthur Gibbons' whims, in those days before the world came to recognize the true worth of his writing, to go slumming, as he afterward used to call it. Although instinctively inclined toward the more refined society of Park Avenue and Riverside Drive, he became something of an Abou Ben Adhem and delighted to wander, unrecognized, as did that old caliph, in public dance halls, and the like. Thus frequently did he run into adventures, which he used later in his novels; and he often said afterward that the true slices of life which critics raved over in his novels were the results of these contacts with real life."

He unfolded and refolded his arms and blinked at the back of the girl's head:

"In later life the famous novelist also intimated, with a twinkle in his eye, that in these sordid palaces he also found romance, and it may be that his profound knowledge of women, proved in some of his best works, began with the women he learned to know on these nocturnal expeditions."

The girl chuckled at something in the comic magazine and young Arthur Gibbons abandoned his biography. He took a cautious step forward and peered over her shoulder. Then, with studied nonchalance, he dropped into a chair at her side.

"Ah—I beg your—ah—pardon."

The girl looked up sharply. "I—ah—venture to speak," he said, "because—ah—I notice you are—ah—reading some of my—ah—stuff."

The girl glanced quickly at the until then unobserved name of the author. "Why," she exclaimed, "are you George Jean Nathan that wrote this stuff?"

Young Mr. Gibbons blinked rapidly. "Why—ah—yes. I happen to be," he said. "Do you—ah—like it?"

"It's a scream!" the girl said. "You must draw down a lot of jack for things in a magazine, don't you?"

"Why—ah," he explained, stepping into character "it's—ah—a boob jerker. I—ah—don't ——"

"Well!" said the girl. "Can y'imagine! I been reading your stuff, you know, a couple of weeks. Gee, you're comical! But say, I wouldn't of pictured you like look. In the magazine you sound so s'castic. you'd of looked s'castic. You talk like you write like that?"

"Why—ah—no, except—ah—when the occasion warrants," Arthur explained. "But that—ah—that's a boob jerker."

"That's s'castic," observed the girl. "I hope you won't ever get s'castic with me. You won't, will you—Jean?" This last was a coo, and young Mr. Gibbons blinked with unprecedented rapidity.

"When I Get to Thinking About Some of Them Things You Wrote I Gotta Laugh"

"Why—ah—no. Will you—ah—honor me with this dance?" he asked.

He bought two dance tickets, and then, endeavoring to look as much like Mr. Nathan as possible, he twirled the girl vigorously into a tango. Presently the musicians stopped, exhausted.

"You're a smooth dancer, baby Jean," the girl said as they sat down again. "I think I'm gonna call you baby Jean. You like that?"

"Ah," said Arthur.

"Say, I'll bet you draw down a lot of jack from magazines. The way you write, I bet you ain't no tightwad!"

"Ah," said Arthur.

"What you say we have an orangeade?"

"Ah—boy!" A sloppy waiter lounged over. "Ah—two orangeades."

The girl chuckled into her glass. "Gee," she said, "when I get to thinking about some of them things you wrote I gotta laugh. You're a scream, you are!" She screamed.

Arthur drew on his straw.

"Occasionally, in those days when he was young, Arthur Gibbons came across, in those sordid dance halls, girls of real appreciation. Like diamonds in mud banks, they stood out from their sordid surroundings; and with his knowledge of women, he was easily able to pick out the ones that were real genuine girls from the painted creatures that one found mostly in those sordid places."

The music started again. He rose and drew back the girl's chair for her to rise.

Then Myrtle wanted another orangeade. Arthur summoned the garçon and in a twinkling, or five minutes, there were two more tall amber glasses before them.

Young Mr. Gibbons silently watched her absorb the liquid, and then, clearing his throat, he leaned toward her. "Ah—Myrtle—ah—you know I didn't just—ah—pick you out irrespective, you know." She looked up from her glass, blank faced. Arthur cleared his throat again. "I'm sure you won't—ah—think I've been impertinent when I've told you—ah—that I've been—ah—watching you for several nights—ah—hoping for a chance to be—ah—formally introduced to you."

Myrtle, for whom impertinence did not begin until she was knocked on her ear, breathed an awed, "Can y'imagine!"

"Ah—no," he said. "You really ain't—are not—ah one of the ordinary girls around here." He waved his hand contemptuously. "I've—ah—had quite a bit of experience—ah—with women and I can tell." He paused nervously and blinked at her. "I can see it," he said. "There's ah—something. I can't describe it, but—ah—something, a something, if you—ah—see what I mean, something about you."

"Jean!"

"Ah yes," he recalled his character, "they're fetching I guess ah—but ——" He paused, words failing him.

"You mean," she aided him, "I'm different?"

"Ah," he said gratefully.

Myrtle sucked a last blast on the straw and wiped her mouth with a handkerchief. "Say, Jean," she said, "you're the cat's. I think it's swell meeting you like this. And, say but you can be s'castic! When we gonna have a date?"

He figured rapidly on pay day. "Ah—Tuesday evening?" he suggested.

"What do you say we go to the Biltmore?" she countered brightly, and saw him start. "What do you care, drawing down all that dough from magazines?"

"Ah—all right."

She rose. "I gotta go, I alay," she said. "I come here with a girl friend and I been telling him the whole evening for her. She fancied herself at an alcove table over here," she added quickly. They were barely shielded from view. Myrtle's arms reached up, caught him around the neck, drew his head down. Then he was holding her as tightly as she held him, and they kissed. Hours later, it seemed, she let him go. "Remember the address I give you," she said hastily, and disappeared. Young Mr. Gibbons, his head reeling, moved uncertainly down the hall.

Fifteen minutes later, at 10:30, he entered the city room of the Globe, still somewhat dazed.

"Copy boy!" He snapped into action, hurried to the city desk. The night city editor glared at him. "Where have you been?" he demanded. "There's been one copy boy on duty here since ten o'clock. Weren't you due here at ten?"

"Joseph Conrad," commented the assistant night city editor, a morose man, "has probably been out living life." Arthur flushed.

"Well, Mr. Conrad can just stick around until the first edition goes to press." He glowered at young Mr. Gibbons. "After we've put this paper to bed, Mr. Conrad," he said, "you may return to literature and such other arts as you find gripping you. But until then you'd better snap into it and help out us newspaper men."

The assistant night city editor noticed the wing collar and jazz-bow tie. "Must have been quite formal," he ventured.

"Semi—ah—informal," Arthur said, and walked off.

They Shook Arthur's Hand Heartily, While He, Debonair in His Delirium, Endeavored to Look as One Might be Expected to Look Who Has Done His Duty

A sheet of paper slid into the machine. He wrote the title: The Best o' Luck. Then he slumped down into the chair, an imbecilic smile on his face. His hands fell into his lap, and before plunging into *belles-lettres* he permitted his thoughts to drift again into the pleasant dizziness of the biography that might some day be written:

"It was on one of these nocturnal excursions into the night that Arthur Gibbons met the petite little woman who was later to become the fascinating Mrs. Gibbons. The story has never been told before. It had been Mr. Gibbons' whim, then an unknown, to introduce himself, whimsically, as George Jean Nathan, a noted dramatic critic of the period. One to whom he so introduced himself was Miss Myrtle Muso, a petite little girl.

"In that sordid surrounding she was a pearl that caught the eye of the epicure Mr. Gibbons; and instantly recognizing, from his knowledge of women, that there was good in her, he began to woo her. Promising then to take her to a rather expensive place for dinner, to which Mr. Gibbons has since gone hundreds of times, he was compelled to send out a story which was to be his first published story, and the seed out of which his world-wide fame has since grown. The story was accepted, Mr. Gibbons was able to keep his date, and the resultant critical outburst is well known.

"'That night,' Mr. Gibbons was wont to tell friends over the wines and walnuts in after years, 'I kissed that little girl, the woman that was to be my wife. It was the first time I ever kissed a woman, and it was the last, except Mrs. Gibbons, of course. I knew her to be a fine type of woman the first time I saw her. Yes, I kissed her.'"

His eyes were glazed. A fatuous smile curled his face. And then, straightening up and blinking, he began to write the story.

Patrolman Moriarty Called to Him, But the Young Man Continued on His Way, Skipping and Whooping

"A Little Joke, Eh!" Miss Muso Was Flushed With Anger

For an hour then he bore copy paper and copy takes back and forth, until at length the edition went to press. Then, brooding sadly, he slumped into a chair. The Biltmore! Twenty—thirty—forty dollars, maybe! He hadn't any idea how much it would cost. Tuesday—six days off. Forty dollars! He reflected that perhaps he shouldn't have introduced himself as one who might be affluent. But what else could he have done?

"Copy boy!"

Myrtle. Myrtle Muso. A lovely, lovely name.... Forty dollars. . . . "Copy boy!" . . . He'd have to tell her—sometime—when? After all, while he might not be a person of note, still—still, he felt, he felt deep down in his heart, she'd understand. She'd forgive. She couldn't fail to see—to see the—the love light. . . . "Copy boy!" . . .

At midnight the solution came. At midnight the clouds of the Biltmore, forty dollars and the deception disappeared. The noise died down, the city room was deserted. The erstwhile Mr. Nathan went to his locker and unearthed from its depths a sheaf of paper, no less, it would appear, than a manuscript. He took it to a desk, opened it and reviewed the first paragraph.

It was well. A look of satisfaction, of relief, settled on his face. Not art, perhaps, he reflected, but a boob jerker, a fetcher of the mazuma. Polished up, as he had intended for months, it would be box-office fodder, a snarer of forty dollars, at the very least. And no time like the present.

He found then an open typewriter, sat down to it and prepared to whip the little gem into shape.

II

THE next day the first reader in the office of the International Magazine leaned back in his chair and began to read:

THE BEST O' LUCK

By A. Hatton Gibbons

"In the dim, wild spaces that surrounded my cabin on the top of Pike's Peak, that historic spot where pioneers of

(Continued on Page 208)

OVERSELLING PARIS

Helen Wills, Returning From Europe

Englishwomen at Ascot

The Studiedly Sporty French Type

By Olive Chapin Lawson

A FUNDAMENTAL change in the whole civilized world's mental picture as to what constitutes smartness has been taking place these past ten years. The Frenchwoman used to approximate it more closely than any other race of women, but she is ceasing to do so. Her attraction was that of sophisticated luxury, of roundness, softness, of femininity accented by studied elegance. There was a knowingness, a carefully conceived plan about her style.

American women were looked upon as gauche, lacking in poise, in *savoir-faire*, possessing beauty of a fresh sort, but unskilled in the adornment of it.

Subtly, almost imperceptibly, a change came over us. Travel, plus the dissemination of a style knowledge undreamed of in any other country, served to teach us many things. Avid of information that would make our lives more beautiful or joyous, traits that had been disagreeable were eliminated or became subtly attractive. *Gaucherie* became insouciance. Lack of poise gave place to a frank boyishness. We acquired quickly the necessary *savoir-faire*.

Americans admire insouciance. It is youthful, and youth fascinates them. They discovered themselves to be a people whose reactions suddenly began to have weight. Mature awareness came to grips with youthful nonchalance and lost out in the battle of personalities which was waged with quiet ferocity in the salons of the great dressmakers. Flaming youth began impertinently to dictate what was going to be what in the matter of costuming.

French Fashions on American Lines

A WELL-KNOWN French writer editorially deplores the effect the boyish silhouette, natural to the American girl, has had on Frenchwomen. He admits with reluctance that French couturiers are no longer concerned with the French type and that Frenchwomen are striving heroically to mold their figures on American lines. He deprecates the glorification of slim arms and legs and the elimination of busts and hips. He reads into the severe effacement of the once protuberant—shall we say?—chest a further menace to the very necessary propagation of the French species. He warns the French dressmaking world that they are selling their native style for a mess of American dollars.

But he is not optimistic that his warnings will be heeded. Sadly he admits that the American ideal of smartness dominates the world, and that though there have been ever so slight concessions to femininity in the softly floating draperies of the past two seasons, curves are to be as rigidly taboo as ever. "Give us back busts and hips," is his plea, but the couturiers, unheeding, continue to approximate as closely as possible the greyhound silhouette dear to their American clientele.

Do the great French dressmakers design their models for their French clientele any more? Are there any smart Frenchwomen, or is the smart Frenchwoman a myth? If there are smart Frenchwomen, where do they hide themselves? Where can one find them and what do they wear and how do they wear it? Is a crowd of Frenchwomen gathered together better turned out as a whole than a similarly representative group of American women?

The Parisian couturier who is most successful financially today is the one who has the ability to metamorphose his ideas of smartness to meet with the greatest accuracy the American point of view. Time was when he made models pretty much to suit his own whims, and we from America could take them or leave them and be hanged to us. With no resources of worthy designing ability at home, we took the least unsuitable of the models made up to suit tastes foreign to ours and did our little best to adapt them to our individual uses.

It was a most unusual thing ten years ago to find a model that could be duplicated as was. Gradually, but surely, the French couturiers began to see that their bread could be buttered much more copiously by striving to supply what would best suit the American buyers' needs rather than by catering to the tastes of their countrywomen. One by one they felt themselves inspired to create cost umes that were readily salable in America. These women who were descending upon them in droves required special study, and where could flaming youth be studied to better advantage than in its native habitat, the wily French dressmaker asked himself, as he took ship for America

Corlane Griffith in a Frock of the Type Popular With Young American Girls

Flapper Manikins

AFTER seeing the American flapper in her proper *milieu*, one Parisian couturier went back home and caused his designers to make his whole season's line to fit her personality, even going so far as to import American flapper types to wear them. The reactions of the American buyers who sat through the initial showing of the Americanized line were amusing and enlightening, to say the least. Their attitude was a ludicrous mixture of disappointment, consternation and of bewilderment. One heard excited comments on every side: "But these are exactly what we've been making at home for years!" or "I'm not going to order here; I can get hundreds like this on Seventh Avenue, with no duty to pay!" Or again, "Smith & Jones in the garment center has a better line of these things which I can buy at one-quarter the money!"

We looked at one another in surprise. Had we been asleep all these years? Here was a couturier we had all depended upon for that something new that we wear by which all over Europe, and he had quite unintentionally shown us the charm of our own ideas. Poor dear, he had, with the most selfish intentions, unselfishly pointed us to our own markets. Nevertheless, so consistently and thoroughly had that couturier's prestige been exploited by American department stores that none of the buyers dared flout his collection, even though buying his models was definitely a carrying of coals to Newcastle.

The kinetic silhouette, exploited with much financial success, was evolved by another couturier out of our lives of movement and spirited activity, after a careful study of the American woman in her native surroundings. Still another, who used to cater largely to the English, becoming enamored of the slim lines and buoyant carriage of the young American matron, and enamored no less of her apparently bottomless purse, now makes her collection purely for that type.

Recently there set sail for America one of the rising lights in the French dressmaking firmament. He announced with considerable pomposity that he wished to study his American public so that he might with greater understanding interpret them in terms of French taste. That sounds awe-inspiring, but it merely means that the gentleman will find out more about us *chez nous*. He will ascertain definitely in the United States what manner of woman he has to deal with, and will go back home and produce clothes that will be as nearly as possible duplicates of the things he will see worn here, with just enough of an admixture of Parisian detail to make them go down with the American buyer as the something imported she has gone abroad to seek.

Popular Parisian Myths

PARIS has taught us much. We cannot be too grateful for the sense of beauty and of the fitness of things that she has imparted impartially to all who sought it. Any former resident any length of time in Paris, must bear witness to the influence that city has on the stranger within her gates. How many, many hundreds of times we have watched the metamorphosis of the feminine visitor, from the typical hopeless tourist dowd up through various stages of awakening taste, to the at least presentably, if not readily admirably turned-out woman of fashion. But the noteworthy difference in the influence exerted fashion-wise is that where formerly she watched the natives for her style hints, she now watches her smart compatriots there.

"Will the American buyers like my line?" That is the momentous question that agitates the breast of every French couturier on the eve of an opening. If they do not like it, the couturier suffers, for that season at least, an extremely disconcerting financial setback. I saw one world-famous couturière weep hysterically when, for the second season running, the whole body of American buyers in attendance at her opening walked out on her collection without purchasing. She formerly had been autocratic to the last degree in her dealings with her American clientele. Suddenly she was reduced to an unprecedented humility when her line was repudiated by her formerly docile followers.

Tales are told the public about separate sets of models for the separate clienteles. There is supposed to be one line provided for the English, another for the Spanish and still another for the Americans. That, too, is one of the Paris myths. The models are the same for all. They are shown first to the Americans, and the greatest possible effort is made to please this largest of all the groups of prospective buyers. The other nationalities are then permitted a view of what has been designed with the American consumer primarily in mind. Mussolini has greater reason for feeling humiliated by the dominance of the hated foreigner over Italian fashions than even he wot. What the wives, daughters and mothers of Italy's fashionable classes are wearing are not French fashions, but fashions for Americans fabricated in France.

We are fed lots of what we Americans, in our plebeian way, call apple sauce about the authenticity of French design. We are intended to imbibe the notion that only a very esthetic people, such as the French proclaim themselves to be, could possibly evolve true beauty in costuming.

We are told marvelous tales about how some couturier traveled and studied and labored; how he went into the desert and fasted; and how a great light dawned upon him, which light he translated into a color, so that he was enabled to evolve the theory behind his latest great collection. We, who have to sit through opening after opening, know to our sorrow just how great a proportion of bunk there is in such tales. We've seen ideas pirated by one couturier from another's collection of the season before with all the barefaced impudence with which a little cloak-and-suit manufacturer pirates his ideas from the windows along Fifth Avenue.

The Ideal American Flapper Type

The Source of Ideas

THE style idea dominating many a Parisian couturier's line will often have emanated from America, and before our very eyes we will see our own particular modes metamorphosed ever so slightly and sold back to us as the thing the chic Parisienne is wearing! The chiffon frock with the slimly fitted bodice and the flowing skirt is now coming back to us via Paris, after having been an indispensable adjunct of the American girl's evening toilet for years. Often those who buy these translated ideas know quite well that they came from back home, but such is the strength of the system that they buy them and take them home with them again, enshrouded in a new halo by the magic of Parisian prestige.

Last March there set sail for Europe a New York stylist. On the boat going over she wore almost continually a three-piece sports frock in gray tweed, with a hip-length cape to match, which she had purchased in rather unseemly haste the day she sailed. It was American made, of American inspiration and of an American fabric. With it she wore a plaid silk scarf tied in ascot fashion about her throat, and a felt hat whose brim she had cut to suit herself and whose crown was dented in a manner dictated only by her own whim. She was pleased with her costume.

(Continued on Page 121)

French Jeune Fille

The Elegance Movement

The Sophisticated French Type

TRÈS SHEIK

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

FLORIAN SLAPPEY seated himself on the Sahara Desert and mourned. The heavens formed a great bowl of burnished bronze which cast a brilliant and queerly heatless radiance. Spread before the smarting eyes of the dapper little negro from Birmingham, Alabama, U.S.A., was the town of Biskra, ghastly white against a background of vivid tropical foliage. Far to the north were mountains separating the little Algerian city from the Mediterranean. Near at hand was the sluggish but beautiful Oued Biskra and the magnificent oasis. The balance of the landscape was composed of sand, twisted and piled and swept into queer hillocks and dunes. Near Biskra the desert was jeweled by an occasional palm or bit of scrub growth, but to Florian's left, and behind him, there was merely the grim, dun-colored expanse.

"Golla!" groaned Mr. Slappey, "I never in all my whole life seen so much nothin'."

Mr. Slappey was in abysmal trouble. Less than three months before, the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., of Birmingham, had prepared for an invasion of Europe and Northern Africa, there to shoot two-reel comedies agninst exotic backgrounds. Twenty persons—directors, actors, technical men and musicians—were selected to comprise the party, and when the names were posted that of Mr. Florian Slappey was conspicuous by its absence.

Whereupon the worried Mr. Slappey swung into action, with the result that he was engaged as French interpreter for the troupe. The fact that Florian knew scarcely a single word of French presented small difficulty. The chief thing was that no one else in the company knew any more of the language than Florian did.

The company argonauted from New York to Naples, and there made several pictures. Then they took steamer for Algiers—and the trouble started

They Talked Far Into the Chilly Night. The Passing of Each Minute Crystallized Florian's Plan

Algiers is a French colony. The language of the mother country cascades readily from the lips of whites and blacks alike, in the big, sprawling town which rises sheer from a dirty harbor on the Mediterranean.

Florian sensed catastrophe and for a day or so managed to divert it. Then the company entrained for Biskra, two hundred miles inland, and on the edge of the Sahara Desert. There a job of interpreting became necessary and President Orifice R. Latimer called Florian into the breach.

Even Mr. Slappey's vaunted ingenuity was not proof against the situation. He struggled with a bewildered Frenchman and complained bitterly to an astonished movie president that these fellers didn't speak their own language so good.

Orifice was doubtful—but only for a moment. He thought the matter over carefully and concluded that certainly a Frenchman ought to know something about French. The inevitable conclusion which came to him was that Florian had schemed himself into a European tour.

The wrath of President Latimer was an awful thing. He opened his lips and expressed his frank opinion of Mr. Slappey and that gentleman's immediate forbears. He notified Florian that he and Midnight had definitely and permanently parted company, never more to do business. Florian, wild-eyed and worried, made frenzied protest.

"Honest, Orifice, Ise gwine die does you fire me."

"That's the one thing I hope you don't do nothin' else but."

Florian quivered. "An' besides, I got a contrack with you which says ——"

"Nemmin' what it says. That contrack was drawed in Bumminham an' it cain't be 'forced in Africa."

"I gits me a lawyer."

"An' a swell git you would have got when you got one. How you gwine speechify with him? Besides, what you done to us was fraud on account you don't know no French ——"

"But I did. I just forgot it while us was in Italy."

"Fumadiddles! You put one over on us, an' the sooner you quits hangin' 'round where we is at, the happier I is gwine be. Ise sick an' tired ——"

"Man! Ise also sick." A gleam of hope showed in his eyes. "I ain't drawed no money in a long time, Orifice. Midnight owes me 'bout two hund'ed dollars back pay."

"Yeh! An' you owes Midnight fo' a ticket fum Bumminham to New York an' fum New York to Naples an' fum Naples to Algiers. I guess us keeps that two hund'ed dollars fo' liquid damages."

"Oh, man! You ain't gwine cas' me loose to starve, is you?"

"Wisdom what you speak. Starvin' is the most thing I hope you do. Guess nobody ain't gwine put nothin' over on Orifice R. Latimer an' git away with it."

Mr. Slappey wrung his hands. "What is I gwine do, Orifice? Tell me that."

Mr. Latimer waved a fishy and uncompromising hand toward the squat, white buildings of Biskra. "Lots of cullud folks aroun' heah, Florian. Git you won't have no trouble gittin' along with them seein' how good you can talk French."

The dapper little man grimaced with distaste. "They ain't cullud folks, Brother Latimer, an' you know it. No real cullud folks talks like they do. Polly voo Fronsay! Wherever did you heah cullud fellers talkin' thataway?"

"Heard you when us give you the job as interpreter."

Florian was near to tears. "Please leave me stay with the comp'ny, Orifice. I does any kind of work I acts, I scrubs, I does chores. Anything so long as you don't cast me loose in the middle of all these strange Man, it's gwine be terrible."

"An' the terribler it is, Florian Slappey, the happier I is gwine be. An' I gives you one more order. You keep away fum the hotel where us is stayin' at. 'Cause the one thing you ain't with me is popular. Ise finished, thoo an' done with you."

President Latimer whirled and strode away, turning a deaf ear to the tearful lamentations of his one-time French interpreter. And in the two days which followed Florian Slappey hung mournfully about the somewhat dilapidated hotel on the Rue du Cardinal Lavigerie which was occupied by the Birmingham negroes.

Florian had friends in the company and those friends were sincerely sorry for him. But President Latimer had passed the word that Florian was not to be assisted financially, and so, save for an occasional rosa loan of a few francs, Mr. Slappey found himself penniless and very much a stranger in a country where there was an overplus of sand and a multitude of colored persons who behaved as no colored persons in his knowledge were supposed to act.

More than once in the course of his hectic and colorful career Mr. Slappey had been grimly up against it. He knew Mr. Trouble intimately and called him by his first name. But this was not trouble. This was Old Man Disaster himself. Mr. Slappey was beginning to realize just exactly what he was up against. For three days he hung on the outskirts of the Midnight troupe, watching with wide-eyed melancholia their preparations for a burlesque farce of desert intrigue.

He saw bitterly that they had employed an interpreter who really could speak French: a somewhat battered and entirely disreputable-looking gentleman of the colored persuasion. This person possessed one eye, a scarred cheek, a pronounced limp and an apologetic, but subtly suave manner. He had been selected personally by President Latimer immediately on the heels of the discovery that Florian's only lack as an interpreter was his ignorance of the language.

Florian gazed long and eagerly upon the evil visage of Bu Akba, the interpreter. Mr. Akba was inclined to garb himself sheikishly, which means that he incased a batiste

figure in a winding sheet which perhaps had once been white, his head in a turban and his feet in nothing at all. Florian's opinion of sheiks in general had received a severe jolt since the trip from Naples to Africa. Heretofore he had regarded them as infrequent personages of powerful physique, exquisite hauteur and vast estates. Now, however, he was learning differently.

A sheik, it seemed, was any male person, resident in Northern Africa, who possessed the price of a few yards of cheese cloth and a bit of dirty linen. Occasionally he glimpsed a man who corresponded in some slight degree to his American ideas of a sheik—a gentleman wearing a clean sheet and a colored turban. But even then he wasn't certain.

Bu Akba undoubtedly dressed like a sheik, and therefore there was none who dared say that he was not one. His white garb was just as unclean as that of the genuine sheik, he himself just as indifferent. But it was not that which interested Florian. He was beginning to have an idea, and the idea was that perhaps Bu Akba might become a point of contact between himself and the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc.

Each day found Biskra more unpopular with Florian. At first he had been entranced by the far-flung white city, with its narrow winding streets, its blaze of sunlight, its emerald oases, its magnificent view of the Aures and Zab mountains and its apparently gay bazaars.

But familiarity bred knowledge and contempt. The city was white only from the ground up. From underfoot came a fragrant demand for the services of a street-cleaning department. The narrow winding streets loomed like poorly lighted death traps at night. The sunlight hurt Florian's eyes. The mountains seemed to stand between himself and the doubtful friendliness of Algiers. As for the bazaars, Florian knew them for what they were—booths where strident Arabs bartered ancient garments, worn-out bits of silk, second-hand rugs and knickknacks of no value whatever, for any chance francs that gullible tourists might present.

The days were bad enough, but the nights were terrible. At first Florian intrusted himself to the uncertain luxuries of the Hotel de la Gare. But even that modest hostelry made appalling inroads on his diminishing stock of money. So he moved one night into the malodorous reaches of the Village Negre, to the southeast of Biskra. The name of the place attracted. There he sought those of his kind. What he found rather stunned his aesthetic senses. Their skins were the color of his, but their manners were different and their language a strange mixture of French and Arabic. In addition, they persisted in regarding him as a wealthy tourist and tried to sell him something. Upon each occasion that he failed to buy he was dismissed with vituperation which even he could not misunderstand.

Midnight was working busily. The lonely and forlorn Florian saw the company out on location day after day. Opus Randall and Welford Potts and Sicily Clump galloping through shot after shot of hilarious fun. Puttied J. Cæsar Clump manipulating the megaphone; Forcep Swain, the author, acting as assistant director. There were also Prof. Aleck Champagne and his Jazzphony Orchestra. A segment of Birmingham in the midst of the Sahara—and Florian an exile. Those who would have liked to help Mr. Slappey feared presidential displeasure, and so Florian gloomed his way through the torturing days and suffered through terrible nights with nothing ahead of him except the future.

Twice he tried to make his peace with Orifice. President Latimer was hard as ten-penny nails. The more Florian proclaimed his own troubles the happier Latimer grew. He felt that Mr. Slappey had made a fool of him and he wished Florian lots of luck—all bad. "I ain't got but one ambition, Florian," he said savagely; "an' tha's to see you countin' roots."

Mr. Slappey slunk away. No hope for mercy or sign of clemency. His limited credit was rapidly becoming exhausted. His situation bordered on the tragic. And the passing of each weary hour intensified his hatred of President Latimer. Latimer had a just grievance, true enough, but he was carrying revenge to the point of actual fanaticism. And so, coupled in Florian's mind with a desire for personal safety, there grew a great and pervading ambition to teach Orifice his lesson; to show him that Mr. Slappey could not be trod upon with impunity.

By the time Florian decided to sound Bu Akba in person, he was a desperate man. The ravening wolves of hunger were not far distant. Midnight was working at top speed, which seemed to indicate a not-too-long sojourn in the little city on the edge of the desert. Mr. Slappey trailed Latimer and Lawyer Chew and Sicily Clump to the hotel one night; watched them bid Bu Akba adieu—and then he followed the Arab gentleman to a dark corner on the Rue Berthe. He knew the man's name; had heard Latimer call it more than once. And so he touched the sheik on the shoulder and addressed him most politely.

"Hey, Mistuh Akba!"

Bu turned, his one eye glowing dully. He found himself looking into the face of an American negro, and he immediately concluded that this was one of the queer company for which he was working. He made humble obeisance.

"Sidi!" he remarked respectfully.

"Says which?"

"Sidi! Master!"

"Aw, quit kiddin'." Florian touched Bu Akba on the arm. "Does you crave eatments, Bu?"

"M'sieu says what is it?"

Mr. Slappey blinked. "Golla! An' they hired you! Now, listen. How about me an' you gittin' a li'l' somethin' to eat? Food, see." He cast about wildly for a word or two of French. "*Nourriture! Vin!*"

"Ah-h-h! *Oui, m'sieu.*"

They moved together into the town; treading lightly in the middle of the narrow streets, passing ghostlike figures—men and women—all in white and distinguishable as to sex only by the veils. The moon hung full and round in low-flung heavens and a million stars twinkled like fireflies in the chill night.

Florian tried to walk jauntily. And as he walked he tried to estimate the man at his side. A scheme was beginning to take shape. It was a delicate scheme—albeit, a gorgeous one—but it involved a firm alliance with this gentleman who now accompanied him so eagerly to the vicinity of food.

They found an eating-place—a single room opening wide onto a fearsome street. The room was small. It contained a scant half dozen tables, at one of which sat three male persons who looked as though the mere sight of a half-franc coin would incite them to wholesale homicide. Yet Bu Akba seemed to fit perfectly into the sinister atmosphere. Florian shuddered—with apprehension and with hope. He knew now that he need not scruple to bargain with Bu, provided he could make it thoroughly attractive financially. He leaned forward.

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He Explained to Orifice That the Sheik Was Displeased; He Wished a Little More Salaam

THE PUPPET

"Leaving, Eh?" Judd's Voice Had a Rasping Challenge. "What's the Big Idea?"

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

A SENSE of awe, agreeable but sobering, engulfed the waking mind of Fillmore Judd. He lifted himself from the pillow with the respectful deliberation of one who moves high explosives or lays untried hand upon the lever of a mighty engine. His countenance, imaged in the glass above the marble-topped bureau, still, in its mere physical aspect, the familiar face of Fillmore Judd, confronted him with a new and formidable authority. He twisted his eyes free of that high, stern gaze very much as, in his unenlightened state, he had shunned the commanding glare of Orrin P. Garber. Indeed, as he dealt with the rubber cords of the body builder, breathing profoundly in the patented rhythm of Dr. Samson's System, Fillmore Judd was more afraid of himself than he had ever been of any boss.

The feeling abated slightly as exercise warmed him; he discovered, below that disturbing consciousness of power, an uplifting exhilaration that tempted him to song. There was a distinct appeal in the knowledge that old Peter Lemp, audibly asleep beyond the partition, would assuredly make a fuss about it. Fillmore Judd had actually drawn breath for the cheerful ballad about the sailor's sweetheart, when he remembered his solemn pledge.

He shook his head in grieved self-rebuke. Twice, once before they had sent him the first lesson and again before his diploma had been mailed, he had sworn to employ his power worthily. Again and again throughout the course he had been warned that frivolous or ignoble use of it would not only perjure him but infallibly weaken and presently destroy the power itself. And here, with the ink hardly dry on that diploma, he was already meditating a mere schoolboy prank as his first employment of those forces that were his only in high and holy trust. Doubt stabbed him. Perhaps they had made some mistake at the institute. Perhaps, in spite of his mark of 98 per cent on that preliminary questionnaire, he wasn't a fit person to possess and use the secret science of psychodynamics.

"I've got to lean over backward, that's all," he told himself. By way of penance he denied himself the bathtub; no matter how carefully you turned on the water it made a lot of noise, and besides, as the advertisements pointed out, even the daintiest people—subconscious association of ideas, as he followed their confessed example—reminded him of the unfortunate who, often a best man, fell mysteriously short of groomdom, and he reflected wistfully that Fillmore Judd had never even seen a wedding, although his stepmother, unlike the kindred of the people in the advertisements, was singularly unreticent.

He drew in a deep breath as he faced the thought that everything was going to be different hereafter. Flattened under the newspaper lining of his bureau drawer, the diploma still guaranteed that Fillmore Judd, Bachelor of Psychodynamics, was now duly licensed to the practice of that science. When it pleased him to unleash his power to that purpose even his stepmother would be as putty to his hand. Again, assailed by temptation that sought to prostitute his mighty forces to trivial end, Fillmore Judd sternly reminded himself of his vows.

"Nice way to use my powers," he said under his breath. "Bacon for breakfast! Might as well be a cheap hypnotist if that's how I'm going to act!"

Nevertheless, as he descended the murky stair well, a mounting fragrance and remote, sizzling noises entered an appeal from this decision; bacon, unmistakably, was in process of preparation for somebody's breakfast. There was no valid reason why Fillmore Judd should go on eating lumpy oatmeal, while boarders who paid no more than he were pampered and petted. When you came right down to it, if anybody in the house deserved to have bacon for breakfast it was Fillmore Judd himself, who, besides his meek fifteen dollars every Friday, rendered gratis attendance on winter furnace and summer lawn. After all, if you couldn't use your psychodynamics in such cause, what good were they? Fillmore Judd felt his shoulders straighten as he came into the dining room. In the mirror over the mantel he saw that his face had regained the selfsame look that had frightened him a little while ago.

"Well!" His stepmother's voice as usual implied that he was late. The line between her eyebrows deepened. For a moment Fillmore Judd almost forgot that he wasn't afraid of her any more. In the very act of transfixing her with the dominating eye according to Lesson 17, he was himself distinctly aware of an attempt at domination in her opposing gaze.

"I'll have eggs and bacon today," he announced. The voice wanted a little, perhaps, of that peremptory confidence which he had attained in secret practice, but with an awed thrill he saw that it would serve. The upright groove between Hannah Judd's black eyebrows became a mere line; there was in the eyes themselves a sudden blankness of bewilderment; the firmness of the tight mouth relaxed.

"Bacon?" It was hardly the voice of Hannah Judd. "Eggs? Why, Fillmore ——"

"Poached," said Fillmore. He gestured dismissal of the lowly oatmeal which Maggie set before him, but his eye continued to hold and dominate his stepmother's dumfounded stare. "Hurry 'em along, Maggie, and bring me an orange to begin on."

He was obliged to confirm the command with a mandatory glance at Maggie. It sufficed to move her briskly toward the swing door of the pantry, but in the momentary release that it afforded Hannah Judd, her valiant spirit struggled out of its thralldom.

"What's the matter with you?" she demanded. "What do you mean by ——" If you think ——"

She fell weakly silent under the reasserted mastery of the dominating eye. Furthermore Judd, maintaining that ocular supremacy, stretched a profaning hand to the folded copy of the Binchester Express beside Peter Lemp's plate. It was, in its way, a gesture of revolt more eloquent even than his new attitude in the matter of eggs and bacon. Although the newspaper was supplied, theoretically, for the behoof of the whole household, tradition prescribed that it must be unread until Peter Lemp descended to unfold it. Fillmore Judd saw the shocked widening of his stepmother's eyes as, still holding her helpless under his psychodynamic glare, he shook the paper open and spread it on the cloth at his elbow.

"Mr. Lemp won't like ——" she began.

Fillmore Judd laughed. "Let him lump it then."

"But—but suppose he leaves!"

Something in the voice lifted Fillmore's glance from the headlines. Below the stunned bafflement of Hannah Judd's countenance he detected a concern that was certainly not wholly financial. It was almost a confession—almost—unbelievably—entreaty. For the first time it occurred to Fillmore Judd that his stepmother could have emotions other than those incidental to the management of a boarding house. For an instant he saw only comedy in the idea that anybody might be fond of Peter Lemp, that Hannah Judd, of all people, should have fallen victim to his dyed mustache and elk's-tooth watch charm. Then, absurdly, he discovered a sudden, wholly unfamiliar affection for the lined, sharp-featured face, a protective championing sympathy.

"He won't leave," he declared with conviction. If psychodynamics could dominate Hannah Judd, there certainly wouldn't be much doubt about its effect on Peter Lemp. Again a thrill of conscious power tingled along Fillmore's spine. Even Hannah Judd's doubts yielded to the assurance of his voice and face.

"He's so particular," she said, but it was rather in explanation of her abating concern than in contradiction of Fillmore's statement.

"He'll stay, all the same, as long as you want him, ma." Fillmore Judd, the orange abolished, dedicated himself to bacon and poached eggs. They ministered to his new, intoxicating sense of dominance. Pushing back his chair and again confronted by his image in the glass above the mantel, he discovered that he had somehow grown in physical as well as psychic dimensions.

For the first time he saw himself as a figure of formidable bulk and solidity. Wanting the galvanic stimulus of psychodynamics, his six feet of stature had never seemed more

than five to his private eye; the arms that filled to tightness the sleeves of his thrifty coat had been appendages convenient only for snow shovel and ash can. He felt the buttons of his vest strain above his deep-drawn breath.

"My," said Hannah Judd, "my, but you're getting big, Fillmore."

Fillmore Judd laughed indulgently as he went out. She didn't understand, of course, but she couldn't help noticing that he was different. He felt his teeth close resolutely; there were a lot of people who were going to make that same discovery about Fillmore Judd!

II

BY THE time he had changed to the shapeless office jacket, pulled the black sleeve protectors over his cuffs and adjusted the green-visored eyeshade to his brow, a sobering second thought gave pause to Fillmore Judd in the matter of his projected interview with Orrin P. Garber, invisible beyond the ground-glass partition of the private office, but distinctly and unpleasantly audible in his dictation to Miss Florence Dill.

For once, the incisive snarl of the voice held no power to terrify; the old fear of Garber's stabbing eye and unsparing tongue had fallen from Judd's spirit like an outworn garment. His doubts, as he dealt swiftly with adding machine and ledger, were concerned only with a nice decision in professional ethics.

Already he had come to see his breakfast-table triumph as a petty deed; it was even possible that by stooping to use psychodynamic influence upon his stepmother he had forfeited some measure of his mystic powers. Perhaps he had no right to bring those vast, mysterious forces to his aid in a mere squabble over wages with a close-fisted, surly boss. He'd better wait, maybe, till he'd read over Lesson 33 and made sure that it was all right.

Subconscious intuition warned him to turn his head just at that instant. Joe Bischoff had crossed the office soundlessly and stood, still on tiptoe, just behind Judd's chair, a lump of ice from the water cooler lifted in the manifest direction of Judd's collar.

The full power of the dominating eye arrested him in this position; the grin of the licensed jester congealed under that relentless gaze. Two drops of water spattered on the floor before Fillmore Judd relaxed the paralyzing spell and, scorning the commonplace device of spoken word, willed forth a sharp command. Bischoff did not instantly obey; he continued to grin, but it was now a grin of appeasement and apology.

"Aw, say, Fil - not mad, are you?"

Fillmore Judd increased the tension of his psychic order. Bischoff shrugged and carried the ice back to the cooler, manifestly unaware that he did Fillmore Judd's bidding.

"Nothing to get sore about," he said. The voice was oddly like that in which Bischoff addressed Orrin P. Garber, but it carried to Fillmore Judd only a dim reproach. Watching Bischoff's slinking return to his desk, he wondered why he had never noticed before that Joe was such a weedy, gangling runt, why he had failed to see his buck teeth, why he had ever envied him that cheaply flashy suit. It seemed impossible that he had been afraid of Bischoff. He realized, now, that there had been no need to use psychodynamics on him—a paper sport, a Smart Aleck. He'd have to watch himself, he reflected, bending over the ledger; he mustn't waste his mystical power on every trifling target that offered itself or he'd wear it out. Besides, there was the pledge; it was pretty hard to stretch it so that it could countenance the use of psychic suasion on Joe Bischoff.

He glanced up at the sound of Miss Dill's step and was startled by the intensity of the impulse that seized him at the sight of her in the doorway of Garber's office. All along, of course, in spite of all his endeavors to deny it in his thoughts, he had known that she was the basic inspiration of his decision to develop his latent psychic forces; their employment for the ends of honorable romance was not only approved by the institute but advanced, indeed, as a cogent reason for signing the coupon at the foot of its advertisements. Dimly, as he plodded through the thirty-three lessons, Fillmore Judd had always yearningly foreseen a day when his eye, encountering the blue profundity of Florence Dill's, should not turn ignominiously aside, but stand fast and gloriously dominate. But never had he wholly realized the vehemence of his desire to this end. Aware for the first time of the strength of that compelling aspiration, he was confronted simultaneously by a prohibiting restraint even more powerful and, till this moment, wholly unforeseen.

In the very act of instilling into the gaze that floundered in the unfathomed blue the commanding quality of dominance, Fillmore Judd saw, with sudden, numbing clearness, that he had no right, after all, to overpower Miss Dill's aversion by the sheer might of psychic suasion.

She didn't like him. She'd never liked him, never treated him as she treated Joe Bischoff, for instance, whose flippancies she blithely returned in kind, whom she suffered, unrebuked, to call her "kid" and "sister" and even "dearie." At first, to be sure, she'd been cheerfully casual toward Fillmore Judd, but lately there had been no room for doubt about her dislike. She patently avoided him; she spoke to him only when her work required it, and then in a voice that seemed to stand stiffly, impersonally aloof. When their glances accidentally collided, hers moved away as immediately as Fillmore Judd's, and her lips, habitually curved to smile at anybody else, would close and straighten.

This they did just as Fillmore Judd prepared to eject upon the ether the peremptory radiations of his determined spirit. He had longed thirstily for this moment, never foreseeing that, as Miss Dill stood there, defenseless, wholly at the mercy of developed superpersonality, honor would sternly forbid a gentleman to use that power upon her.

He recoiled before a vivid mental vision of himself, dress-suited and darkly mustached, in the despicable rôle of a screen villain; there was no ethical difference between using psychic suasion against distressed, unwilling beauty and stooping to the cruder commonplace of masked accomplices, with gags and chloroform and mysterious underground passages that led to lair or lugger. Indeed, the moral advantage lay with the cinematographic scoundrel, who, at his worst, had signed no binding oath to use his mask and gag for strictly righteous purpose only.

Fillmore Judd allowed his glance to slide away as ignominiously as ever. He held it stubbornly upon the latent ledger entry as his ear informed him that Miss Dill approached; even when he felt the thrill of her immediate proximity, he did not lift it. Her voice, stiff with constraint, addressed him:

"Mr. Garber wants to see you, Mr. Judd."

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Bitterness Engulfed Judd's Spirit as He Approached Garber's Door; He Was in No Humor, Now, to Draw Hair-Line Distinctions

Elizabeth Daingerfield, Breeder of Thoroughbreds—By Elizabeth Frazer

Miss Daingerfield, Keene Daingerfield, and Golden Broom

THE glory of a June morning was on Kentucky like a gossamer veil on the brow of a radiant girl bride. Rain had fallen in the night, and the gently rolling green hills, wooded vales and flowing meadowlands of Fayette County, heart of the famous blue-grass region, were fresh washed and shining with countless million diamond drops in the early rays of the sun. The air, balmy and crystal clear, was filled with the penetrating sweetness of honeysuckle hedges, planted mile on fragrant mile along the pike by the constructive hand of James B. Haggin, great breeder and builder of the Kentucky of yesterday, who improved everything he touched and poured out a great fortune importing horses of royal lineage to enrich the blood lines of the equine aristocracy of Kentucky.

Heart of the Blue-Grass Country

IN THE broad, undulating expanse of pastures, dotted with noble trees and covered with a rich carpet of blue grass, some of it virgin soil which has never been touched with a plow since the white man conquered America, brood mares were contentedly grazing, while their foals, future stake winners, sons and daughters of famous sires, capered in the bright sunshine, slim-limbed and ardent-eyed. A few tiny newborn specimens, secluded with their mothers in spacious paddocks, stumbled around on fragile, pipestem legs and regarded existence with serious gaze. These Thoroughbred youngsters in the rough were the kindergarten class, so to speak, from which later might arise an equine star of first magnitude who would bring money and fame to owner, trainer and breeder. Young as they were, they already showed indubitable signs of their aristocratic pedigree. Gamboling or racing across those pleasant upland meadows from which every rough obstacle, every stump and stone had been laboriously removed, their slim feet moved as if on springs; their muscles rippled suavely under a delicate network of veins beneath skins as smooth and fine as satin; their necks arched gracefully; their heads were slender, with delicate, mobile nostrils and eyes soft yet alert.

Untrained, still in the nursery, they revealed to a striking degree that intangible quality called personality, which in man and beast is the sign of leadership.

Set back from the pike in this Arcadian landscape were the great stock farms of millionaires who squander the surplusage of their upper-bracket incomes in this noble sport of kings. These great establishments, their numerous buildings painted a neat white with green trimmings, or perhaps constructed of stucco or concrete or quartered oak, are the last word in luxurious equipment and scientific technic. Out from Lexington, on either side of the pike, these magnificent farms stretch away, a continuous display of wealth, scores within the scant radius of an hour's motor drive. And the reason for this intense centralization of equine aristocracy is that Fayette County, with its three sister counties, Bourbon, Jessamine and Woodford, comprises the heart of the blue-grass region. Here the grass grows in its finest luxuriance, with hundreds of acres of virgin sod still untouched by the plow. Accordingly, in this limited territory are concentrated the great stock farms and numerous series of millionaires whose racing colors are familiar at Belmont, Saratoga and Churchill Downs—such names as Whitney, Payne Whitney, Widener, Belmont, Salmon, R T. Wilson, E R Bradley, Arthur Hancock, James Cox Brady, Camden and W R Coe

Last Coin, From the Daingerfield Stables

Horse Talk

AS IS natural in this heart of the blue-grass country, where are centralized most of the great breeding farms, where men are known not by their social or political prestige but by their ownership of track favorites, or Derby or Futurity winners, or of some famous sire such as Man O' War, the talk from morning to night is of nothing but horses, past, present and future. Among the breeders and owners this is bound to be so; but the interest permeates all classes, and conversation at the dinner table, from soup to demi-tasse, is as full of casual allusions to blood lines, to sires and dams and gets, shy breeders and foaling dates, yearling crops, nominations for the Futurity, and the winning product of this or that brood mare as a watermelon is full of seeds. Here everybody reads the daily Racin' Form—drawl it a bit!—and if you are a house guest it is folded by your breakfast plate alongside your hot beaten biscuit with a golden gob of galumptious fresh butter melting between the halves. For the truth is, everybody who can scare up a fiver has put it up on some smart little trick of a filly or rangy colt, or else he has bought an eighth or thirty-second interest, or the hind-quarters or tail of some future Derby winner which he hopes will put him on Easy Street.

That is the general picture in a glorious country shaped by the Great Sculptor in a benignant mood—warm, crystal-clear air filled with sweet scents, the drone of honeybees, and the soft drawl of coffee-colored grooms; broad, undulating expanses of blue grass of magnificent wood pastures and noble trees, dotted with brood mares contentedly grazing, who at the sound of your motor glance up alertly and trot away in single file with free, unhurried stride; and overarching this idyllic landscape dreaming its eternal young dream of June, the far, pale sky, with great fleets of cloud galleons sailing lazily to some uncharted aerial harbor over China way.

What I have sketched thus far is a kind of horse paradise, a breeder's delight, intensely masculine in its layout, its atmosphere, its traditions and codes. For since the days of the Arabs the breeding of Thoroughbreds has been generally held to be a man's game to play. The study of blood lines, the matings of successful sires, inbreeding, all the deep mysteries of horse creation predestined by man to follow certain carefully plotted pedigree curves in order to arrive at a hoped-for goal—say, for example, a Futurity winner—all these things have been held to belong to a man's domain. For they involve profound matters of science and research, of reason, judgment, shrewd insight, the weighing of one imponderable over against another imponderable and taking action thereon.

And yet woman has been rather notably engaged in the nursery business for a considerable number of centuries, until it might be said that she has inherited a distinct flair for the care of babies—and what after all are these Thoroughbred infants wabbling around the sick bays after their mammas but babies on four legs instead of two? And even the ancients made women the high priestesses, the vestal virgins of life, who guarded the sacred flame. It may be that in entering the field of breeding, a woman is not working against the grain of her nature, but on the contrary reaching down into unplumbed deeps, facilities, intuitions implanted in her through the ages; for the unnumbered cycles which have kept one half of the race tied down looking after the yearling crop, have also endowed that half with patience, sympathy, understanding, an infinite capacity for taking pains, for sitting up of nights, and a kind of psychic perception of what is wrong with ailing little bodies, and for doing the right thing at the right time. All these qualities, it will readily be seen, are worth their weight in rubies in handling baby Thoroughbreds, for in the breeding business the toughest part of the battle is during the first year.

Man o' War. In Circle—Miss Daingerfield and Her Nephew

The Price of Celebrity

NEVERTHELESS, any woman who enters this particular occupation, which is today distinctly a man's field, governed by men's standards of competition and success, must know her stuff and deliver the goods; there is no room for mediocrity; she must be brilliant, distinguished in her own line and show such unmistakable signs of ability, even genius, in this, one of the most creative businesses under the sun, involving as it does the profound and mysterious processes of life itself directed toward a commercial goal, that she is able to sink the handicap of sex, win the esteem of her fellow competitors in the same field, and come to be regarded upon the same basis as men are commonly regarded among themselves, namely, that of merit and achievement.

In Kentucky, it should be added, in the business of horse breeding, there is an additional handicap in towering above the rank of mediocrity, which arises from the fact that knowledge of horses is not in the bones of the people, with the result that the standards of intelligence are high and much more than ordinary ability is necessary to achieve a position of real leadership. It is not a case of being king among frogs, for here, as regards horseflesh, every man is a king in his own right, the frogs being chiefly such wealthy outsiders as have taken up breeding as a hobby, without enough real knowledge of the subject to wad a shotgun.

This is the background of the situation, a brief glimpse of which is necessary for an understanding of the portrait sketch which follows. And now for a close-up of Elizabeth Daingerfield, the foremost woman breeder of Thoroughbred horses not only in Kentucky but in the United States, and probably in the world.

Conceive yourself at Faraway Farm. The name itself is significant. Far away—you get it? Far away from distractions, from the telephone—there is no telephone at the farm; but one is installed in her office, and she is usually far away from her office!—from nuisances and bores who ring her up with thousands of fool demands ranging all the way from what kind of physic to give a colt which has the stomachache, to please pick the winner at the Derby. These queries, nitwit and otherwise, flow in constantly by telephone, telegraph and through the mail; they come from all over this country, Europe, Asia, Africa and the remote isles of the sea. Scores are proposals of marriage, addressed simply: Elizabeth Daingerfield, Manager of Man o' War, America; the gentlemen aspirants doubtless arguing that a woman who is so good to the mere quadruped, horse, will be better to the superior biped, man. That is the nuisance price one pays for being a celebrity.

A Full Life at Faraway

SO IN order to avoid these swarming little publicity gnats, to fight whom would consume her valuable time, she sequesters herself at Faraway, without a phone, hires a man to sift out the unimportant messages, and turns over her immense correspondence to a member of her family, thus leaving herself free with her fine single-track mind to supervise personally all the absorbing details of her work. And this sequestering of herself from the petty swarms of publicity pests is in itself a sign of greatness; it is what every first-class mind with a big job on hand must do, or else be stung to death.

For Miss Daingerfield such a course is imperative, for she manages not only the stock farm of Mr. Riddle, owner of Man o' War, but also a second large stock farm for its owner, and in addition runs a third, her own, and ships her yearlings to Saratoga for auction. Taken all in all, a man-size job. Indeed, its requirements often push to the uttermost limit every resource of her fine brain and healthy body, keep her on the jump all day, and not seldom, in cases of hard birth or sickness, far into the night. For she is not one to delegate hard tasks; she carries them squarely on her own capable shoulders; and where trouble is, there is she, a quiet, alert figure, sitting perhaps on an upturned feed box in the stall straight through the long watches of the night. Out at all hours on lonely country roads, with her trusty revolver, which she calls her Louis Lee, after the donor, strapped to her hip. Do you begin to glimpse the stamina which won her such prestige?

Once, however, one of these pinheaded publicity pests got through her guard. It happened a certain arduous afternoon when she was supervising the shipping of her yearling crop to Saratoga. In the midst of this important business a groom brought word that she was wanted at the office; long distance was on the wire.

(Continued on Page 201)

George Miller, the Head Groom at Faraway Farm, With Last Colt

MAN, POOR MAN!

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

AT 6:30, antemeridian, Andy Tyler's little alarm clock went off with its spiteful and remorseless summons to painful duty, and as Andy's bare feet slapped the floor, there came from Joe Gilligan's adjoining bedroom a similar but slightly muffled clamor—like the answering call of a bird of evil omen to its mate, Andy thought; a sort of raven duet, shrilling, instead of croaking, "Nevermore! Nevermore!"

Dismissing the sad thought for the time being, Andy made for the bathroom, it being his week for first whack at it, according to arrangement between him and Joe. On his way, he glanced from a window that overlooked some roofs and a part of Central Park to the eastward and noted that the sky was clear. There would be no postponement on account of the weather, and he made announcement of this in a lugubrious voice. There being no response from Joe, he shook his head gloomily and began his ablutions, which, with an unusually careful shave and a protracted hair-brushing, carried him at least ten minutes past the agreed time limit for occupancy of the bathroom. To his surprise, there was no protest.

"Next!" he shouted, padding, naked, into the sitting room, carrying with him a pair of Indian clubs.

Still no response, so he opened Joe's door and looked in. Nothing but the black top of Joe's head above the bedclothes. It seemed incredible! He approached the bed. Yes, Joe was breathing, perceptibly, even audibly.

"Poor guy! Poor guy!" sighed Andy, very audibly indeed. "Poor guy!" he repeated, louder than before.

There was the slightest movement of the figure beneath the bedclothes and a brief interruption of the rhythm of its breathing.

"Now all I've got to do is not do nothing," soliloquized Andy, raising his voice a trifle. "Let him slumber on until it's too late for apologies or regrets. And why not? The poor girl will live to thank me for my inspired inaction. Far, far better for her anyway!"

He poked the sleeping man with a club. "Hey! Come to! Tumble out here and shake a leg! Wake up and hear the little birds a-caroling their welcome to the rosy bridal morn, you verminiferous voluptuary! *Heraus, Schweinehund!*"

Joe flounced around and sat up, blinking. "Quit that! Gitt'el outa here! Wha's time? It's not seven yet, you silly ——" A startled look came into his eyes. "Holy mackerel, I forgot! Gangway!"

Andy retreated before his rush. "Natural enough. A man can't be expected to remember every trifling unimportant thing—like dates to get married up to girls. And you need your rest after last night. Better let me call up the house and tell 'em you're detained and ——"

The bathroom door slammed, and Andy smiled and went to his room and took a small circular package from an upper shelf in his closet. Unwrapped, it proved to be a phonograph record, which he put into the little machine that accompanied his daily dozen. Arose a squawking rendition of a more or less familiar organ composition, to which Andy swung his clubs. The bathroom door opened and showed Joe's face covered with lather and registering interest.

"Something new you've got there—what? What is it?"

"A march," Andy replied; "a dead march, or a march to a fate worse than death. The late and well-known Signor Mendelssohn wrote it and dedicated it to all male and female simps the wide world over. I thought you'd like it."

"I do," came Joe's voice. And then, as the thing buzzed out—"Play it again."

"You'll hear it again soon enough," Andy assured him. "And a day will come when you'll shudder at the sound of it and wish that you had taken my advice."

He went to his closet again and took from it strange garments that he laid on the bed, sighing as he did so.

"What Did You Tell Him, Andy? Or Is It"—Very Sweetly—"One of Those Secrets Between You That I am Not to Share?"

"Wouldn't mind it so much if I could go masked," he murmured. "M—in this outfit! I'd as soon go as a gold-dust twin. My gosh!"

He controlled his emotions, however, and in course of time surveyed himself in the mirror, fully attired—morning coat, gray-striped trousers, winged collar, necktie cut at the waistcoat by an edging of piqué, and a shining silk hat tilted on the back of his head. A tall, lean, sober-faced man of thirty or so, not ill-looking, for all his thick nose and the long, crooked, deeply indented scar on his forehead. And the strange garments sat well enough on him, as Joe Gilligan thought. Joe was in the early stages of a similar metamorphosis. "You favor that bird in the jewelry store who sold me Isobel's ring," Joe remarked.

"My de-ah fellah!" Andy remonstrated. "That tradesperson? Ow, I s'y, y'know! A bit thick, that—what, what, what? But, my good ass, if you don't get a hump on yourself, you'll miss hearing the loud bassoon. I guess I'll order breakfast up. We can't go down in this kit. How you feeling by this time, Josephus?"

"Great!"

"Brave heart! But listen, Joe! It's not too late to escape. I know of a boat starting for Rio at ten o'clock. If you hurry, you can make it. No? The same old dare-devil! Well, I'll tell 'em to send up the doomed man's special."

He went to the telephone and ordered lavishly.

"Andy," said Joe, "I'll be what I told Isobel I'd never say again if I'm going to wear these spats. I don't have to, do I?"

"Didn't the man tell you you had to? Sure you wear 'em. It wouldn't be legal if you didn't. Sooteh an indecencies! Ain't you got no shame a-tall, fella? You must want a blushing bride mighty bad. Blushing for you myself. Yes, sir, you're going to wear the spats and you're going to wear a flower in your buttonhole and the topper, and you can thank yourself for it. If you had taken my advice two months ago, you poor halibut ——"

"You haven't got yours on."

"Me? That's different. I'm not the groom, and there's got to be something to distinguish us apart or the padre might get us mixed. Besides which, my feet are all swelled up with the excitement and my spats wouldn't fit."

"That settles it then. If you don't, I won't. The hat's bad enough. Suffering kittens! I wish Isobel's mother had sense," Joe grumbled. "Anyone didn't want all this fuss. She'd have been perfectly willing to go with me to a J. P. and get the whole thing over in ten minutes, as far as she was concerned. She told me so."

"You're all dripping wet, guy," said Andy. "She was kidding you. Why, you sap, she's crazy about the fuss! They all are. They just eat it up. You watch for all our pictures in the paper tomorrow morning and just take notice how mad she is about it. Listen! She'd have you strutting that regalia all the time if she could put it over—Sundays anyway. Here, are you so darned nervous you can't button that collar? Let me help you, my poor lad."

"You don't know Isobel," said Joe confidently.

"That's right; we've both got a heap to learn about her. Here's Mike with the tray now. For heaven's sake, try to look composed!"

He admitted the white-jacketed, dusky-skinned Mike, whose eyes at once became round as marbles and whose teeth gleamed in an incredibly wide stretch as he looked first at Andy and then at Joe, who began to fumble at his shoe laces.

"There is nothing to grin about, Mike," reproved Andy. "I thought you had more feeling."

"Yas-suh, nos-suh," Mike replied, grinning wider than ever. He abandoned the tablecloth for the moment and dropped at Joe's feet. "Bettah le' me do that fo' yo', Mist' Gilligan. Ma han's is stiddier'n whut yo's is. . . . Ah suhtenly wishes yo' all kines of joy, suh. Yas-suh. . . . Ah thank yo' kinely, Mist' Gilligan, suh—ve'y much indeed, suh. Ah'm oblee——"

"Beat it!" said Joe.

"Yas-suh, Mist' Gilligan. En' Ah sure wishes Yas-suh, Ah'm a-going."

The two friends sat down to their breakfast—grapefruit, toast and crisp hot rolls; covered dishes of country sausage and ham and eggs, flagons of fragrant coffee and pitchers of cream—the last breakfast that they were to eat together.

"Where do you get that stuff?" demanded Joe hotly. "Listen! If you think that just because I'm going through with this trifling ceremony it's going to make any difference between you and me —— Say, I told you, didn't I? You're crazy with the heat. Isobel thinks as much of you as I do. That's right. And listen! You've got a room in the Gilligan mansionette—get that? It's Andy's Room, not the guest room; and the more Andy uses it, the better pleased Isobel will be—see? And you can pick you out any dining-room chair in the set and I'll have your name engraved on it; and if you don't sit up to breakfast in it, it will be because you're a bum and can't quit batting around nights early enough to make it to Flushing before noon. You and Isobel are going to be pals—the best kind of pals. Don't you get the idea in your head that we're splitting up, Andy."

Joe's honest mug was red with earnestness. It should have been Andy's cue silently to stretch his hand across the table and express his emotion by a bone-crushing grip of Joe's hand, after which they could have both blown their

noses violently and changed the conversation. Andy, however, was hard-boiled enough to snigger.

"Nothing like it," he assented. "I'm just getting another gal."

"That's the idea. Isobel, she —— "

"In the same way that Isobel's folks aren't losing their beloved daughter; they're just acquiring a dear son. I get you, Joe. But why not take a little nourishment? You don't realize the strain that the next few hours are going to put on you."

"I don't, eh?"

His hand certainly might have been steadier, as he poured his third cup of coffee, and the red had gone from his face. Andy thought. Poor guy! Poor guy! The pity and the sadness of it! And it was going to be a little tough on Andy too.

It was. The apartment seemed lonely enough to him when he returned from the wedding in the later afternoon to change for a couple of hours' work at the office. It had been no uncommon thing for Joe to absent himself for a few days or a week, or even longer, on some business trip, and Andy had rather enjoyed these occasional absences. He could come and go without a thought of Joe's convenience; he could invite to the apartment whomsoever he cared to invite, without any consideration of Joe's imperfect sympathy with the guest or guests; he could get WEAF or WJZ on the radio without any interrupting "Oh, for Pete's sake, cut out that gosh-dinged slush!" Also, likewise he could read in peace without Joe disturbing him by a gruesome mixture of static, Senator Bohring's address to the Oshkosh Chamber of Commerce and the Commodore orchestra; and he had, moreover, a monopoly of the bathroom.

These and other restrictions or inflictions were the merest trifles; certainly not irksome to any extent worth noticing, and not to be weighed for a moment against the solid satisfaction of Joe's companionship. Still, there it was, and for a time he had enjoyed the fullest liberty accorded to man—and then sickened of it.

But now, although Joe had been gone no time at all—practically—the apartment seemed strangely empty, forsaken; it seemed to have a sort of permanence of desolation. Seven o'clock wouldn't bring Joe back; the week-end wouldn't bring him. He was gone, and would return nevermore. Nevermore! Andy felt almost sentimental about it. His friend kidnaped by one of these fluffy, fragile, incomprehensible, antagonistic creatures, alien in their persons, garb, thought, habits and ethics, and yet so amazingly alluring to fools—and every man had his moments of foolishness. Andy understood that, having had his own lapses from wisdom. But they had been only temporary, thank God! While Joe —— Poor guy, poor guy!

At the wedding breakfast Joe had got off that moldy, white-whiskered one about it being the happiest moment in his life. Probably believed it too. Well, he'd find out about that soon enough. Happy in the possession of a hundred and ten pounds of pink-cheeked prettiness—a smooth-skinned poke with heaven only knew what kind of a pig inside it! And beaming! As if he had got something rare as if he wouldn't have done just about as well, or no worse, if he had picked any one of the four bridesmaids! That black-haired, boyish-bobbed one—that Miss What's-'er-name seemed to have it all over Isobel. If Joe had picked her, maybe —— But why pick any, to tie up to irrevocably?

Queer how all the women get worked up over a wedding! Excited. It seems to flush their cheeks, put a sparkle into their eyes, set 'em to laughing over nothing and chattering like a flock of female apes. Seemed to act on 'em like a stiff jolt of liquor. Well, one of the bunch had copped out a man, and it might be their turn next. A girl never knows when luck's lightning will strike her. A man has to watch his step in a crowd like that. Something in the air.

Andy was glad to get out of sight of Joe's vacant bedroom, shut the door on it, and clothed once more in a sensible manner, hasten to his work. He had but a short distance to go. Less than five minutes' brisk walking took him to the colossal building that housed the corporation he served, and in seven minutes or so he was at his desk. Presently he touched the button that brought Miss Mosely to his side. He felt that he disliked Miss Mosely. Not that she wasn't fairly efficient, safely unattractive and dressed with a decent restraint; but there was a smile on her face that was out of the ordinary, and almost her first words were: "I hear you have been to a wedding today, Mr. Tyler."

A very little encouragement and she would be asking him what the bride wore, with other impertinent details. She had the eager, excited, smiling expression of her sisters at the wedding—controlled, veiled, to a certain extent; but it was there. Andy's own expression was as fishy as he could manage to make it.

"Yes," he answered coldly. "Will you kindly get me those duplicate sales sheets for February from Harper's, Detroit?"

The smile faded from Miss Mosely's face. "February, this year?" she inquired.

"This year, if you please."

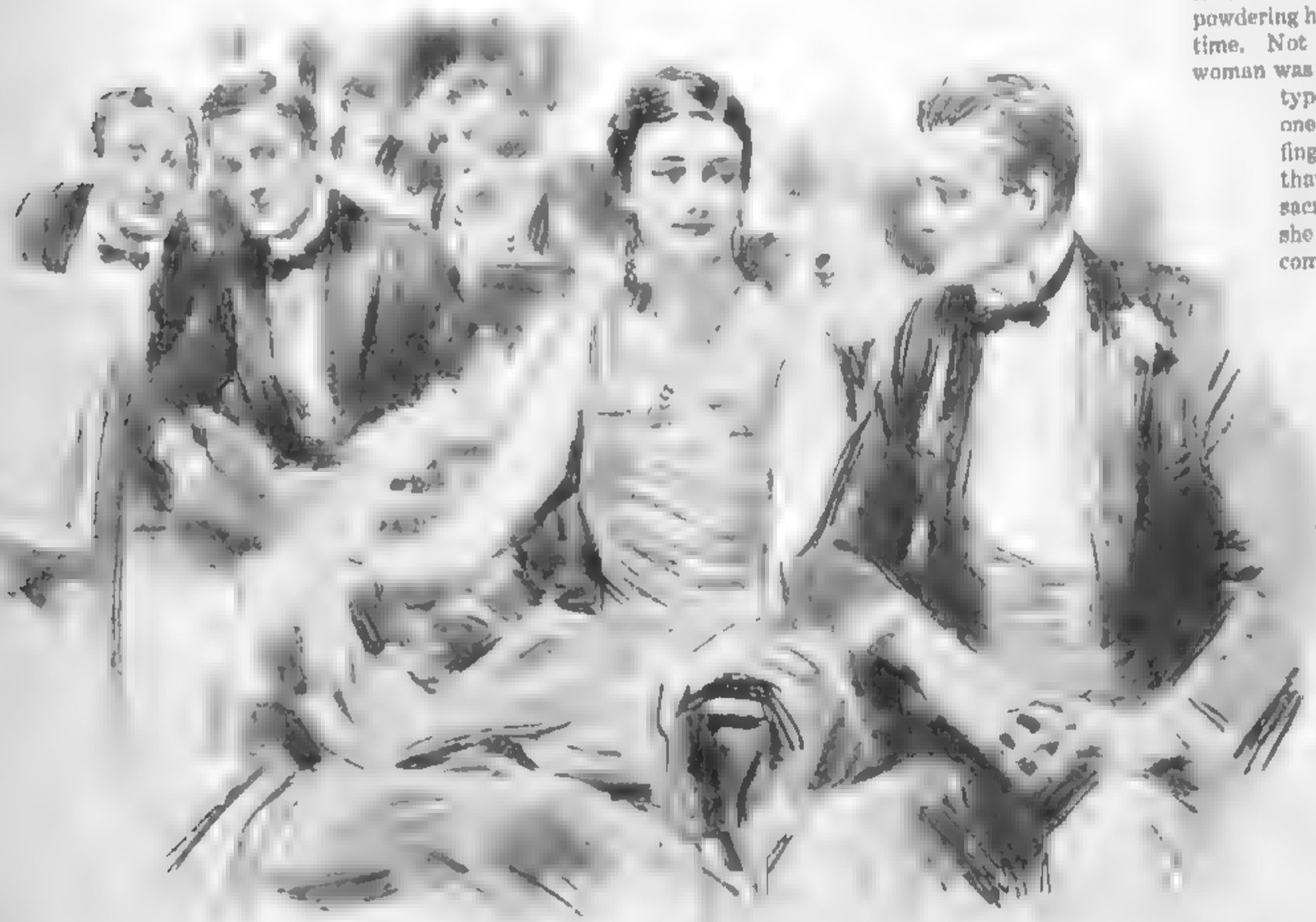
A Charming Picture Between the Two Clipped and Tubbed Codgers at the Doorway.
Stead Isobel

She hurried away. Andy looked after her, frowning sourly at the flesh-colored silk stockings and patent-leather shoes that moved so briskly. Then his glance fell upon Miss O'Brien at her desk a few yards distant. Miss O'Brien also was wearing silk stockings and patent-leather shoes and—let us hope, unconsciously—exhibiting more of the former than the puritanical would have thought seemly. Also she was peering anxiously into a tiny mirror and powdering her small tip-tilted nose, wasting the company's time. Not a great deal of time, though, for the young woman was expert—just a few seconds between jerking a typed sheet from her machine and inserting a blank one, and the next moment her slim-darned female fingers were dancing over the keyboard at a rate that surely should have made up for any moments sacrificed to her decorative instinct. Most likely she had really used her patch of chamois in the company's best interests, for no self-respecting girl can do her best work conscious of a shiny nose.

Andy didn't consider that. He was raw and sore, and silk stockings and that kind of patent-leather shoes were feminine. So, too, was the garter that Miss O'Brien was perceptibly wearing. Powder rags were feminine, and slender white fingers that danced over typewriter keys and invariably misspelled "receive" and "carburetor" were feminine, as was Miss Mosely's wrist watch, now under his nose as she handed him the sales sheets—all parts of the fatal whole that had lured old Joe to his ruin. Andy was no misogynist. He was on good terms with the ladies of business in the office—capable of informing Miss O'Brien that she was in danger of getting her knees dusty—and getting away with it; but now he was decidedly inimical toward the fair sex.

He had intended to dine with Wally Chase, but Wally called him up at the last moment to say that he wouldn't be able to keep the appointment, and stalled on the how-comes to such an extent that

(Continued on Page 182)



"Do You Know Her?" Whispered Wenstell. There Was Joy in That Whisper, and Fond Anticipation

THE DERBY RULE

By DONN BYRNE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

VII

NEVER did a winter pass so merrily, so adventurously, at Destiny Bay. Usually there is fun enough with the hunting, but with a racing stable in winter, there is always anxiety. Is there a suspicion of a cough in the stables? Is the ground too hard for gallops? Will snow come and hold the gallops up for a week? Fortunately we are right on the edge of the great Atlantic drift, and you can catch at times the mild amazing atmosphere of the Caribbean. While Scotland sleeps beneath its coverlet of snow and England shivers in its ghastly fog, we on the northeast seaboard of Ireland go through a winter that is short as a midsummer night in Lofoten. The trees have hardly put off their gold and brown until we perceive their creeping green. And one soft day we say, "Soon on that bank will be the fairy gold of the primrose." And behold while you are looking the primrose is there!

"Because a Spanish Wins, There Is Fighting, There Is Anger. If a Irish Wins, There Is Joy, There Is Drinking. Oh, Shame of Sportsmanship!"

Each morning at sunup the first string of horses were out. Quietly as a general officer reviewing a parade, old Sir Arthur sat on his gray horse, his red dog beside him, while Geraghty, his headman, galloped about with his instructions. Hares bolted from their forms in the grass. The sun rolled away the mists from the blue mountains of Donegal. At the starting gate, which Sir Arthur had set up, the red-faced Irish boys steered their mounts from a walk toward the tapes. A pull at the lever and they were off. The old man seemed to notice everything. "Go easy, boy, don't force that horse!" His low voice would carry across the downs. "Don't lag there, Murphy, ride him!" And when the gallop was done, he would trot across to the horses, his red dog trotting beside him, asking how Sarsfield went. Did Ducks and Drakes seem interested? Did Rustum go up to his bit? Then they were off at a slow walk toward their sand bath, where they rolled like dogs. Then the sponging and the rubbing, and the fresh hay in the mangers kept as clean as a hospital. At eleven the second string came out. At half-past three the lads were called to their horses and a quarter of an hour's light walking given to them. At four Sir Arthur made his stables, meticulously questioning the lads as to how the horses had fed, running his hand over their legs to feel for any heat in the joints that might betoken trouble.

Small as our stable was, I doubt if there was one in Great Britain and Ireland to compare with it in each fitting and necessity for training a race horse. Sir Arthur pinned his faith to old black Tartar oats, of about forty-two pounds to the bushel, bran mashes with a little linseed, and sweet old-meadow hay.

The Irlandais colt went beautifully. The Spanish jockey's small brother, Joselito, usually rode it, while the jockey's self, whose name we were told was Frasco, Frasco Moreno—usually called, he told us, Don Frasco—looked on. He constituted himself a sort of subtrainer for the colt, allowing none else to attend to its feeding. The small donkey was its invariable stable companion, and had to be led out to exercise with it. The donkey belonged to Joselito. Don Frasco rode many trials on the other horses. He might appear small standing, but on horseback he seemed a large man, so straight did he sit in the saddle. The little boys rode with a fairly short stirrup, but the *gitano* scorned anything but the traditional seat. He never seemed to move on a horse. Yet he could do what he liked with it.

The Irlandais colt was at last named Romany Baw, or Gypsy Friend in English, as James Carabine explained to us, and Lady Clontarf's colors registered, quartered red and gold. When the winter lists came out, we saw the horse quoted at a hundred to one, and later, at the call-over of the Victoria Club, saw that price offered but not taken. My Uncle Valentine made a journey to Dublin to arrange for Lady Clontarf's commission being placed, putting it in the hands of a Derry man who had become big in the affairs of Tattersall's. What he himself and Sir Arthur Pollexfen and the jockey had on I do not know, but he arranged to place a hundred pounds of mine and fifty of Ann-Dolly's. As the months went by, the odds crept down gradually to thirty-three to one, stood there for a while and went back to fifty. Meanwhile Sir James became a sensational favorite at fives and Toison d'Or varied between tens and one hundred to eight. Some news of a sensational trial of Lord Shere's horse had leaked out, which accounted for the ridiculously short price. But no word did or could get out about Lady Clontarf's colt. The two gypsy lighters from Dax patrolled Destiny Bay, and God help any poor tipster or wretched newspaper tout who tried to plumb the mystery at Destiny Bay. I honestly believe a bar of iron and a bog hole would have been his end.

The most fascinating figure in this crazy world was the gypsy jockey. To see him talk to Sir Arthur Pollexfen was a phenomenon. Sir Arthur would speak in English and the gypsy answer in Spanish, neither knowing a word of the other's language, yet each perfectly understanding the other. I must say that this referred only to how a horse ran, or how Romany Baw was feeding and feeling. As to more complicated problems, Ann-Dolly was called in, to translate his Spanish.

"Ask him," said Sir Arthur, "has he ever ridden in France?"

"*Oiga*, Frasco," and Ann-Dolly would burst into a torrent of gutturals.

"*Si, si*, Doña Anna."

"Ask him has he got his clearance from the Jockey Club of France?"

"*Seguro*, Don Arturo!" And out of his capacious pocket he extracted the French Jockey Club's "character." They made a picture I shall never forget, the old horseman aging so gently, the vivid boyish beauty of Ann-Dolly, and the overpowering dignity and manliness of the jockey. Always, except when he was riding or working at his anvil—for he was our smith too—he wore the dark clothes, which evidently some village tailor of the Pyrenees made for him—the very short coat, the trousers tubed like cigarettes, his stiff shirt with the vast cuffs. He never wore a collar or a neckerchief. Always his back was flat as a house.

When he worked at the anvil, with his young ruffian of a brother at the bellows, he sang. He had shakes and grace notes enough to make a thrush quit. Ann-Dolly translated one of his songs for us:

No tengo padre ni madre,
Que desgraciado soy yo!
Soy como el arbol seco
Que echas frutas y no echa flor.

"He sings he has no father or mother. How out of luck he is! He is like a tree which bears fruit and not the flower."

"God bless his soul, Kerry," his uncle was always saying, "the little man is homesick!"

"No, no!" Ann-Dolly protested. "He is very happy. That is why he sings a sad song."

One of the reasons for the little man's happiness was the discovery of our national game of handball. He strolled over to the Irish village and discovered the court back of the Inniskilling Dragoon, that most notable of all pubs. He was tremendously excited, and getting some gypsy to translate for him, challenged the local champion for the stake of a barrel of porter. He made the champion look like a cart horse in the Grand National. When it was told to me I couldn't believe it. Ann-Dolly explained to me that the great game of the Basque country was *pelota*.

"But don't they play *pelota* with a basket?"

"Real *pelota* is *à mains nues*, with the hands naked."

"You mean Irish handball," I told her.

I regret that the population of Destiny made a rat good thing out of Don Frasco's prowess on the court, going from village to village and betting on a certain win. The end was a match between Mick Tierney, the Portrush jarvey, and the jockey. The match was billed for championship of Ulster, and Don Frasco was put down on the card, to explain his lack of English, as Danny Frasco. Glenties Miracle, the Glenties being a district of Donegal where Erse is the native speech. The match was pulled. Portrush jarvey, after the first game, standing and watching the ball hiss past him with his eyes on his cheek bone. All Donegal seemed to have turned out for the fray. When the contest was over, a big Glenties man pushed his way toward the jockey.

"Dublin and London and New York are for me either," he chanted, "but Glenties is truly magnificent. *Ar do laub anshin, a vailt an hooee*—put your hand there, Sir, the North."

"*No entiendo, señor*," said Don Frasco, and with that the fight began.

James Carabine was quick enough to get the jockey out of the court before he was lynched. But Destiny Bay men, gypsies, fishers, citizens of Derry, bookmakers and the clerks and the fighting tribes of Donegal went mad with a vengeance. Indeed, according to experts, nothing like it, for spirit or results, had been seen since before the Prentice Boys had chased King James—may God assoil from Derry Walls. The removal of the stunned and wounded from the courts drew the attention of the police, for the fight was continued in grim silence. But on the entrance of half a dozen peelers commanded by a huge sergeant, Joseito, the jockey's young brother, covered himself with glory. Leaping on the reserved seats, he brought his right hand over hard and true to the sergeant's jaw, and the sergeant was out for half an hour. Joe

was arrested, but the case was laughed out of court. The idea of a minuscule jockey who could ride at ninety pounds knocking six feet three of Royal Irish Constabulary was too much. Nothing was found on him but his bare hands, a packet of cigarettes and thirty sovereigns he had won over the match. But I knew better. I decided to prove him with hard questions.

"Ask him in Romany, James Carabine, what he had wrapped around that horseshoe he threw away."

"He says tow, Mr. Kerry."

"Get me my riding crop," I said. "I'll take him behind the stables." And the training camp lost its best lightweight jockey for ten days, the saddle suddenly becoming repulsive to him. I believe he slept on his face.

But the one who was really wild about the affair was Ann-Dolly. She came across from Spanish Men's Rest flaming with anger. "Because a Spanish wins, there is fighting, there is anger. If a Irish wins, there is joy, there is drinking. Oh, shame of sportsmanship!"

"Oh, shut your gab, Ann-Dolly!" I told her. "They didn't know he was a Spanish, as you call it."

"What did they think he was if not a Spanish? Tell me! I demand it of you!"

"They thought he was Welsh."

"Oh, in that case ——" said Ann-Dolly, completely mollified. *Ipsa hibernia hiberniores!*

VIII

I WOULDN'T have you think that all was beer and skittles, as the English say, in training Romany Baw for the Derby. As spring came closer, the face of the old trainer showed signs of strain. The Lincoln Handicap was run and the Grand National passed, and suddenly flat racing was on us. And now not the Koh-i-noor was watched more carefully than the Derby horse. We had a spanking trial on a course as nearly approaching the Two Thousand Guineas route as Destiny Downs would allow, and when Romany Baw flew past us, beating Ducks and Drakes, who had picked him up at the mile for the uphill dash, and Sir Arthur clicked his watch, I saw his tense face relax.

"He ran well," said the old man.

"He'll walk it," said my Uncle Valentine.

My Uncle Valentine and Jenico and Ann-Dolly were going across to Newmarket Heath for the big race, but the spring of the year is the time that the farmer must stay by his land and nurse it like a child. All farewells, even for a few days, are sad, and I was loath to see the horses go into the train. Romany Baw had a regular summer bloom on him, and his companion, the donkey, was corpulent as an alderman. Ducks and Drakes looked rough and backward, but that didn't matter.

"You've got the best-looking horse in the United Kingdom," I told Sir Arthur.

"Thank you, Kerry." The old man was pleased. "And as to Ducks and Drakes, looks aren't everything."

"Sure I know that," I told him.

"I wouldn't be rash," he told me, "but I'd have a little on both—that is, if they go to the post fit and well."

I put in the days as well as I could, getting ready for the Spring Show at Dublin. But my heart and my thoughts were with my people and the horses at Newmarket. I could see my Uncle Valentine's deep bow, with his hat in his hand, as they passed the Roman ditch at Newmarket, giving that squat wall the reverence that racing men have accorded since races were run there, though why, none knows. A letter from Ann-Dolly apprised me that the horses had made a good crossing and that Romany Baw was well —— "And you mustn't think, my dear, that your colt is not as much and more to us than the Derby horse; no, Kerry, not one moment. . . . Lady Clontarf is here in her caravan, and oh, Kerry, she looks ill! Only her burning spirit keeps her frail body alive. Jenico and I are going down to Eastbourne to see the little earl and his brother. . You will get this letter, cousin, on the morning of the race."

At noon that day I could stand it no longer, so I had James Carabine put the trotter in the dogcart. "There are some things I want in Derry," I told myself, "and I may as well get them today as tomorrow." And we went spinning toward Derry Walls. Ducks and Drakes' race was the 2:30. And after luncheon I looked at reapers I might be wanting in July, until the time of the race. I went along to the club, and had hardly entered it when I saw the boy putting up the telegram on the notice board: 1, Ducks and Drakes, a hundred to eight; 2, Geneva, four to six; 3, Ally Sloper, three to one. "That's that!" I said. Another telegram gave the betting for the Two Thousand: Threes, Sir James; seven to two, Toison d'Or; eights, Ca' Canny, Greek Singer, Germanicus; tens, six or seven horses; twenty to one any other. No word in the betting of the gypsy horse, and I wondered had anything happened. Surely a horse looking so fit must have attracted backers' attention. And as I was worrying the result came in: Romany Baw, first; Sir James, second; Toison d'Or, third.

"Kerry!" somebody called.

"I haven't a minute!" I shouted. Neither I had, for James Carabine was outside waiting to hear the result. When I told him he said, "There's a lot due to you, Mr. Kerry, in laying out those gallops."

"Be damned to that!" I said, but I was pleased all the same.

I was on tenterhooks until I got the papers describing the race. Ducks and Drakes' win was dismissed summarily as that of an Irish outsider, and the jockey, Flory Cantillon—Frasco could not manage the weight—was credited with a clever win of two lengths. But the account of Romany Baw's race filled me with indignation. According to it the winner got away well, but the favorites were hampered at the start and either could have beaten the Irish-trained horse, only that they just didn't. The race was won by half a length, a head separating second and third, and most of the account was given to how the favorites chased the lucky outsider and in a few more strides would have caught him. There were a few dirty backhanders given at Romany's jockey, who, they said, would be more at home in a circus than on a modern race track. He sat like a rider of a century back, they described it; more like an exponent of the old ménage than a modern jockey, and even while the others were thundering at his horse's hindquarters, he never moved his seat or used his whip. The experts' judgment of the race was that the Irish entry was forward in a backward field, and that Romany would be lost on Epsom Downs, especially with "its postilion rider."

The English are a wonderful people. They are the best winners in the world. After you have been beaten by them they tell you they were playing above their form, and sympathize with you in your hard luck. But if you win from them you are made feel that it didn't count somehow, and you feel in the back of your head that you acted unfairly. The foreign boxer who knocks out an English champion is a low fellow for hitting so hard when the Heart of Oak had him beaten on points with ease. The overseas golfer who lifts the cup is an unsportsmanlike bird who has practiced more than a gentleman should. The French horse which canters home ahead of an English field has not been handicapped sufficiently. The Latin tennis player who sweeps the board plays to win instead of for the fresh air and the exercise, as decent folk do. In the contracts of actuaries there is a phrase about "riot and civil commotion, the act of God and the King's enemies." Riot and civil commotion I know, being a Gael of the Gaels, as also I recognize the act of God; but the king's enemies were to me mysterious folk, conspirators, Arabs, Channel Islanders, until it was disclosed to me that they were athletes of a race other than English who beat the Englishman on his native heath.

But the newspaper criticisms of the jockey and his mount did not seem to bother my Uncle Valentine or the trainer or the jockey's self. They came back elated. Even the round white donkey had a humorous, happy look in his full Latin eye.

"Did he go well?" I asked.

"He trotted it," said my Uncle Valentine.

"But the accounts read, sir," I protested, "that the favorites would have caught him in another couple of strides."

"Of course they would," said my Uncle Valentine—"at the pace he was going," he added.

"I see," said I.

"You see nothing," said my Uncle Valentine. "But if you had seen the race you might talk. The horse is a picture. It goes so sweetly that you wouldn't think it was going at all. And as for the gypsy jockey ——"

"The papers say he's antiquated."

"He's seven pounds better than Flory Cantillon," said my Uncle Valentine.

(Continued on Page 149)

Down the Course Came All the Gypsies—All the Gypsies in the World, It Seemed to Me. Big-Striding Black Men With Gold Earrings and Colored Neckerchiefs, and Staves in Their Hands. And Gypsy Women, A-Jingle With Coins, Dancing

TOUCHDOWN!

As Told by Coach Amos Alonzo Stagg to Wesley Winans Stout

No. 4—GO WEST, YOUNG MAN

WILL ROGERS came back from a lecture tour of the South last winter with a story of a football game between Birmingham Normal and Tuskegee Institute, both negro schools. Birmingham had something new to Rogers in rooting. Instead of the usual male dancing-dervish cheer leaders, a line of negro girls, all in white dresses, stood in front of the Birmingham section, linked arms and led the local war cries.

An epidemic of fumbling seized upon Tuskegee early in the game, to be capitalized immediately by the quick-witted daisy chain. In a minor chord, to a Blues rhythm, they set up the chant:

Tah-dee-dah, tee-tah-tah, lee-dah,
Tus-kee-gee's got the dropsy,
Tah-dee-dah, tee-tah-tah, lee-dah,
Tus-ke-e-e-ge-e-e's got the drop-se-e-e.

The girls swayed their bodies rhythmically while they sang.

The Normal stands took up the chant, stopping only to slap their legs and cackle with glee, and the Booker T. Washington school's game went blooey.

Another negro football story comes from Auburn, Alabama, the home of Alabama Polytech, in several versions. I have heard Knute Rockne, Notre Dame coach, tell one version. Another is credited in William H. Edwards' book to W. R. Tichenor, veteran Southern football official.

Since Sherman marched from Atlanta to the sea, Bob Sponsor has been Auburn's rubber, more or less. Bob had taken a pick-up town team from Auburn to Tuskegee to play the institute one Christmas, and faring illy, had called on a white friend to make a touch. The white man was interested in the details. "What did you do about signals?" he asked.

Some Signal!

"DEM niggers of mine couldn't learn no signals," Bob explained. "I jes' chatter some numbers to fool dem Tuskegees, but de numbers didn't mean nothin'. I'd say, 'Eight billions, forty-seven millions, six hundred an' 'leven thousan', nine hundred an' ninety-nine; tek dat ball, Rancey, and go round dat lef' end!' Dose de mos' signals dem niggers could learn, and dey doan always git dem. 'At's how come we gits beat and leaves our money in Tuskegee. Mistah Titch, Ah'm jes' as nickelless as a ha'nt. Kain't you-all len' me two bits till Sadday, please, suh? Hones' I pays you back."

Yale invented numerical signals in 1889, my second year on the varsity. Rehearsed plays and signals to designate them came in soon after the abolition of the English scrummage, but words, phrases or motions gave the cues to the play.

Pa Corbin, captain of Yale '88, used to keep up a continuous chatter at center, most of it meaningless, to confuse the enemy, while he gave his real signals by touching various parts of his body with his hands. Corbin sometimes used his cap to dial certain plays. In one Princeton game the Tigers concluded that the cap was the key to all Yale's strategy, and spent much of the afternoon trying to steal it.

The Zouave toques with long tassels had been replaced with virtual skullcaps, a button in the center, by the time I made the varsity; but Yale men still talked of how C. S. Beck, '83, getting down under a high kick from his own side before the ball descended, took off his toque, waved it by the tassel in the face of the Princeton player waiting for

The Tallyho Parade Getting Under Way in Madison Square for the Yale-Princeton Thanksgiving Day Game. Above—Princeton Opening the '95 Thanksgiving Day Game at Manhattan Field With the V Formation; Picture by J. C. Hemment, Pioneer Action Photographer, for Frank Leslie's Weekly

the ball and caused him to muff the catch. The rules were changed after this to penalize such interference. Caps had no place in football and passed out of the picture shortly, but the rule still is there and, like some others, meaningless to the boy of today.

Yale's 1888 signals were given entirely by the position of the captain's hands. Corbin graduated in 1889, and that fall we began with a system of key words and phrases, switching to numbers late in the season.

Out of the forbidding accumulation of memorabilia in our Chicago home, Mrs. Stagg has exhumed a copy of our first 1889 code book. Some of the signals were:

Speak to right of the line—left half around the end.
Speak to the left of the line—right half around the end.
Praising any play—left half between right tackle and end.
Condemning any play—right half between left tackle and end.
Mention of any part of the legs or feet—left half between right guard and tackle.
Speak of the head—right tackle between right guard and tackle.
Speak of any part of the torso—left half between left guard and center.
Any part of the arms or hands—right half between right guard and center.
Anything with vim or life—between left guard and tackle.
Anything depreciating life—right half between left guard and tackle.
The word "nerk"—left half between right guard and center.
The word "hips"—right tackle between left guard and center.
Anything standing still or walking—Heffelfinger between right guard and center.
Gaining ground—Gill run around opposing end.
Any question—Gil between right guard and tackle.
"Remember"—the quarter carries the ball.
Mention of any opponent by name—crisscross play.
Losing ground—the wedge.
Cowardly play—Rhodes end around.
Anything denoting an opening—kick.

Abracadabra

SIGNALS are essential, it must be but their importance can be overstressed. They became more and more complex in the later 90's, running into problems in addition, multiplication, subtraction and division, until football threatened to become an advanced course in mental arithmetic. Long signal drills were held at night. Such complexity defeated its own end, and more ground was lost by the inability of players to remember their own signals than was gained through the opposition's mystification. I never have been a fan for algebraic signals, but it is my observation that every system has been tried once in football, and therefore quite possible that "Let x equal the ball" has been propounded by some quarterback. In this period some coaches and schools wasted much valuable effort in trying to steal or buy the rival's code, usually for the big game, and spies were as thick, by report, as they are in an E. Phillips Oppenheim novel.

I always have ignored the other fellow's signals. A player worth his salt can see far more with his eyes than he can hear with his ears in defensive play.

Carlisle is said to have used Indian words during Jim Thorpe's time, but so many different tribes and languages were represented on the team that it served little advantage. Possibly their Chattahoochees and Wawamissinings were intended only to distract the paleface's attention. If there is any jargon unintelligible to the uninitiate, it is the terminology of sailing ships, and the early Annapolis elevens used to sing a very salty signal. The left half was the mainmast, the fullback the mizzen, and the anchor called for a kick. To hear a navy quarter sing out "Furl the topgallant clew lines and hands by the halyards" shivered the timbers of many a landlubberly opponent.

When Childs of Yale coached Indiana he took a leaf out of nautical practice. The Hoosiers came up to play us one year, lined up in double file and chanted their signals in unison to set up a rhythm, on the same theory that the sailor sings a chantey in turning the capstan or a section gang in shifting railroad steel. Some found this choir practice laughable, but the idea is thoroughly sound

All coaches probably use rhythms; I have for many years, to insure men being in the right position at the right second on shift plays. Men cannot be shifted back and forth effectively without some form of rhythm. Some of the team, at times all eleven, must know precisely when the ball will be snapped, and to insure more than two or three men working in perfect unison, some method of timing is mandatory. The army drillmaster's one-two-three-four will serve, so will a popular song melody—anything that can be accented rhythmically, the ball going into play on the agreed emphasis. Hurdlers frequently hum some rhythm under their breath to time their stride properly between hurdles. Childs used to train his middle and long distance runners at Indiana behind a sulky pulled by a harness horse, to teach them pace.

When the Experts Agreed

SOMETHING of Swede Oberlander's deadly accuracy with the forward pass at Dartmouth last season, I have heard, was due to his timing his passes to the rhythm of:

Ten thousand Swedes
Came out of the weeds
At the battle of Copenhagen.

An inability to talk easily on my feet led me to put aside the cloth and to leave Yale in 1890, after only one year in the divinity school. The more often I spoke in Y. M. C. A. work, the deeper sank in the conviction that I was not cut out for the job. I thought the conviction privy to myself, but it was shared by others, I came to find. In 1888 I had hung up my scythe for good, orphaned the mosquitoes of Newark Bay, and gone to Chautauqua Lake to take charge of play and athletics. Later I did similar work at Dwight L. Moody's student conference at Northfield, Massachusetts, and at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. At Lake Geneva, in 1892, I followed John R. Mott, whom President Wilson later called the greatest international statesman, and L. D. Wishard on the platform one night. Mott was a younger man than I, but already a brilliant speaker. I spoke badly enough, and was worse by contrast. Sitting in my tent in the dark, thoroughly discouraged, after the meeting, I told myself once more that I could influence others to Christian ideals more effectively on the field than in the pulpit, when Mott and Wishard passed on the way to their tents.

I overheard Mott say, "I can't understand why Stagg simply can't make a talk." Wishard clucked commiseratingly.

Here was expert confirmation of my own doubts and escape from addressing student mass meetings. I very rarely spoke publicly again until I was fifty-nine years old. At that age I decided that I was entitled to talk. Nowadays they even pay me money to do it, and I am more in demand than my time permits. My way of saying it possibly has not improved notably, but I have considerably more to say at sixty-four than at twenty-nine, which is as it should be.

The International Y. M. C. A. training school at Springfield, Massachusetts, had been opened in 1890, and Doctor Gulick, head of the physical department, sold me on the idea of turning to Y. M. C. A. physical direction. I entered as a student in a class of four and later was made a member of the faculty, with the formidable title of instructor in the theory and practice of training. Another of the four was James Naismith, inventor of basket ball. I had been sent out with a suitcase of stereopticon slides to lecture on the modern athlete, and incidentally to advertise the school, when Doctor Gulick asked the remaining three to turn their wits toward devising a new game. Naismith, who has been at the University of Kansas for many years now, began with the idea of adapting an Association football to indoor play and quickly worked out the game which now ranks second only to football in most American schools. Naismith's first baskets were ordinary half bushel vegetable containers hung from the running track, with someone stationed on the track to empty them after a goal. Later he switched to peach baskets because of their greater depth. One of my sisters, now teaching at Miss Thurston's school in Pittsburgh, was teaching then at a girls' school in Stamford, Connecticut. She has sent me a letter that I wrote her on March 10, 1892, excitedly describing the new game and recommending it to her for adoption by girls

Chicago's 1892 Squad, the University's Second Season. Coach Stagg Standing at the Right, a Cap on His Head

Princeton's Gallant Johnny Poe, Killed With the Black Watch at Loos

At Springfield I coached my first football squad. There were forty-one students all told, and I still am a little proud of the fact that from such a handful I produced teams that defeated a number of New England colleges and made the best of them exert themselves.

Strategic Ends

I MADE my first contributions to the strategy of the game here in the use of my ends. At end for Yale I had perceived that I could do more effective work as interference for the runner by lining up slightly back than in conventional line play. Out of this experience I pulled my ends back out of the line, used them like backs to carry the ball around the opposite ends and to drive into the line ahead of the ball carrier, both revolutionary practices which were copied by other schools and claimed as original.

Camp's small wedge in the line had been only a push, used mainly near the goal line, the quarter

(Continued on Page 157)

PHOTO BY W. H. SMITH HALL, COURTESY OF PARKE H. DAVIS

Fairchild of Harvard Kicking Out After a Touchback on Pennsylvania's First Athletic Field, 1894, Now Occupied by Dormitories and the Quadrangle

The Trees Said to the Bramble, "Come Reign Over Us"

By Garet Garrett

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

VIII

THEY were still together, "fido" behaving perfectly, when at nine o'clock that evening Capuchin distinctly remembered Dwind. He was found at the hotel, in possession of the bridal suite. He had already dismissed two stenographers and was with weary heroism controlling an impulse to perform a bodily injury upon the third. What restrained him was the fact that he had exhausted the stock. There was not another one in town.

In the agony of creative labor he became slightly demented. Afterward he might be very ill, and looked forward to it. He was lying deep in a sofa on the back of his neck, one leg drawn up, the other resting on its knee, blood flowing by gravity to the brain cells.

Without greeting Capuchin, he complained with the privileged petulance of the sick, "There isn't a book in your whole —— town."

At Nine o'Clock That Evening Capuchin Distinctly Remembered Dwind. He Was Found at the Hotel, in Possession of the Bridal Suite

"There's a library at the statehouse," said Capuchin.

Dwind gnashed his teeth and shuddered.

"What book do you need?" Capuchin asked.

"One of those old shoes in your private bookcase. That might be it," said Dwind.

The place was already littered with books. Every chair had books on it; the bed was piled with them. The wonder was where he had got them. The stenographer was standing, notebook in hand, extremely distraught.

"Read that last paragraph," said Dwind.

The stenographer read it.

"Delete it," said Dwind. "Or, no—don't delete it. Mark it not to go there, but in another place when we come to it. . . . Give me that green book. . . . Please open the window an inch and a half—from the top. Thank you. . . . Mr. Capuchin, either be seated or go away. . . . No, don't go away. I need some information. Your constitution is a muddle at the crucial point. You've got to change it, and I shall have to know beforehand how you are going to do it. Listen to what I am dictating and you will see." (To the stenographer.) "Section Nine, colon, if you know what a colon is." (Starting as from pain.) "Now what! Now what!"

It was a loud rapping on the door. Semicorn opened it. The person who entered the room was the man from whom Capuchin had bought the Northwestern Herald several hours before.

His movements were quick and apprehensive; his eyes were like the ant's and his voice was low and confidential. If he had come to tell them the hotel was burning he would have imparted that information in a guarded manner.

"They told me downstairs I'd find you here," he said to Capuchin, hardly above a whisper.

"That's their business downstairs," said Capuchin. "They know everything. That's why they run a hotel so badly."

"I know," said the ant. "That's so too. It seemed important. I wouldn't think it professional etiquette not to tell you in time. Still, it's your own private business I'm meddling with."

"Tell me what?" Capuchin asked.

"Unless, of course, you meant to suspend the paper," said the ant.

"What is it, man? You'll back into yourself if you are not careful. What is it?"

It was merely that when the editorial men of the paper learned to whom it had been sold, as they did at once, though it wasn't meant for anybody to know for a day or two, they walked out in a body—the managing editor, all the subordinate editors and all the reporters but a police reporter who was drunk, and two others that were queer.

There was nobody there to get the paper out, and it was already past nine o'clock.

Having disclosed this extraordinary secret, and in very few words when he came to it, the ant let himself out of the door, closed it gently and was gone.

Capuchin took up his hat.

"Just a minute," said Dwind with a faint, imperious gesture of his wan hand. "I'm under no contract with this one-ring circus. I'm serving it for nothing, and all I ask is the courtesy of your attention at this point. I might still be standing out there in the street for that matter. If you are not interested in this thing, neither am I."

"Could it possibly wait until morning?" asked Capuchin abjectly.

"Not possibly," said Dwind. "If it waits until morning I shall be gone."

Capuchin was distracted. He was in haste for the banking law. He should not know where else to turn for that piece of Greek. Moreover if Dwind should go back on a tantrum, thinking he had been ill-treated, the effect might be disastrous to further negotiations with Jones Street.

Turning suddenly, he asked, "Mr. Semicorn, did I hear you say, or did somebody tell me that you once ran a newspaper?"

"I got out of the I. W. W. sheet in Seattle for a year," said Semicorn.

"Good!" said Capuchin. "You get over there and take charge until I come. Only for a few minutes. . . . Now then, Mr. Dwind, pardon me. What do you say is the matter with the constitution of New Freedom?"

'Section Nine, colon," said Dwind to the stenographer, beginning to dictate.

Capuchin did not see the point when it came. Dwind, in great suffering of patience, explained it to him; and when he could not help seeing it he began to demur on the ground of political expediency. For some reason he could not clearly state he did not wish to amend the constitution.

The question was how to get public funds into the bank. Capuchin thought it could be done by statute—by a simple law. Dwind said it had to be in the constitution. So they argued it, both insisting. An argument had the notic effect upon Capuchin. He passed into a trance and became insensible of time or place. Dwind's virility in that kind of contest was amazing. He lay perfectly still, using only enough physical energy to make his words audible and to play with his glasses in a scholarly manner. Holding his mind to the point, he defined it over and over in the same words, with a feeble, expiring voice, but with a doggedness that in the end wore Capuchin down.

"All right—a-l-l right," said Capuchin at last. "We have to play with your sticks or go home." Then he looked at the time. It was two o'clock. He remembered Semicorn, the newspaper, the situation there, and set off in haste to see what had happened, expecting the worst. What could Semicorn have done? No assistants, no editors, three reporters—one drunk and two queer. Probably there was no paper.

As he came within sight of the building he was relieved to see it lighted. At least they were trying. Coming nearer, he heard the press running. A truck stood at the curb receiving bundled papers from the mailing room as if everything were normal. This was too good. It occurred to him that Semicorn was a very reckless young man. What if he had filled the paper with his violent I. W. W. notions! Capuchin's idea for the paper was to face it about gently. It was an important property with a good deal of influence upon public opinion in the state, especially conservative opinion, and that was what he wished to reach. He had even thought of not bringing it over openly to the Freemen's League, holding it neutral instead, until some crisis occurred. None of this had he said to Semicorn. Restraining an impulse to snatch a paper from the mailing room and look at it, he ran up the stairway to the editorial room on the second floor and arrived there breathless in a panic.

It was one large room, full of dimness and tranquillity. The dimness was an effect of the lighting, which was individual, to each desk, under green glass shades. The tranquility, like a convalescence, was that which settles in a newspaper office when the last form is closed, thirty is to the hook and the night's deed is done. The telegraph operator was locking up his typewriter. Seven men were sitting at small flat-top desks, smoking and reading the paper—seven besides Semicorn, who was at a roll-top desk in the far corner, with his head down, writing.

Capuchin fumbled at the latch of the railing gate, let himself through and hurried to Semicorn's desk.

"Did get her out!" he said.

Semicorn handed him a paper and went on writing. Capuchin sat down with it at the nearest desk, looking at the front page, at the back page, then ran through it nervously and stopped at the editorial page. All at a glance as it should be. The news was displayed in the usual manner. The headlines were in the conventional style of verbless obscurity. There were two editorials. One was about the weather and the other was on the need for a city park.

"Where did you get these?" Capuchin asked, pointing to them.

"Found them already in type. Left over," said Semicorn.

"Good!" said Capuchin. "I was afraid ——"

"Yes," said Semicorn, "I know what you were afraid of."

Capuchin regarded him with new interest. He was not such a reckless young man, in fact. On the contrary, he was remarkably self-possessed. Almost too much that way.

He said, "It looks like a fine job, Mr. Semicorn. A very neat performance, all facts considered. I'm wondering how you did it."

"Standing on my head," said Semicorn.

Capuchin looked around the room. "Where did you get these men?"

"Three out of the composing room. The rest I picked up."

"Picked them up?" said Capuchin. "They were standing on the galleys, like the editorials, perhaps. Where did you pick them up?"

"They were men I happened to know," said Semicorn.

"Here in this town? But you were with me all day."

"Two I met in the crowd that came over from the station with us," said Semicorn. "You were too busy to notice us."

"I see," said Capuchin. He surveyed the seven silent men, all smoking and reading. Two were within hearing; they seemed not to be listening. "Men like yourself?" he said, looking at Semicorn.

"More or less," Semicorn answered. "There's a lot of them out here." Seeing that Capuchin was uneasy, he added, "They're all right. Because they have worked on I. W. W. sheets as I have is no reason they can't do a regular job like this. Most of them have."

Capuchin dropped that subject and turned again to the paper. This time he went through it carefully and saw at the top of the editorial page a line of strong black type he had missed before:

"Lafe Semicorn, editor."

He was hotly displeased. Already he was sensible of a certain stiffness of manner in Semicorn and was thinking he had been quick to give himself editorial airs. Now this! It was a bold stroke, and the advantage went with it. How should he undo it; that was, provided he should wish to undo it? Editors cannot be changed every morning like the date line. To take the name down would be as absurd as what had happened, but to leave it there would be to accept the young man's audacity. There was no middle way. His displeasure increased with the difficulty. Semicorn, who had been watching him, came and threw one leg over a corner of the desk.

"I thought we had better tack a name to the masthead," he said. "I didn't suppose you wanted yours there."

Capuchin stood up and brushed himself carefully all over before speaking.

"I have only this to say, Mr. Semicorn. . . . No, of course, I didn't want mine there. . . . I have only to say this. You are stepping strong—you are stepping very strong, Mr. Semicorn." Semicorn was silent. It was necessary for Capuchin to speak again. "But I'm fair to say it was a good journeyman job. That stands up. . . . Are you at the hotel?"

"Not yet," said Semicorn. "I haven't had time."

"You'll find a room there. Please come to my office at nine. Then we'll talk things over."

"All r-i-g-h-t, sir," said Semicorn easily and equally, as one sir to another.

IX

IT DID not occur to Capuchin to wonder why, at 2:30 A.M., with nothing more to do for the paper, seven men continued to sit at their desks silently reading. He would have been astonished to see what they did as soon as he was gone. They gathered about Semicorn, all with one shrewd expression of triumph. Then one placed his two hands on Semicorn's shoulders from behind. It was a gesture they all understood. Another placed his hands in the same way on the shoulders of that one, then another upon his, and so on until they were in line, very close together. A word was uttered, and they began to march in the old prison lockstep. They marched round and round between the desks, intoning in sepulchral voices, to the rhythm of the step, this Red hymn:

Bull of the woods,
Bull of the woods,
Pull the big prayer.
Shout! Oh!
Bull of the woods

(Continued on Page 60)

Capuchin, Leaning Forward on the Edge of His Chair, Nodded. "And We All Sing That Tune by Ear," Semicorn Continued

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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 16, 1926

Navy Day

THE United States Navy has such high traditions and such an unbroken record of glorious achievement that we are apt to take it for granted and to assume that it will answer effectively whatever calls may be made upon it. This is not the right attitude. No navy ever became great and powerful simply by being let alone to grow like a weed.

Modern navies are in a constant state of flux. If they are to keep up with the ever-rising standards of efficiency, they must be quick to apply and utilize every scientific advance and to adopt every new device for naval offense or defense as soon as its worth becomes apparent. No navy maintained by a government like ours can hope to have its legitimate needs satisfied unless the whole body of citizens is aware of them and is alive to the importance of meeting them promptly and whole-heartedly.

Most valuable work in popular education as to naval requirements has been done by the Navy League. This patriotic body has fixed upon October twenty-seventh for the fifth annual celebration of Navy Day. This movement deserves cordial support in every quarter and the hearty coöperation of our public and private organizations. Physical science, invention and discovery are all advancing at such an unprecedented rate that our Navy requires peculiar vigilance on the part of its friends if it is to be kept where it belongs in the forefront of power and effectiveness.

The Man From Hoquiam

THE voters of the Third Congressional District of the state of Washington did their country a greater service than they could possibly have realized when, in the year 1912, they elected to the Sixty-third Congress Albert Johnson, the man from Hoquiam.

They have returned him regularly to successive Congresses. He not only represented his district with credit, but first as member, later as chairman, of the House Committee on Immigration he has rendered the nation distinguished service of the highest order. He, more than any other single individual, was instrumental in delivering the knock-out blow to the old Myth of the Melting Pot. After years of uphill fighting he finally secured the adoption of the selective immigration act which bears his name. What he really accomplished amounted to giving our United States a belated chance to develop along the lines upon which it was founded. The importance of this achievement becomes more apparent with every year that passes.

The great mass of Americans throughout the land are with Chairman Johnson heart and soul, and will back him to a finish if they are given a chance to do so. Not so the new Americans from Southern and Eastern Europe who have been swarming in since 1880. Not so the bootleggers of immigrants; not so the criminal foreign element.

Last month Mr. Johnson came before the primaries for renomination. Alien organizations, radical groups and all the hidden forces opposed to the rational restriction of immigration passed the word that then was the time to get him. Local issues were of small importance. The real issue was whether the cause of immigration restriction should be weakened by depriving Mr. Johnson's important committee of its experienced and militant chairman or whether it should be strengthened by his renomination and ensuing reëlection. A matter of the gravest national importance was thus thrust upon the voters of the Third Congressional District for decision.

The opposition, operating behind the smoke screens usually employed in such circumstances, put up a bitter fight. Mr. Johnson's solid achievements were pooh-poohed and belittled and various plush horses were put on parade to distract attention from the vital issue. In spite of all these maneuvers, the sound sense of the district prevailed and Mr. Johnson was triumphantly renominated. He owed his victory to the fact that most of his constituents fully realize that our national lawmaking body would be materially poorer if the Third District of the state of Washington should cut off its contribution of the man from Hoquiam. They are proud of him, as they have every right to be, and they seemingly have no intention of loeing the legitimate prestige which is reflected upon them by being represented in Congress by such a commanding national figure.

Wise legislation upon immigration matters is not merely a matter of good intentions. The subject is one of the most intricate in the whole realm of national polity, and only those who have made an intensive study of it year in and year out are competent to deal with it beneficently, practically and with real vision. Mr. Johnson will have the good wishes and the moral support of a substantial majority of his fellow countrymen when he comes up for reelection.

Stop—Go

CONTROL of motor traffic continues to be one of the most vexatious municipal problems of the day; and despite the adoption of various well-planned signaling systems and the employment of many clever devices calculated to increase safety and to insure the uniform and orderly movement of the vehicular procession, the inconveniences experienced by motorists and pedestrians alike increase rather than diminish.

Partial relief may have to come about through the closer regulation of heavy trucking. In congested districts it may become necessary to prohibit the delivery of building material during rush hours. Coal should be put in during the low peak. Sidewalk unloading of any except rush merchandise may be prohibited during crowded hours. Interior courtyards for daytime loading and unloading would help. Such regulations would work a certain amount of hardship in individual cases, but in many cities necessity is already beginning to point to them. The time is unquestionably coming when a greater use of the night hours will be made for trucking and deliveries of goods that are not immediately needed.

Suburban and small-town conditions are scarcely less acute than those in the big cities. There are already countless villages twenty miles or more from the nearest city in which the town-to-country traffic is so heavy that crossings are unsafe, and local resources are taxed to the utmost to maintain even a semblance of reasonable control. The rapid spread of bus lines in both city and country is putting an added burden upon these thoroughfares. School children as well as adults are at the mercy of an unregulated stream of swiftly moving vehicles, and the wonder is that accidents are not commoner than they are. Widening of roads and multiplication of parallel highways will better matters; but both are slow and costly processes.

Motors at rest offer a problem as baffling as those in motion. To park or not to park is the daily question in every live town in the United States. In most cities garage accommodation is inadequate to meet the needs of those who motor to town to business by day and to the theaters by night. Curbstone parking has all at once become a national nuisance, and likewise a national necessity if motors are to be used at all in crowded centers. The slowing down of traffic by the long files of parked cars is not the only inconvenience which results. Householders in many cities are loud in their complaints of the car owners who park in front of their houses from morning until night and thus make it impossible for them to load or unload in front of or even near to their own premises.

This is an abuse which can be controlled; and householders everywhere should make a concerted effort to secure police regulations which will insure them preferential parking rights to the street in front of their own houses.

The plague of ill-mannered motorists who litter the highways with waste paper and miscellaneous trash has too long endured. At least two chiefs of police, one in Southern New York and another in New Jersey, have hit upon the correct method of dealing with these pests. Their procedure is to arrest such offenders on sight and to make them retrace their route on foot and pick up each and every scrap of paper they have so blithely tossed aside. The humiliation of being required to gather up litter over a mile or two of roadway under conspicuous police supervision affords a never-to-be-forgotten lesson; and communities which adopt this mild and effectual measure will not long be troubled with littered roadsides. Similar procedure might be advantageously pursued in respect to pedestrians.

The transition of the motor car from a luxury to a necessity has been so swift and sudden and universal that we have not yet had time to adjust ourselves to the new conditions which have followed in its track. Some of the best minds in the country are grappling with its attendant problems. Presently they will solve them and the solution will mark a new and more beneficent period in the age of progress.

Ishmael

SUCH striking results have attended the legal housecleaning now going on in the state of New York that those who are responsible for it should feel encouraged to go on with their work and not quit until they have made a thorough job of it. The recent report of the Baumes Commission of that state uncovered so many shortcomings of the criminal law and its practice, which have their counterparts from coast to coast, that it is worthy of careful study in every commonwealth whose people take a serious interest in combating crime and lawlessness.

Under one of the new Baumes laws several habitual criminals convicted of crimes which involved neither violence nor substantial sums of money are now serving life sentences. Both the sentimentalists and the sternly practical spokesmen of the underworld have loudly complained of the injustice of sending a man to prison for the rest of his natural life simply because he has been convicted of a relatively unimportant crime. Under the Baumes law, offenders who receive life sentences are so dealt with, not as a punishment for their most recent offenses but because they have given proof over a long term of years that as long as they are at large society is bound to suffer from their depredations. After three or four convictions confinement is the only practicable method of checking such a career.

"Nowadays," a lawyer recently wailed in open court, "everyone seems to be against the poor criminal."

We sincerely hope this statement is correct; for in the past it has sometimes seemed as if a good many judges, lawyers, juries and even the law itself were against society and were banded together to protect the accused from the consequences of crime. Everyone ought to be against the poor criminal and against the rich one also. Ishmael's hand is against every man, and every man's hand must be against him if he is not to rule in the land.

They Used to be Nickel Shows

By BOYDEN SPARKES

THE moving-picture theater that counts you as a part of its regular audience, leases, but does not buy, the reels of celluloid film that come as so much canned drama from Hollywood and the lesser studio centers. Each lease is for a limited period in a specified place, and anyone who exhibits film otherwise than as authorized is a thief. No trade euphemism can disguise that harsh fact.

As an exhibitor, which is the term applied in the moving-picture markets to all proprietors of moving-picture theaters, Leo K. Maloney had been meeting some tough, and he suspected, unscrupulous competition. Maloney is the owner of the Rivoli Palace in Cambyses, which is a pseudonym for a town of about 25,000 people. His competitor was Herman Eckhardt, proprietor of the Little Gem Theater with 2000 seats. For six straight weeks the Little Gem had filled its seats at every performance by a series of hokum specialties, juvenile amateur contests, grocery store nights, free ice-cream nights, and various other expensive devices calculated to appeal to that characteristic longing of the average person to get something for nothing.

Every time the Little Gem had a part of its peak-load audience waiting in the lobby, there were empty seats at the Rivoli Palace. If Maloney could have persuaded himself that his rival was a better business man and a better showman than he was he would not have been so humiliated. The trouble was that he figured it all out on paper and there was no possible way that he could see for him to meet the challenge of his rival. He might have offered his audiences extra attractions for two or three weeks, but he knew he could not continue the practice indefinitely and still pay the prices demanded for the films he booked; and he could not understand how Herman Eckhardt, with an overhead every bit as large, could afford it either.

Then, one day not so long ago, Maloney read in the Cambyses Argus that his rival had been arrested the night before on the charge of speeding on the highway near Glendora, six miles from Cambyses. Until the Cambyses Chamber of Commerce began its crusade, Glendora was generally known and referred to as Hunkytown, but the second generation of Hunkytown began to reveal resentment, and because that community of steel workers had a joint pay roll of about $175,000 the shopkeepers of Cambyses quickly agreed that Glendora had a pleasanter sound than Hunkytown. So, as it was recounted in the Cambyses Argus, Mr. Herman Eckhardt, "the genial proprietor of the Little Gem Theater, was nabbed last night about nine o'clock by a motorcycle cop who charged that he had caught him after a chase at fifty miles an hour in the direction of Glendora."

After reading that bit of news Maloney began to wonder what sort of adventure might have led his competitor into the unsavory region of Hunkytown. He pondered as he ate his dinner and then he concluded that he, too, would drive over to that community which continued to be indexed in his mind as Hunkytown. It annoyed Maloney to think that American soil could foster a community where less than a third of the inhabitants spoke anything resembling English, and so his visits to Hunkytown were few. He parked his car under a street lamp and strolled along the main street until he came to the town's only moving-picture theater, a rough frame building, unpainted but flamboyant with the posters of moving pictures of a bygone day. There was one of Bronco Billy, and another advertising one of the old comedies in which Charlie Chaplin was just an unidentified comedian. Maloney was faintly amused at the thought of there being such a thing as antique movies, but his most dominant emotion was one of strong suspicion. Maloney recognized the girl in the cashier's box, and as he did not want her to see him he handed a half dollar to an urchin who was gazing open-mouthed at the posters

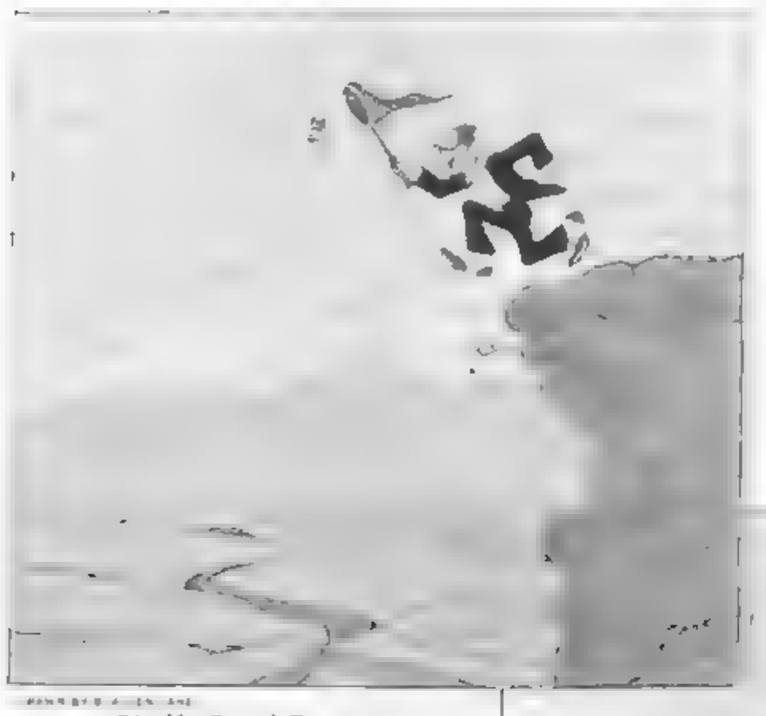
"Get two tickets, bub, and one is for you." While he was waiting for the boy to return Maloney studied the

(Continued on Page 234)

IT'S A WOW, BOSS! YOU CAN'T PLAY IT TOO STRONG!
GIMME SIX COLUMNS ON THAT! SPREAD IT ALL OVER THE PAPER — PLENTY OF SOB STUFF, HYSTERICS, SEX INTEREST, SOME ZIPPY COMEDY! START SOMEBODY WRITING A DETAILED STORY OF HIS LIFE!
GIVE THIS GUY A QUARTER OF A COLUMN ON THE BACK PAGE — PUBLIC DON'T WANT THAT KIND OF STUFF!
GOSH, BOSS! THIS MAN WAS ONE OF OUR GREATEST AND ABLEST LEADERS!
YOUNG SCREEN STAR DEAD — BODY LIES IN STATE
AMERICA'S GREATEST EDUCATOR DEAD — INSPIRING CAREER
NEWS EDITOR!
Herbert Johnson

RELATIVE NEWS VALUES

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES



Ah, My Proud Beauty!

Motto for an Aquarium

GOLDFISH, Pollywog and Snail,
Creep or swim or wag your tail
Through these halls of water weed –
Thorough dampness guaranteed.

Fancy Farming

TOURIST *(to farmer)*: Plowing?
FARMER: No, simply making a turnover in real estate.

Suspicious-Looking

"SAY, pop," inquired the young history student, "was George Washington as honest as it says here?"

"Yes, my son."

"Well, then how is it that they close all the banks on his birthday?"

The Home I'll Never See

THE firelight flickers low;
I picture in the gloom
The home I used to know;
Again I seem to see
The hall I used to love,
The cramped reception room,
The dining alcove of
Apartment 7-D.

And memory reveals
The quaint old kitchenette
Where mother got the meals
By opening a can;
The quaint old fire escape,
With quaint milk bottles set,
And, quaint in form and shape,
The elevator man.

Alas, I wonder if
The house where I was born
Still stands, a frowning cliff,
In a far northern land.
Does the Hungarian Grill
The ground floor still adorn?
And on the corner still
Does the red hydrant stand?

I know these eyes shall ne'er
Gaze on that home; these feet
Shall never journey where
My budding life was nursed;
For it's located on
207th Street;
And now we live upon
141st.
—*Morris Bishop.*

The Miracle Wife

Three's a Crowd

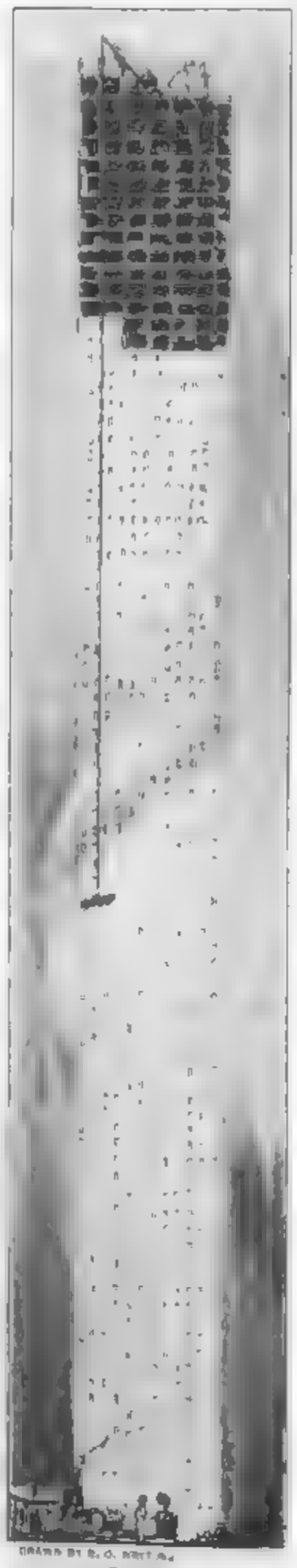
DOCTOR: Congratulations! You are the father of triplets!

DYER *(who married a telephone operator)*: Just my luck! She always gives me the wrong number.

Touring and Detouring

THE prolonged good-bys.
The late start.
The superfluous luggage.
The joy of being off at last.
The three-mile return for the mysterious package.
The sliding of the luggage.
The puncture.
The sudden heat upon stopping.
The jack under all the bags.
The speeding to make up time.
The back-seat remonstrance.
The chicken dinner.
DANGER. APPROACH TO DAM. BAD CURVE AHEAD.
The magnificent view with pigpen in front.
The freshly oiled road.
DANGER. SHARP CURVE.
The ten gallons of gas.
The steep hill.
The boiling radiator.
The cold water.
REFRESHMENTS. ALL HOTS.
The white cement road with tar seams.
The chickens running crosswise.
SLOW DOWN TO 18 MILES.
The three quarts of oil.
STOP. SHARP TURN.
The superb view with cow barn and silo in foreground.
The hot-dog kennel.
The Anyold Inn & Tea Shoppe.
The high prices.
The low ceilings.
The short beds.
The tin bath.
The long waits.
The thin cream.
The stuffy porches.
The narrow highway.
The thick mud.
The chicken dinner with waffles.
WHEN YOU'RE HUNGRY AND TIRED GO TO AMENIA INN.
The black asphalt road with deckle edges.
The chickens running across.
The chickens running back.
SLOW DOWN TO 15 MILES.
The blow-out.
The naughty word.
The Irish auto shop.
The hot-dog kennel.
The pretty stream viewed from the boxed-in bridge.
The tar-covered road.
The gift shoppe.

(Continued on Page 140)



In 1950
Mike: "Hey, Pat, When Yer Gonna Send Up the Material for the Next Forty Stories?"
Pat: "Ain't Yer Got That Yet? I Sent It Up Monday"

1826 *The Music Master (By J. A. Mussler)* *1926*

With the meal or as a meal, soup belongs in the daily diet!

Good vegetable soup contains 32 different ingredients-always!

Of course you do not stop to think how many ingredients there are. But the moment you taste this vegetable soup your appetite tells you it is the FULL-BODIED, FULL-FLAVORED kind you want every time!

Just think of all the trouble and expense you are saved by Campbell's French chefs in the spotless Campbell's kitchens! For this one soup they select and prepare FIFTEEN OF THE FINEST VEGETABLES THAT GROW, substantial cereals, invigorating beef broth, fresh flavory herbs and appetizing seasoning!

Serve Campbell's Vegetable Soup today and see if it doesn't become a REGULAR FAVORITE on your table!

We blend the best with careful pains
In skillful combination
And every single can contains
Our business reputation.

32 ingredients **12 cents a can**

Campbell's Soups

LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER

THE DREAMERS

By George Pattullo

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

Meanwhile the Pitchfork Outfit Had to Have its Meals, and Sally Jo Went to the Chuck House to Cook for Them

II

MILBURN returned to the cow country and worked harder than ever. About six months later he received an announcement of Lily's wedding—no, not to Alf Somers, but somebody whose name Jimmy had never heard. However, he sent a check for a hundred dollars, explaining, "You can't buy nothing out here." That was a lot of money to Lily; it was a lot to Milburn, too, and only a desire to impress her husband made him loosen up. However, her gushing reply was worth the outlay.

The years passed and Milburn succeeded to Uncle Harve's place as boss of the Pitchfork. But he improved on it. Whereas Uncle Harve had never been more than an employe, drawing wages, Milburn acquired an interest in the company very early in his connection. From this beginning he built up his ownership until he gained control of the various enterprises bearing the company's name. A three-year depression in the cattle industry aided him, because several of the owners grew weary of losses and could see no daylight ahead. They sold out to Milburn on easy terms, and now he was undisputed boss of a company which owned forty thousand head of cattle, nearly a million acres in Arizona and Mexico, two town sites, a store and dairy, a small copper mine.

While his friend was climbing thus Albert did not remain stationary. No, he was making the grade too. Ben Muma won the election by a comfortable margin and Albert went to the state capital as private secretary to the governor. The position gave him prestige and considerable influence. As secretary, he was the unofficial doorkeeper—the man who whispered in the ear of power and could get what suppliants wanted or turn them down. It was a position of great opportunity and Albert intended to make the most of it. He wrote glowingly to Jimmy, with a slightly patronizing tone—wrote on official stationery and signed it with a flourish. His old friend grunted. He was much gratified, but not unduly impressed. Secretary to the governor, hey? Huh, how much was he making, he wondered.

The next news Milburn received was that Albert had resigned; he could no longer stand the sort of persecution to which he had been subjected. Jimmy, who had subscribed to the home paper while on his visit, later read a story in it to the effect that Albert had been fired. Irregularities were hinted at and an investigation promised, but this was presumably dropped or quashed, because Albert faded from the news columns in a couple of weeks and never reappeared there. Milburn assumed that his friend had gone back into the insurance business.

But he was too busy with his own affairs to give much thought to Albert's problems. The company's properties had not been fully developed; there were many thousands of acres of A-1 farm land devoted to grazing, and he went to work to bring it under cultivation. Farm after farm sprang up. Within a short span of time the Pitchfork company was raising more alfalfa than it could use, and shipping it East. Also, he was in love again—or thought he was, and what's the difference?

With the approach of forty, he began casting up life's accounts. Looking back over the years, the tally seemed good to him, but the prospect showed gray ahead. What was there in it but continued effort, more piling up of money? And for what? Who would get it after he died? He was lonely—often desperately lonely. His house—shucks, a house wasn't a home without a wife and children!

So he was ripe for plucking when he met Abbie Tisdall, a school-teacher from Vermont. She was visiting her aunt, wife of old Hi Fuller, of the Anvil outfit, over on the San Pedro. And his second romance prospered. She was a sensible girl, with religious leanings, and she accepted the cowman's attentions with straightforward honesty of intent. Although fifteen years her senior, she did not know it and nobody could have guessed it. There was none of the hot love of adolescence between them, ever, but she formed an affection for Milburn much more enduring. They were married on Thanksgiving Day. That was Jimmy's idea. "I got a lot to be thankful for," he told her, "and you top the list."

"I want to make you happy, James," said Abbie.

An unromantic marriage stands a good chance of success, because the parties to it are not exacting. Milburn's turned out comfortably. Abbie was a thrifty, efficient housekeeper whose notions of wifely duty were mainly directed to physical comfort, and she let James decide everything for her, because she had grown up in an atmosphere where this was the husband's rôle. He would have done it anyhow, with any woman.

Neither did she expect to find in her husband a male paragon bound by marriage ties to be knightly under all circumstances and every provocation. Abbie sized him up as a good average citizen and pitched her expectations accordingly. Of course he worked far harder than the average man, but then he had such a terrific capacity for it. And he was stronger of will and purpose, and could always see further ahead than most; but that merely showed what a good trader he was, of course. No, there was no nonsense about James, none of the flighty temperamental traits that have to be handled by a wife with kid gloves. True, he had a furious temper, but it was slow to boil. She was not the least bit in awe of him or afraid of him, the way most people were.

Or was she? Sometimes in later life she wondered, because deep within her lurked always a dread of what he might do. He could be so ruthless at times in getting what he wanted, crashing straight to his objective regardless of others—the rapacious instincts of the pioneer builder were developed in Milburn to a high degree. Often during their married life she would look at him queerly as he talked complacently of some trade he had made, of how he had wrung the last nickel out of a deal.

"What's the matter?" he would demand.

"Nothing."

"You look like I had robbed somebody."

Oh, well, he couldn't see it and never would. She was thankful that he was never guilty of petty meanness, that he never took any of the dark bypaths so many of his kind use for short cuts.

On his side, he seemed satisfied with the bargain. At first he was curiously shy with her, so shy that it made her uncomfortable. She couldn't make head or tail of it. But he soon got over that.

Once they rode together up into the mountains and came to a crag jutting out over a valley. An empire lay at their

(Continued on Page 41)

Creamery fresh!

with all its first sweet flavor of new-churned butter

BUTTER just from the churns . . . Fragrant and fresh as a dew-drenched field of clover . . .

You recognize it at once—this delicate, freshly-churned sweetness of flavor. Unmistakably—Brookfield Creamery Butter!

In spotless creameries, right in the country, Brookfield Creamery Butter is made from tested, pasteurized cream.

From the moment it leaves the glistening white churns it is kept under constant refrigeration. Spick and span refrigerator cars take it *direct* to Swift branch houses whence it is distributed to dealers.

No time is lost. No sanitary precaution is omitted. In every step of its handling the rigid Swift standard prevails.

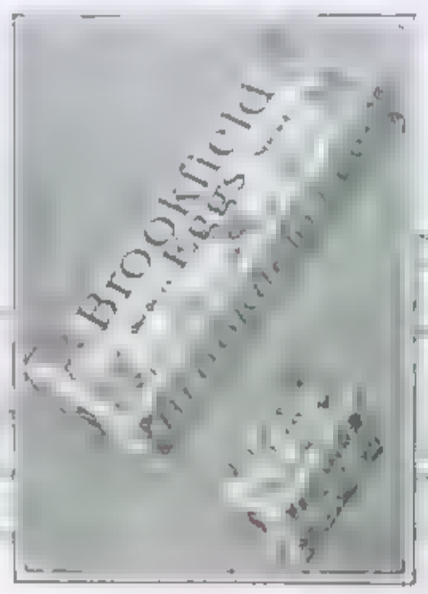
And so, the first fresh goodness of Brookfield Creamery Butter is perfectly preserved. It comes to you with all its tempting delicacy of flavor—*creamery fresh.*

Our nation-wide food service brings Brookfield Butter to you wherever you may live—in the largest city or the smallest hamlet.

And the same service brings to you, just as directly and in just as perfect condition, the other Brookfield Products—Brookfield Eggs, Brookfield-Premium Poultry, and Brookfield Cheese. Ask for them at your dealer's. The name Brookfield on the package is your guarantee of the finest quality.

SWIFT & COMPANY

Easily identified by the name on the cartons—Brookfield Cheese and Brookfield Eggs. Ask for them.



Brookfield

Butter-Eggs Cheese

If hundreds of automobile engineers advised you to use a certain oil, would you?

Make this CHART your guide

The correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engines and transmissions of passenger cars and motor trucks are specified below.

The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil are indicated by the letters shown below. "Arc." means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic.

If your car is not listed here, see the complete Chart at your dealer's

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS AND MOTOR TRUCKS	1926		1925		1924		1923	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Apperson	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Auburn	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Buick	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cadillac	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Case	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chandler	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chevrolet	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chrysler	A	A	A	A	A	A		
" (other mod'ls)	A	A	A	Arc				
Cleveland	A	Arc	A	Arc				
" (other mod'ls)	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	A
Cunningham	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Dodge	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Dort	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Durant	A	Arc	A	A				
Duesenberg	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Durant 4	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Elcar 4	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" 6-50, 6-60			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" 8	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Essex	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Federal WB3								
" X2 X5 X6	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (other mod'ls)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Federal Knight	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc		
Fiat 50	Arc	Arc						
" (other mod'ls)	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
F W D	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
G M C	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Garford 1½, 1½ ton	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (other mod'ls)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Gardner 8	A	Arc	A	Arc				
" (other mod'ls)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Graham Bros	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc
Gray	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc
Hupmobile					A	Arc	A	Arc
Hudson	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
International ½ ton			A	A				
" (other mod'ls)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jewett	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jordan 6			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" 8	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Junior 8	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Kissel 6	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
" 8	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Lexington Concord	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc				
" (other mod'ls)			A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A
Lincoln	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Locomobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Mack	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Maxwell			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
McFarlan 8	A	Arc						
" (other mod'ls)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc
Nash	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Oldsmobile 6							A	A
" (other mod'ls)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Overland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Packard Eight	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (other mod'ls)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Paige	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Peerless 8	A	Arc						
" 6	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
" (other mod'ls)	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Pierce Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Premier	A	Arc						
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Rickenbacker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	Arc	Arc
Rolls Royce	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Star	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Stearns Knight	BB	A	BB	A	B	A	B	A
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Stutz 8	A	A						
" 6			A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Velie (Pass.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
White 15, 20, 20-D	Arc.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (other com'l mod'ls)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Wills St. Claire	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Willys Knight 4	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc
" (other mod'ls)	A	Arc	A	Arc				

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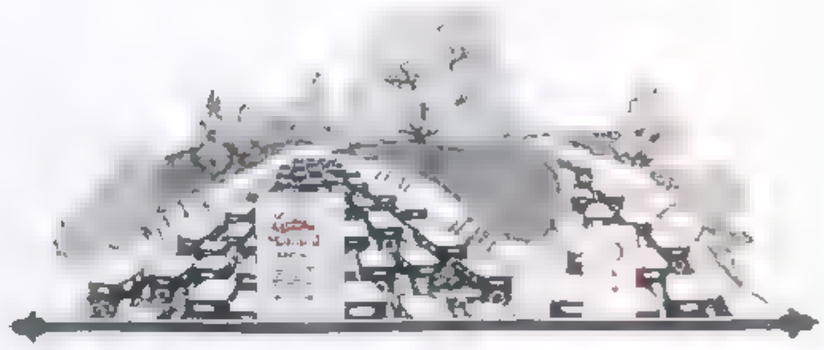

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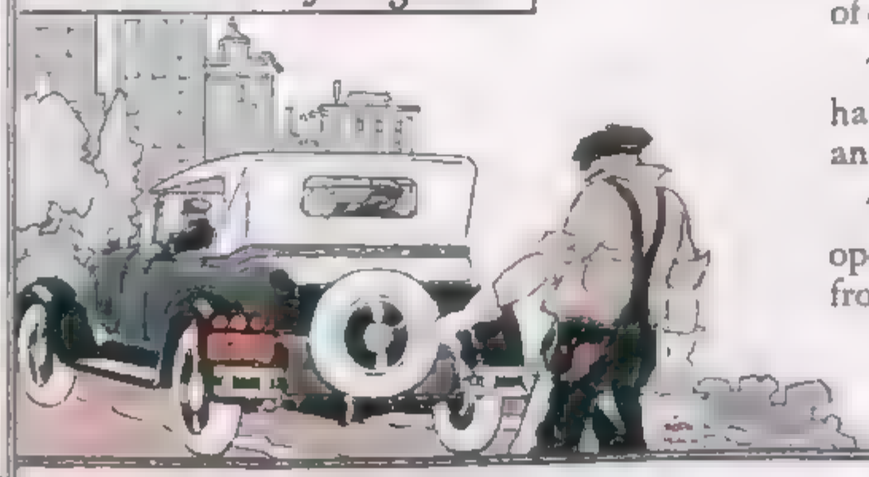

Vacuum Oil Company

Headquarters: 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

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(Continued from Page 38)

feet league on league of rolling land, with big blue blotches of shadow moving over the foothills, and a mountain range lifting scarred heads to the skies. He sat squarely on his horse, staring across the wide expanse, and a slow flush crept into his face.

"——, what a country!" he exclaimed.

"James!"

"What's the matter now?"

"You swore."

"But look at it! Just made for me too. Yes'm, there's my job."

She turned a blank face toward him.

"What d'you mean—your job? Always thinking of business, aren't you?"

"I wasn't thinking of business then."

"Then what did you mean? It's right pretty, of course, but I've seen prettier. It's so bare."

"That's it," he replied. "That's my chance."

She did not know what to say to this, and after a while they rode downward.

"Did you ever stop to think," he asked, with an odd hesitation, "how the Lord often fixes up a country so that all us humans have to do is work? Yes, ma'am. He puts everything we'll ever need in a stretch of land somewheres—except water, maybe, or trees—and then He steps back and says, 'Well, boys, go to it.'"

"Oh, James! That's wicked!"

On another occasion they were resting on the porch at sundown after a hard day's work. Milburn sat on the steps, smoking. His wife rocked back and forth in a cane chair. The mountain tops glowed in the last flare of day. Below their shaggy shoulders was a sheen of deep lavender, and tiny clouds curled and twisted in the hollows high up their sides. Twilight lends a majesty to the cow country that makes the petty cares of the day seem trivial and far away. Milburn gazed out over his broad acres and peace suffused his soul.

The lowing of cattle came faintly to his ears; a string of them wound over a rise, heading slowly to water. It had rained during the day and he sniffed in the sweet, soothing smell of refreshed earth.

"It's so pretty it sort of hurts," he said gruffly.

"I don't see anything so pretty about it," was her reply. "Only some ol' cows. It's too lonely for me."

"Look at those beauties, will you? Here comes the horses, too. . . . 'The evening brings all home'—I read that somewhere in a book when I was a kid."

She laughed with a flat note that jarred him.

"That may be so with cattle, but not with humans," she remarked. "It used to take dad down to the Mansion House."

A long silence.

"So this country is lonely, hey? Yes, I reckon it would be that way to you. I been in your country, too, and it's mighty sweet. Say, Abbie, did you ever sit and listen to a field of wheat grow? Or corn?"

"Don't talk foolish, James. You can't hear them grow."

"Can't hear 'em! Why, man alive, yes, you can! You can most see 'em too. I've sat by the hour figuring what it's all about. How did it start anyhow? And why? Often ——"

"Shucks, you do say the craziest things sometimes, James. . . . Did Ike turn that mule out? He's liable to get hungry unless."

He shot a quick look at her, then strode down to the corrals. Alone there, he squatted on the ground and began to whittle. He whittled and whittled, now and again glancing up impatiently or shifting his hat on his head. At last he rose and gave himself a shake and went back up to the house. That shake was almost as if a door clanged somewhere.

In many ways she was much more practical than he. Jimmy did nothing but build air castles for their boy's future—when he should arrive. He grew very tender with his wife and often sat with his arm about her, rubbing his hair against hers.

"I'll make him an engineer," he declared. "He'll be a great man, Abbie. He won't have to fight and sweat for nickels—he'll be able to build and build. Crackee, what a country he'll make of this! Me, I'm only ——"

"Don't count your chickens before they're hatched," she answered. "Besides, I don't want him to be a great man."

"What do you want then?"

"Well, if he's kind, and good to his wife ——"

"Hell's bells!" exclaimed Milburn. "Is that all?"

"And quit rubbing my hair that way. I do believe you picked up that habit watching cows lick each other."

All this happened during the first half year of their married life. Afterward he waded into work harder than ever, and Abbie never again heard him say crazy things. He treated her as well as most busy men treat their wives, perhaps better; and she was content. In fact, they got along extremely well.

The baby died at birth, and he came near losing his wife too. Never a word out of him about their loss; the sympathy of friends was received in cold silence. His face was grim in those days of strain, but he betrayed no emotion.

An Empire Lay at Their Feet—League on League of Rolling Land, With Big Blue Blotches of Shadow Moving Over the Foothills, and a Mountain Range Lifting Scarred Heads to the Skies

Shortly after Abbie got out for the first time, Milburn received a letter from Albert Turner. It was brimming with bad news. His wife had left him, business was punk and he didn't know what to do.

"What did she leave him for?" inquired Mrs. Milburn.

"Just because he was broke, so Albert says."

"I'll bet it was all his fault."

"No-o, I ain't so sure. Harriet was always a nagger. She used to ride that poor feller with spurs on every time he opened his mouth."

"Then why didn't he keep it shut?"

"Well, I reckon it was an even break, as far as that's concerned. Albert says she never understood him, and they never ought to've got married in the first place."

"Just like a man," declared Mrs. Milburn. "He must be a no-account, to talk that way."

"Shucks, no. Albert's all right."

"He can't make a living—you've admitted that yourself."

"Well, maybe that's so. Albert's always chuck-full of ideas, but they never get him anywheres."

"Do you aim to lend him that money?"

"Well, I'll see."

Albert had asked for a loan of five hundred dollars. The insurance business was on the blink, Harriet had taken all his ready cash, and the court had ordered him to pay her twelve dollars a week separation allowance. Milburn sent him a hundred and urged that he spend it carefully; because perhaps it would last him until he got things fixed up. A hundred dollars ought to go a long way in Beechville, he pointed out.

Some months passed and then came a telegram from Albert asking if Jimmy could give him a job. The cowman emitted a snorting laugh and was on the point of wiring no, but he decided to sleep on it. And during the night old memories began tugging at his heartstrings. He thought of the days they had played together in the orchard, of their games and Albert's leadership in them. Next day he replied:

"O. K. Come ahead.
JAMES MILBURN."

Hardly had the telegram gone when he repented of it. Oh, well, it was done now. Probably Albert would be of no earthly use, but he would find something for him to do. And as a man went through life he contracted certain moral obligations which had to be shouldered. Albert was one of his, and Albert wasn't a bad scout at that—there wasn't an ounce of harm in him.

He did not mention to his wife what he had done until the day before Albert was to arrive. Then he told her in a brusque, carefully casual tone.

"What on earth did you do that for?" she demanded. "And without saying a single word to me!"

"You don't have to bother with him."

"Why don't I? He'll be here with us, won't he?"

"Of course not. I'll find him some sort of job and he can bunk with the boys. He don't need to stay with us."

"Well, anyhow, you might have asked me. He had his nerve! I bet that means he'll live off you the rest of his life, James Milburn."

Her husband grunted. "I'll make the rascal step lively," he promised.

"Shucks, he's no good! I can tell from his letters."

Greatly to Milburn's surprise, Albert had changed very little in appearance

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Plupy's Father Supplies a Few Tales of His Boyhood

By Henry A. Shute

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE TURNER

FRIDAY, May 28, 186 -aint it queer how things wirk out. i lost my alto horn whitch i thougt was most the best thing i had xcept Nellie and then father was going to sell Nellie and if it hadent been for me shooting her with a slingshot and having her run away with Gimmy Bedell and throw him out with most $4 dollers and $.75 cents wirth of flower and carosene oil and salt fish and shaker applesass and smach the wagon and tare the harniss to peaces why old Si Smith wood have bougt her but he dident.

So i was so glad to get Nellie back that i dident feel haff as bad as i thougt i wood about my alto horn. ennyway i had got usted to bad luck becaus for a grate menny years i had been triing to save money enuf to by a cornet but evry time i wood get about $1. saved or $1. and $.35 cents whitch was the most i ever did save i wood have to lend sum of it to Beany or Pewt or wood have to pay for a window i had broke and got caugt for or sumtimes pay for a window that sumbody elce had broke and laid it onto me and i dident dass to let the man whitch sed I broke his window go to father about it for father wood probly think i was lieing about it and wood lick me and maik me pay for the window two.

so i desided i wood never get money enuf for my cornet and after that i spent my money for gibs and Juju paist and sody water and root beer and clay pipes to smoak sweetfirn in and i have had a mutch better time than when i was saiving my money and getting two meen to spend a cent.

father always sed that was the truble with uncle Robert, my fathers uncle and old Ike Shute, my fathers cusin. father sed they was so busy saving money that they dident drink or smoak or fite or go to dances or up river and in swimming with the girls. i dident meen that. i ment go in swimming and up river with the girls. what i reely ment was to go in swimming with the other fellers and not with the girls whitch is sumthing that is never allowed to be did here, and to go up river in a boat with the girls to picknicks whitch is frequently the case.

well as i was saying uncle Robert and old Ike never went to county fairs and nigger minstrel shows and levees and tirky shoots and raffles at Thanksgiving or nothing and dident have enny fun in life.

well aunt Sarah whitch always stands up for them when father is maiking fun of them sed well ennyway George, George is father you know, Aunt Emmy, she is uncle Roberts wife and old Ikes mother, is very charitible at Thanksgiving time and gives away a grate deel. and father he sed yes i know all about it Sarah, Aunt Emmy will send Ike down to the store with $.75 cents to by stuff, mostly dride apples and salt fish, and she will maik about 40 parcils out of it and she usted to get me to taik them round to give them to the people because Issack cood not go out after dark becaus he was afrade of the dark and mother maid me go and the only way i got out of it was by giving the parcils to the rong peeple on perpose and uncle Robert wanted father to lick me and father told him he woodent lick me and if Emmy wanted to send round enny moar parcils she had better let Isack do it or do it herself. that is what father sed.

then aunt Sarah sed well George you were always a grate trial to Uncle Robert and Aunt Emmy and to Issack and father sed well Sarah i always tride verry hard to be and from what they sed about me and the number of times they complaned to the polise about me i flatter myself that i succeeded. but uncle Robert and cusin Issack were a grate trial to me without trying. so i gess we are even sister thou art mild and luvly, gentle as a summer breeze, that is what father calls Aunt Sarah when he wants to have sum fun with her.

well i had a pretty good time yesterday in school and injoyed myself verry mutch to set back in my seet and see Beany and Pewt and Ticky and Pop get licked and to know that i hadent done ennything to get licked for. and when Beany hit old Francis in the snout with that spitball i thougt i shood die laffing. and old Nigger Bell with the ink running down his face and old Pop Clark maiking faces and pertending he coodent stop. o gosh i neerly dide. if that old king in the story of the loss of the white ship in the 4th reeder and whitch fell to the ground like a ded man and was never afterwards seen to smile had been in school he wood have laffed. he coodent have helped laffing. nobody cood

grandmother when she was alive was always telling me to count my blessings and that means good luck things and i have been doing that and when a feller laffs so that he has a pane in his side i think he is lucky.

so up to today things has been going pretty well for me and i have had pretty good luck. but things began to go rong today erly this morning. evry morning i have to split wood enuf to fill a woodbox about as big as a hen house and holds about a cord of wood whitch i have to carry in after

(Continued on Page 178)

Just Then Beany's Father Rushed Up and Grabed Him and Hit Him a Awful Whang on the Head and Put On the Handcuffs

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Daddy's Nondetachable Cuffs

On Saturday, While Her Old Man Was Out in Front Waiting on the Trade, She Dropped Her Eyes, Blushed and Said She Would

By ROLAND KREBS

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE TURNER

YES, the teeth that clicked off that crack that love will find a way certainly ground out a gumful. Look at Cinderella and George T. Charming, and John Alden and Priscilla. Then, there's Bing-Bang Burkett and Paula LaBonde.

What? Who are they? Say, Joe, you don't know nothing. Never heard of Bing-Bang Burkett? My, my, my, my, my!

Look at here, Harry; some day I'm going to check up with you and explain who General Pershing, Santa Claus and John McGraw are; but right now I want to tell you that Bing-Bang Burkett and class vaudeville were always seen together like right and left feet. Why, Jake, the bologny had one of the applausiest twenty-two-minute turns in the here-and-there!

Never heard of —— Honest, Billy, I'm surprised with you. You got to keep out of the sun.

But here; I'm all through abusing you. Just tilt your best ear a little more this way and listen at me.

They billed him as plain Howard Burkett, but everybody in the two-a-day called him Bing-Bang. That was because, among other things in his trick musical act, he bing-banged tunes out of xylophones made out of vinegar bottles, different lengths of gas pipe and such like that. That jobbie could wheedle a tune out of a rusty egg beater. I so help me believe he could make a tomcat howl Rachmaninoff's Prelude in C sharp Minor, according to the way he twisted its tail. He could play any melody that you and all your grandmothers can think of on cigar-box fiddles, coconut shells, steel saws, combs, dishpans, stove lids and, I guess, even rubber overshoes.

There wasn't a musician down in the trench of any house on the big Colossus Circuit that didn't envy and admire Bing-Bang. He had nearly enough admirers to start a third party—one that would finish first.

Being a shrewd student of other things besides the end of my nose, I have no hesitation whomsoever in saying that among these admirers Paula LaBonde was right up in the front row.

There was a pretty! Paula should have lived a brace of centuries ago, before bold knights learned that tin makes better rain spouts than three-piece suits, and empires would have gone to smash over her as sure as the sun rose in the east a week ago last Tuesday. Paula had what comes in twin orders seldomer than Halley's Comet does—beauty and good sense. She had heaps of soft, silky, wavy, black hair and those there eyes that catch a beam of light, polish it up and bounce it back at you twice as bright as it was before. She could give away seven-eights of her complexion and she'd still be a lulu. Her only drawback was her father, Antoine LaBonde. He was just one more handcuff wizard.

Paula, in a pretty little page's uniform, helped her old man in his act. She handed the old cuckoo his leg shackles, handcuffs, Oregon boots, manacles, padlocks and chains. After telling the audience, and offering to let them prove it to theirselves, that a ordinary person could get out of these knickknacks with the same ease that they could unbutton their skin and put it on a coat hanger, LaBonde let Paula seal him up in them like he was a registered letter. Then he would wiggle out with a sniffy grin baked on his face, like as if he wanted to say, "Humph! So easy!"

Antoine—he called hisself Prof. Antoine LaBonde—climaxed his routine by sitting down in the center of the stage close to the foothights, where he had a great big screw eye screwed into the floor. Paula first handcuffed the old gizzard to this screw eye. Next she shackled his feet together. Then she wound logging chains tightly around his legs from his ankles to his hips and padlocked them. When Paula finished you'd be ready to swear that either a bunch of blacksmiths had been playing practical jokes on her daddy or else a couple of shelves from a hardware store had spilled all they had around him. But the prof was smart to his stuff and he would wiggle himself free faster than you can drop a white-hot horseshoe.

LaBonde always let a bunch of the taxpayers come up on the stage and examine his playthings. His stuff was the works, all right.

What's the matter with him? I'm getting to that, Joe.

First and foremost, LaBonde liked himself so well that he thought theaters were just a experiment until he came along and began providing real entertainment. To him all other actors were a mob of hoboa that should have been pushing wheelbarrows, manning brooms or doing other work where they would be costumed in overalls.

The prof believed that Edwin Booth would have been fit to open a pop-house bill if Ed had got himself six or seven trained snakes by way of material, and he would have trusted Joseph Jefferson in the deuce spot, provided Joseph Jefferson had a good piano player to help him over the bumps.

"I should think," I said one day to LaBonde, "that you'd be afraid some day some guy—a handcuff inventor, let's say—might come up out of the audience with a new contraption that would make a boob out of you before a whole house."

"Afraid anybody would make a boob out of me? You're crazy," said Antoine. He put that along with a cow path in the Crystal Room of the Ritz and other impossible things. "Did anybody ever make a boob out of Thomas Edison, George Washington or Marco Polo?"

"I never knew they had handcuff acts."

"They never, you lunkhead. What I mean is that they were stars at their particular racket. They survived because they knew their bread and molasses. And that's why nobody'll ever be able to put out a handcuff that I can't take off like a sleeve garter. I got them whipped before they start."

Beat that one! A party with his self-confidence should, no fooling, be trying to sell bath salt to deep-sea divers.

The plain truth of the matter, Jake—and remember that I wouldn't fool a friend—is that Antoine was slipping. He

wasn't as spry as he once was and he hadn't made any effort for years to get any fresh stuff into his act full of hokum. When he came out and did his tricks, veteran audiences were just as surprised and stupefied as Henry is when Edsel tells him, "Well, pop, we sold another car today."

The second thing wrong with LaBonde, George, is that he didn't like Bing-Bang Burkett. I'd never heard of anybody not liking Bing-Bang. Nobody else had ever heard of anybody not liking Bing-Bang. Did you ever hear of anybody not liking him? All right.

The old shooting pain's dislike for the kid dated back to the time that the circuit decided LaBonde without some new stuff was no longer headline caliber. Antoine found one day on reporting at the theater that Bing-Bang, which he had never seen before, was billed next to closing and the handcuff racket had been shoved back to the trey

Now, Hurry, Bing-Bang was responsible for that. Yes, he was! And he was also responsible for the Russian-Japanese War. LaBonde, had there been anything in his head except raw material for kitchen-knife handles, would have realize that. But instead he blamed our little Mr. Burkett.

"What do you mean," he screeched, "by talking yourself into the spot that belongs to me?"

Bing-Bang, whom is a shy young man, told the old bullfrog he hadn't had nothing to do with the rearrangement.

"Aw, bologny! My experience is been that you don't get nothing in vaudeville without you ask for it and keep on asking for it, and my hunch is that you asked for the gravy spot at my expense."

"Daddy—daddy!" Paula pleaded with the old rattlesnake. "I'm sure you're doing Mr. Burkett a wrong. There must be a misunderstanding somewhere."

Paula tried her best to make her old man see that maybe, after all, there was one or perhaps two other headliners in vaudeville besides Prof. Antoine LaBonde. He could stand on Troost Avenue in Kansas City and see the sun set in Finland before he could see any such argument.

When Bing-Bang heard this pretty young woman, a perfect stranger to him, taking his part, his heart began to thump over her in a way that was nothing short of peace disturbance. I guess you know how it is with a little guy like Bing-Bang, George. With everybody picking on them, they get accustomed to fighting all their battles alone. So Paula, to Bing-Bang, was a special-delivery package from heaven. He didn't think any more of her than Patrick Henry thought of liberty.

Naturally LaBonde didn't clap his hands and say "Oh, goody, goody!" when Paula rallied to the help of the small party, so he decided to pool all his dislikes for other actors into one big dislike for Bing-Bang Burkett. Now that's a considerable collection of dislike, Harry.

In a way, Bing-Bang's sudden interest in Paula was no less unhealthy than a combination attack of pneumonia, heart failure and headache. You see, Antoine LaBonde was scared to death that some bozo would fall in love with his motherless daughter and take her away from him. I myself personally can't see anything wrong with that. Considering how disagreeable he was, Paula should have been taken away from him by act of Congress, say I.

Antoine watched Paula more closely than a bricklayer watches the clock between five P.M. and ten minutes of He followed her same as a milk wagon follows its horse. Paula might have just as well been a grizzly bear in a zoo. Her daddy kept her locked up that much. He saw to it that she was in her hotel room every night and never in the company of any man under the age of ninety-nine.

If you were a male, your chances for getting gay with Paula were equally good for playfully punching the ribs of the Emperor of Japan. Her paw was built for business too. He stood six feet tall, in or out of his socks, and he had a muscle or two and a sinew or so more than was absolutely necessary for a man who likes quiet living.

In spite of all these discouraging features, Bing-Bang got to love Paula in a way that made that Lochinvar egg look as though he cared more for his used razor blades than he did for the girl friend Ellen.

"I want you to quit hanging around that cheap dishpan thumper," LaBonde told Paula as soon as he noticed Bing-Bang's growing calflike expression.

Could anything be any wronger than that except maybe to say that Admiral von Tirpitz was the best President the United States ever had?

In the first place, Paula hadn't been hanging around Bing-Bang. He had been drawn to her by personal magnetism which, if Homer and them other daffy Greeks had seen it, would have made Helen of Troy a tramp to them. In the second place, Bing-Bang wasn't no cheap dishpan pounder, as I've tried to make you see, Billy. Believe me, wherever that boy played, the aisles in the rear had plenty of vertical customers, so that the circuit gave him everything in his contract except the kitchen sink in the president's home. Franz Schubert, with Bing-Bang's musical education, would have been able to finish that Unfinished Symphony without getting stuck half through it and having to quit.

Of course Paula didn't tell Bing-Bang what her daddy had said, and so the kid continued whenever it was possible to pause in her locale and remark that it was warm again that day or something of similar staggering importance that I guess Paula hurried to jot in her diary.

"If you don't quit annoying my daughter," LaBonde finally told the lad, "what I'll do to you won't leave anything left for your nearest of kin to identify."

It wouldn't have been any job at all for LaBonde, because Bing-Bang had no more weight, height or muscle then Jackie Coogan has public birthdays. In fact he did swing on Mr. Burkett one fine day, and if a electrician hadn't stepped in and sliced the old lad's approach, I guess Bing-Bang would have been digging pieces of his right cheek out of his left ear to this day.

After that, every time that LaBonde thought Bing-Bang Burkett was going near Paula, the old tadpole would stare at the kid until he was sure Bing-Bang had changed his mind and decided to play three-cushion or get a haircut instead. If Bing-Bang had been a no-good spaniel that had worn the steps of half a dozen police-patrol wagons, I'd have said LaBonde's rough stuff was all covered with O. K.'s. But if Bing-Bang was a no-account, Alice picked pockets in Wonderland.

Most of the general public believes there are two things no actor ever thinks about. One is how much better everybody else is in the show than he is, and the other is the rainy day. Well, as far as Bing-Bang's concerned, you could

(Continued on Page 90)

"Does That Mean," Asked Mulcahey, "That You're Going to Have This Tough Old Tomato Around You All the Time?"

Endurance — Long Life — *The Great Products of*

CHRYSLER STANDARDIZED QUALITY

By J. E. FIELDS

The motor car industry admits today that, working under the personal direction of Walter P. Chrysler, Chrysler engineering and manufacturing have contributed more basic improvements to the automobile than had been brought forth in the past decade.

There is scarcely a motor car of importance today that is not striving to emulate Chrysler design and practice, Chrysler performance and appearance.

The influence of Mr. Chrysler and his associates is bound to be even more pronounced in the future as the logical result of the Chrysler plan of Standardized Quality.

Chrysler standardization of quality, is the *honest interpretation, by way of co-ordinated engineering and precision manufacturing, of the fundamental principles of engineering science.*

It was given its first revolutionary expression in the Chrysler "70", and now extends to the lighter six Chrysler "60", the new Chrysler "50", finest of fours and reaches its supreme interpretation in the Imperial "80", as fine as money can build.

The power and speed of all Chrysler cars are designed to excel the power and speed of any previous stock engine of the same size. Along with these is a fuel economy whose like has never before been dreamed of in conjunction with such performance.

Chrysler owners and the entire industry have learned:—that Chrysler power and speed are permanent qualities.

That Chrysler engines are designed and built to stand high speed; not in a momentary spurt, or once or twice in their entire life, but for a day at a time, and day after day, for thousands upon thousands of miles.

And that, in the net, is what Chrysler standardized quality gives.

A speed ability, a power ability, an economy far in excess of the ordinary and the average, as the result of a fixed and complete inflexible quality standard which enforces the same scrupulously close limits—the same rigid rule of engineering exactness—the same absolute accuracy and precision of alignment and assemblage—in the measurement, the machining and the manufacturing of every part, practice and process in four lines of Chrysler cars—"50", "60", "70" and Imperial "80".

Chrysler standardization of quality, is the *honest interpretation, by way of co-ordinated engineering and precision manufacturing, of the fundamental principles of engineering science.*

And this rare and unique co-ordination of engineering and manufacturing gives to each and all of four lines of Chrysler cars, that rare and vital ability to go on through months and years, delivering power and speed and economy with an eagerness and a certainty that only a Chrysler owner understands and counts on.

J. E. Fields

And this rare and unique co-ordination of engineering and manufacturing gives to each and all of four lines of Chrysler cars, that rare and vital ability to go on through months and years, delivering power and speed and economy with an eagerness and a certainty that only a Chrysler owner understands and counts on.

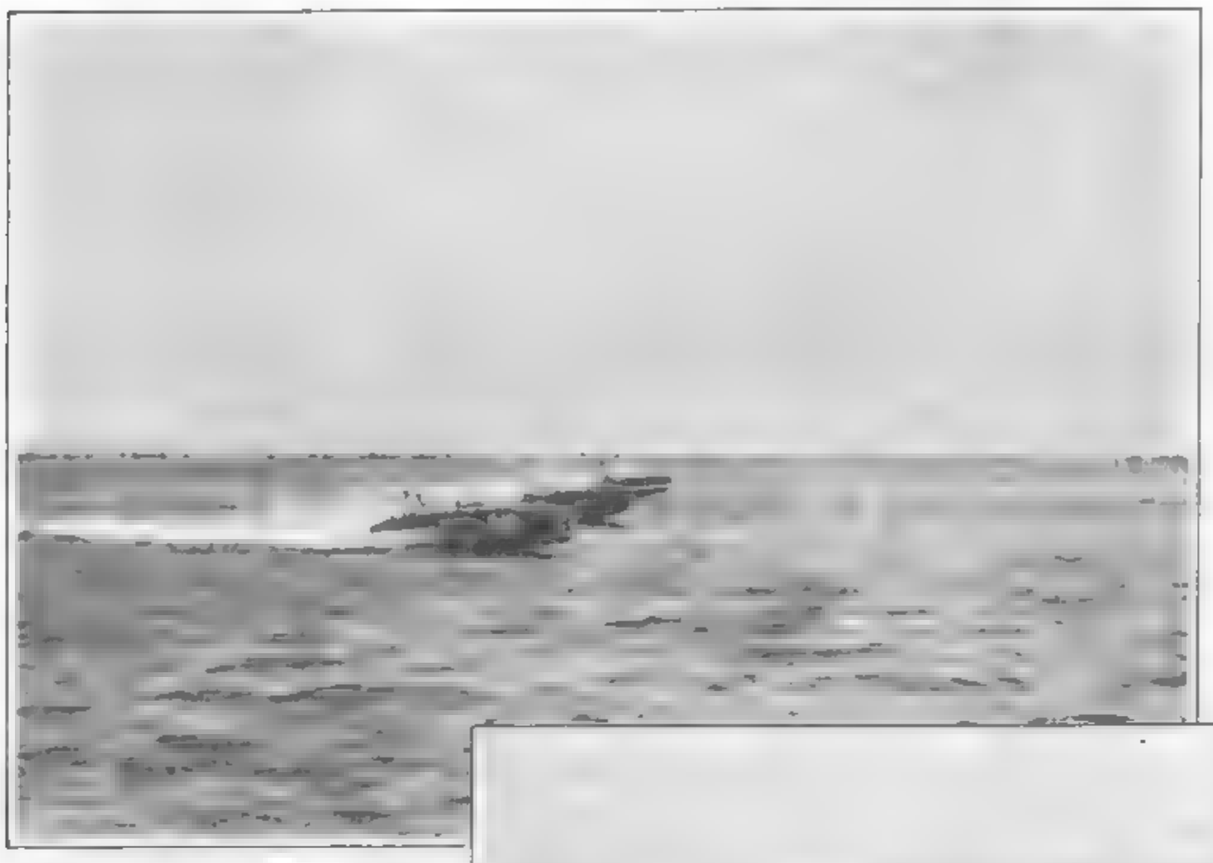
BUILT AS ONLY CHRYSLER BUILDS

CHRYSLER

"50 — 60 — 70 — 80"

CHRYSLER MODEL NUMBERS MEAN MILES PER HOUR

SPEED—By Frank Parker Stockbridge



A Race Between Displacement Boats of the Gold Cup Class; 25 Feet Over All, Powered With Motors of 625 Cubic Inches' Piston Displacement

WHAT I like about this game is the excitement," said Otis Beard. Otis was to drive Baby Sunshine in her twelfth race on the morrow. I was the only one of the dozen men sitting around the big table at the Magnolia in St. Augustine who was not a speed-boat racer. The others had been discussing the chances of their respective craft in the coming regatta, their conversation interspersed with technical jargon which had interested me far less than some of Otis' anecdotes of his experiences as a circus gymnast, a motorcycle stunt rider and an aviator. Otis Beard is a mild-looking little fellow with a tenor voice, a mop of curly red hair and a smile like a country boy's; and after exhausting the thrills of his earlier professions, he had gone into motorboat racing for excitement.

Miss Hasty, Driven by Cliff Burdick, Making a Hairpin Turn

True, I had got a considerable kick out of my own limited experience as a passenger in speed boats. Chasing wild ducks across Tampa Bay—and sometimes passing them—with Ed Burgess at the steering wheel of Miss Tampa, speculating audibly on our chances of hitting a piece of driftwood—"I sheared a 2-by-12 timber in two, right over there one day," he said, "but that was just luck in hitting it square on; a stick you can't see might sink us"—I had experienced a mixture of sensations, the chief and most enduring of which was that if we kept on out to sea we could beat the setting sun across the Gulf of Mexico. Forty miles an hour on the water, especially as close to the water as the speed-boat rider perforce travels, is guaranteed to give almost anybody who has never done it the impression of covering space faster than man ever sped before. But that there was anything about racing such craft to put an additional kink in the hair of a chap with Otis Beard's venturesome past seemed improbable.

A Neophyte of the Hell-Divers' Club

I MUST have lifted an incredulous eyebrow, for Cliff Burdick hurled a challenge at me across the table.

"If you don't think there's a kick in it, tell you what I'll do. I'll take you out in Miss Hasty as maginnis in the free-for-all tomorrow."

"Maginnis" is racing slang for mechanician, and the mechanician is the chap who goes along to help the driver. I had seen many races, but had never noticed the maginnis doing anything in particular.

"Show me what I have to do and I'll take it on," I said. I began to suspect that I had spoken rashly as I noticed the peculiar smile that went around the table.

"All right," Cliff responded, "I'll bring the crate down to the landing stage at nine o'clock and show you the works."

The conversation immediately took a turn calculated to convince a novice that the hazards of motorboat racing were sufficient to gratify the most ardent sportsman.

"That hotel clerk isn't over his scare yet," remarked Jeff Touart, by way of starting the hazing. "How should I know the poor fish couldn't swim? He asked for it, didn't he?"

"He ought to be thankful to be initiated into the Hell-Divers' Club," put in young Davis, of Miami. I had seen a dripping young man slipping down the hotel's rear hallway that afternoon, but had not then identified him with the dapper individual usually behind the desk. "You joined last week at Daytona, Otis," Davis went on. "How'd it happen?"

"Oh, the old crate just pulled another one of her tricks," replied Otis Beard. Baby Sunshine, I gathered from what followed, is notorious in racing circles, and I began to sense some of the excitement that had lured Beard from aviation to piloting the big hydroplane, which he once drove for a world's record of 73.6 miles an hour.

"That's faster than 300 in the air. Feels like it, anyway," he said, as he went on to describe the day in Savannah Harbor when the crate's forward rudder failed to hold the water on the turn and the boat zigzagged crazily through the entire fleet of moored yachts along the course before he got her under control.

Baby Submarine

"I WAS doing better than sixty miles, and I'd have gone through like a twelve-inch shell if I'd hit one of them," he added. "Then there was that other time, when I got in Baby Hawkeye's wake at the turn by the Davis Island bridge. She missed the bridge by inches, but she didn't miss bottom when she started for it last week at Daytona."

R. R. Smith, Baby Sunshine's owner, was acting as maginnis in the Daytona race. The wake of another speedster caught Beard's rudder and the hydroplane made a straight dive. The owner, being the less firmly

(Continued on Page 51)

Hydroplanes of the 1st Class, Starting in the Manhasset Bay Regatta of 1925

A representative Goodyear Service Station—that of Bothyshell Auto Supply, San Antonio, Texas

A real Goodyear result

A typical example of Goodyear's policy of building the greatest possible value into its products is the celebrated new cord fabric SUPERTWIST.

This unique material was originated and perfected by Goodyear to meet the special needs of the modern low-pressure tire.

Its outstanding virtue is its superior elasticity; under road-shock it stretches and recovers without breaking, like a rubber band.

This flexibility is inherent in the very structure of the material, which is unadulterated with latex, gum or filler of any kind.

SUPERTWIST makes the Goodyear SUPERTWIST Balloon a magnificently serviceable tire, but there is more to maximum tire mileage than a good product.

So as a second part of its policy Goodyear has gathered under its Service Station symbol a select group of dealers, schooled in tire values and tire care.

These dealers not only sell you Goodyear Tires, but help you give them proper attention, so that you get *all* the inbuilt Goodyear value out.

Goodyear quality and Goodyear service effect such savings for the motorist, it is only natural that "*more people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind.*"

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, INC., AKRON, OHIO

Goodyear Means Good Wear

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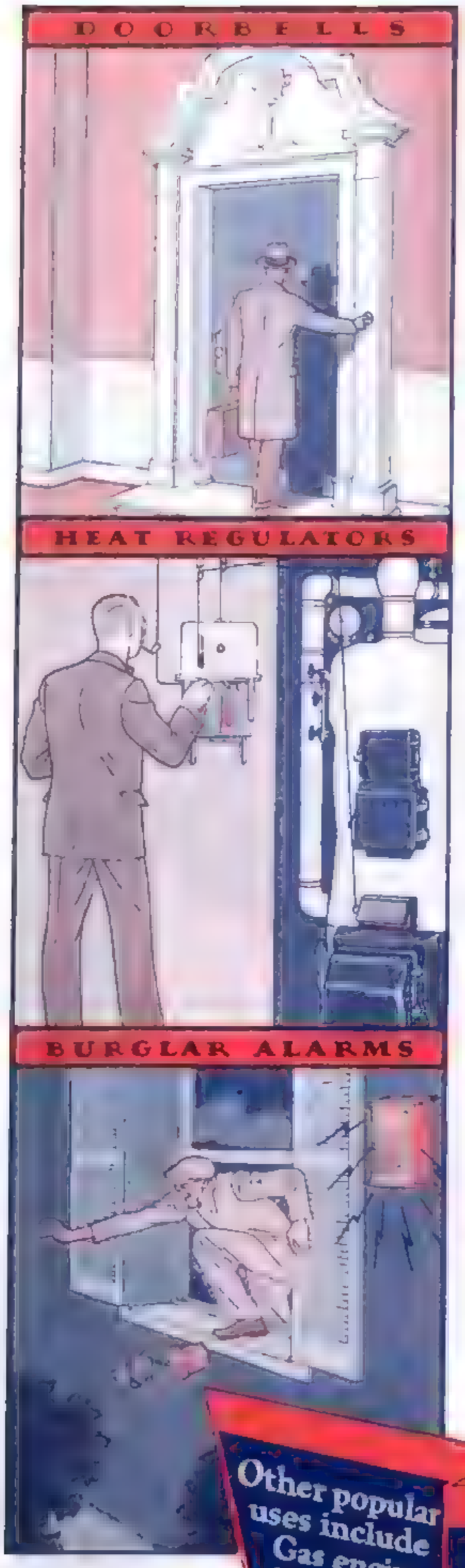
GOODYEAR



Electrical independence is yours

THERE'S an army of electrical huskies waiting your commands—Eveready Columbia Dry Batteries. March a squad into your cellar and put them on guard over your doorbell, buzzer, burglar alarm, heat regulator—their independence may be valuable, for it is proof against the interruptions that storms often, and criminals sometimes, make in wire service. Instant in action, Eveready Columbias nevertheless rest and recuperate when idle, restoring their energies. That makes them last longer, longer than you would expect unless you have already discovered how remarkably long they serve you. There is an Eveready Columbia dealer nearby.

Manufactured and guaranteed by

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.

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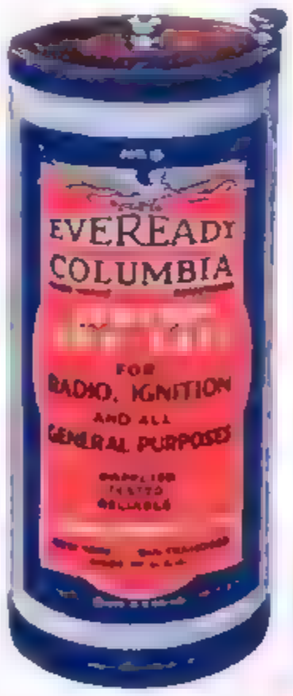
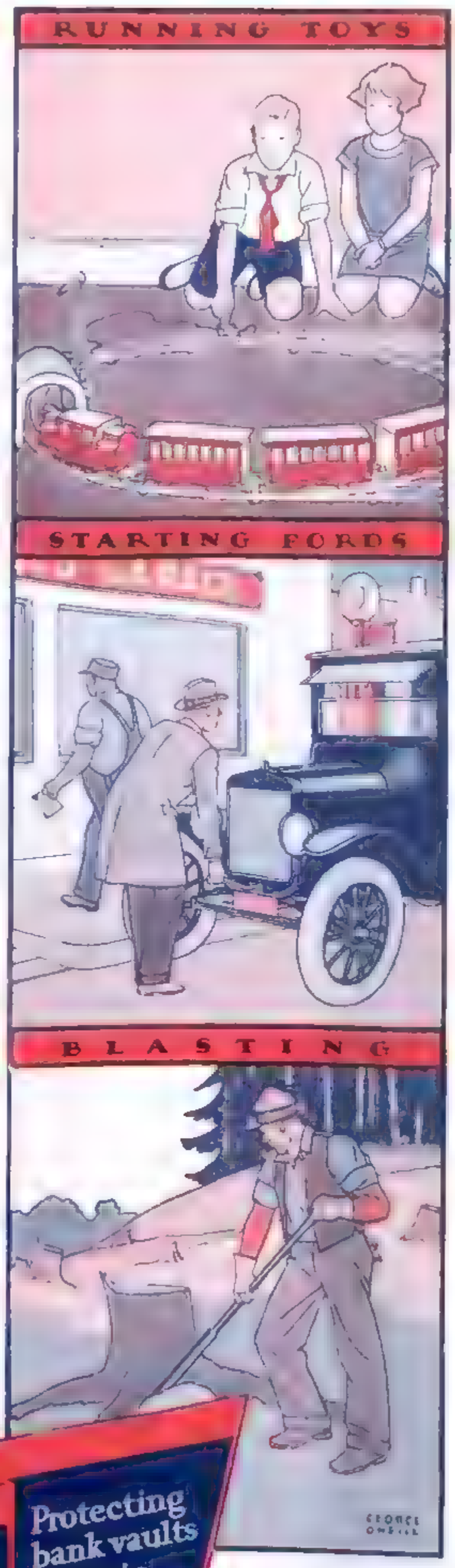


Eveready Columbia Hot Shot Batteries contain 4, 5 or 6 cells in a neat water-proof steel case. It is not a "Hot Shot" unless it is an Eveready Columbia.

Fahnestock spring clip binding posts on the Eveready Columbia Ignitor at no extra cost.



Other popular uses include
Gas engine ignition
Telephone & telegraph
Buzzers
Motor boat ignition
Tractor ignition

EVEREADY COLUMBIA Dry Batteries

they last longer

Protecting bank vaults
Electric clocks
Calling Pullman porters
Lighting tents

(Continued from Page 48)

attached of the two, rose twenty feet into the air as the boat's stern threw him like a springboard. "Looked like a slow-motion movie," remarked one of the group, who had seen the accident. Otis Beard, behind the wheel, was carried fifteen feet under water before he could untangle himself and pop to the surface. But both owner and driver were thereby qualified for membership in the Hell-Divers' Club, named for the peculiar waterfowl which is distinguished for its ability to shoot under the surface at great speed and remain submerged until the watcher gets tired of waiting for it to reappear. The Hell-Divers' Club is a most exclusive organization, admitting to membership only men who have been thrown from a racing power boat in actual competition, and each member is raised one degree for every spill.

"I should think it would be rather dangerous to be thrown out at such high speed," I commented.

"Dangerous?" echoed Commodore Trimble. "You said a mouthful. The Baby Sunshine killed one man that way—threw him against a concrete sea wall over at Tampa. Then there was the Baby—well, never mind the name, but you remember the one I mean, Otis. The owner took her down to White Lake and literally chopped her to pieces and sank her, she was such a man-killer. Two men whom I knew were killed in her."

In that vein ran the tales around the evening lamp—how the maginnis of one boat, with her planking staved in, in a collision, shoved the planks back and held them somehow until the race was finished; how young Davis, of Miami, acting as maginnis, saw the manifold come loose in the first lap, crawled up under the hood in the heat, smoke and gasoline fumes, leaned across a spark plug which gave him a shock at every explosion, and held the manifold in place to the end of the race.

Preparedness

"I SEE that I have something to look forward to," I remarked as we separated.

"You can't look forward to anything in this game," replied Cliff Burdick; "nothing but the unexpected. That's what makes it interesting."

I thought I was prepared, when I strolled down to the landing stage next morning with my host, Com. Roy Trimble, president of the Florida Power Boat Association, but there were still a few things to learn. Miss Hasty herself, though less than thirty feet long, looked mean at close range, with her exhaust pipes projecting like the guns of an antique line-of-battle ship. I inspected her works and wondered how I could, if emergency demanded it, crawl under her hood alongside the big engine, a 220-horse-power monster with 725 cubic inches of piston displacement in her eight cylinders. Not the largest engine used in racing craft, but big enough to occupy all the available space in the boat, it seemed to me, except the pilot's seat.

"Where do I sit?" I asked of Burdick.

"You don't—not while we're racing," replied Cliff. "You hang on to this rope and brace yourself against the gunwale until there's something to do—and there'll be plenty of that. Come on, get dressed." Dressing for a speed-boat race consists, I discovered, in stripping to one's undershirt, climbing into a close-buttoned suit of dungarees, donning a helmet like an aviator's, with the flaps tied over the ears to deaden the sound of the engine's exhaust, and tying on a life preserver, which is required by the rules of the racing associations in case one goes overboard.

The Ballard Boys Building Miss St. Petersburg in the Jungle. The Photograph Shows the Step in the Bottom Which Characterizes the Hydroplane

"What is my cue if I do get thrown out?" I asked. "Isn't it safest to dive to the bottom and stay there until the race is over?"

Into the Fire

"WELL, it is kind o' hard for the other boats to see a man's head sticking up in all that spray," Cliff assented. "If you get spilled you come up and wave your hand as high as you can, to warn them not to run into you. But it's best not to get spilled. It's considered kind o' disgraceful to leave the boat unless she turns over. Just watch what I do and get ready to brace yourself for the turns; you can tell by the buoys an' the position of the other boats when I'm goin' to make a turn. Besides, you've got a rope to hang on to, so if you do get thrown out you can pull yourself back." I tried to visualize the trick of pulling myself back into a boat going fifty miles an hour, as we got into the crate and I was given more specific instructions preliminary to showing off. The driver's seat is low, behind an automobile-like steering wheel, which is flanked by the throttle and the instrument board. The driver's sole concern is with the wheel and throttle; it is the maginnis who watches the instrument board and does the things which the various recording devices indicate the need of doing. I was to watch the air-pressure gauge; if that fell below two pounds, there was a handy pump behind the driver's seat with which to force more air into the gas tank

The oil gauge, I was told, required particular attention. If it dropped to twenty, my cue was to poke the driver in the back and call his attention to it; for below that figure there was danger of overheating the engine and setting the boat on fire. If the boat did catch fire I was to open a certain valve and let the air out of the fuel tank, cutting off the gas supply and thus possibly preventing an explosion. When a boat catches fire an explosion usually follows, Cliff informed me, and it is open to the driver's judgment whether the crew stays aboard and fights the fire or jumps out and swims away as rapidly as possible.

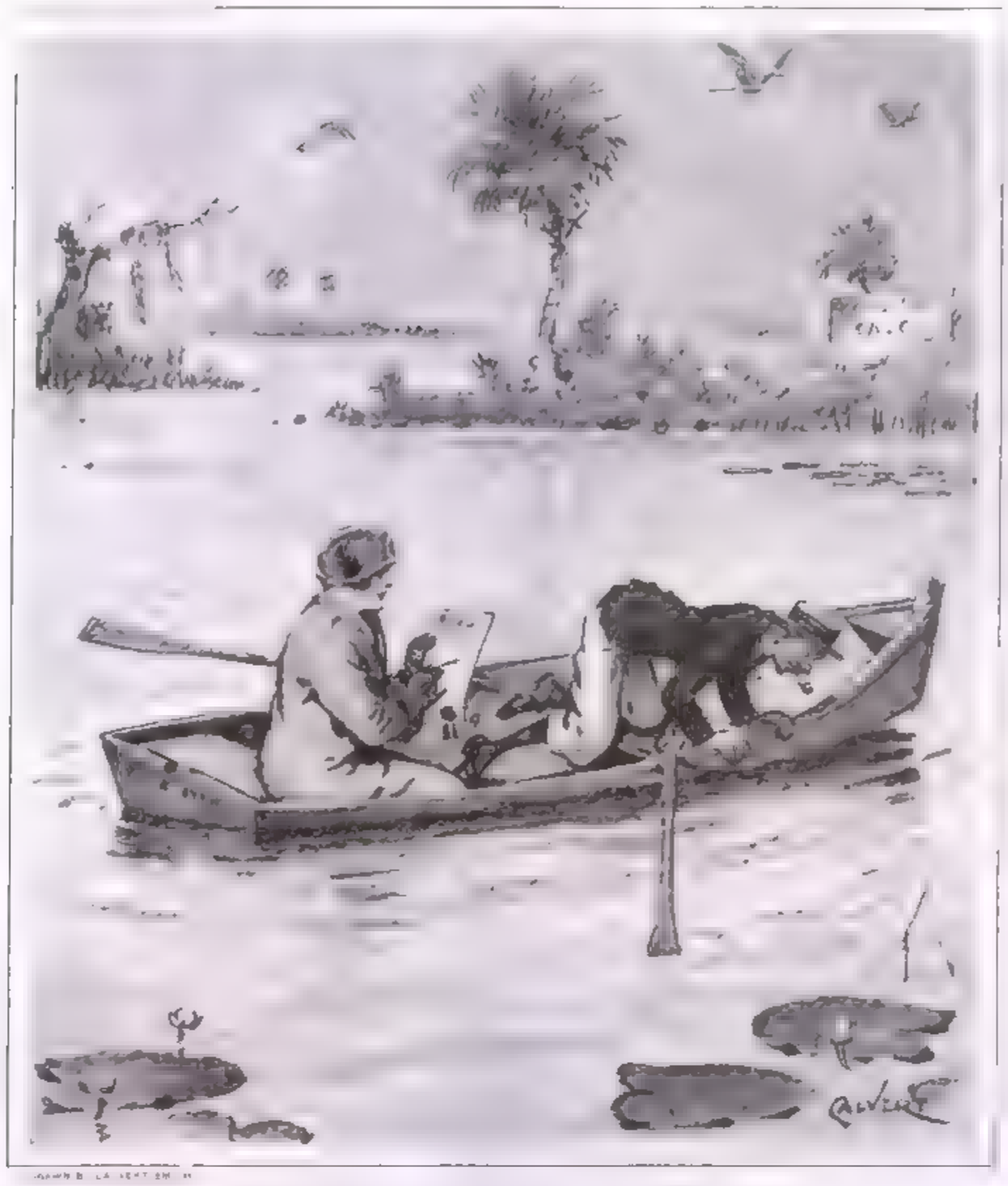
"It doesn't usually do much good to jump," Commodore Trimble assured me, "for if the gasoline is going to explode it will be blazing all over the surface of the water around the boat and you'll get burned anyway."

Miss Ohio Making a Turn on Tampa Bay

A Sea Sled in Action. Forty Miles an Hour and Seaworthiness Combined

(Continued on Page 80

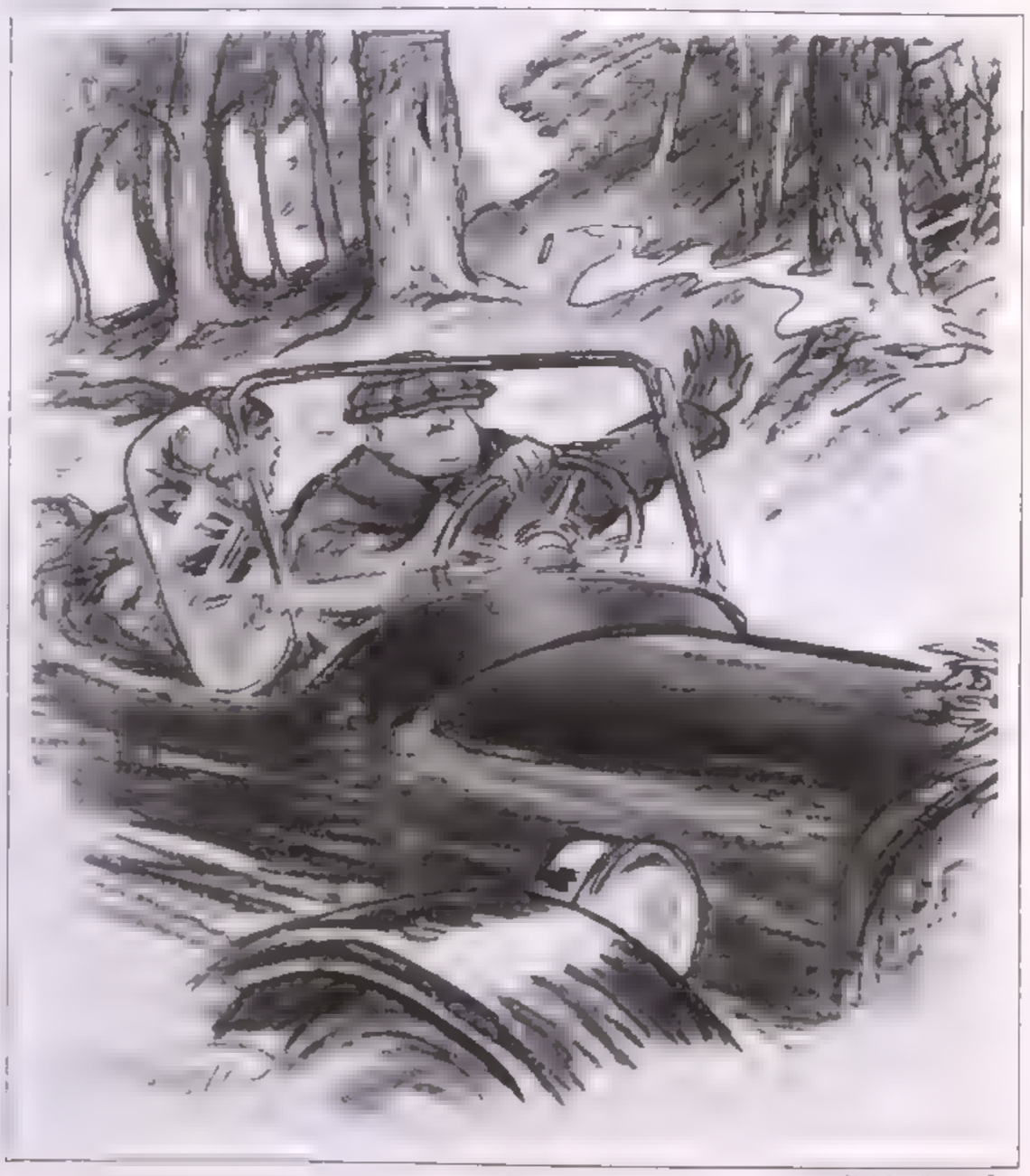
CARTOON AND COMEDY



"Do You See a Spring, Merton? The Fellow That Sold Us This Property Said There Was One on It!"

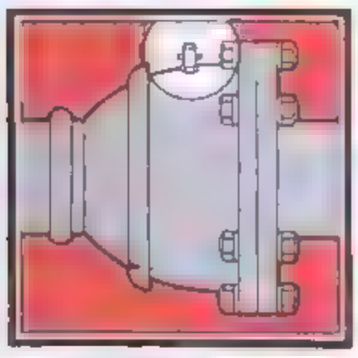
"Er—Beg Your Pardon, I Thought This Was One of These Fancy New Movie Palaces"

"I Can't Cash Your Check. You See, I Don't Know You."
"Oh, Let's Just Forge the Conventions for Once"

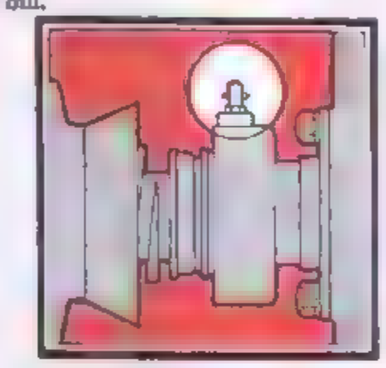


"Don't Do That, George! You Might Start a Forest Fire!"
"Quit Yer Kiddin'! The Fastest Forest Fire in the World Couldn't Catch This Car!"

6 Places to Cut the Cost of Running Your Car

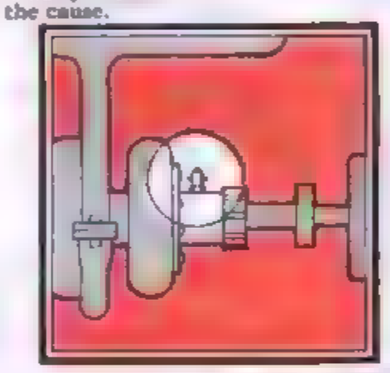


UNIVERSAL JOINTS
(Replacement cost $25 to $60)
When your car jerks and "thrashes" instead of running smoothly at low speeds the cause is usually a loose, worn universal joint. Alemite every 500 miles will entirely eliminate this type of repair bill.

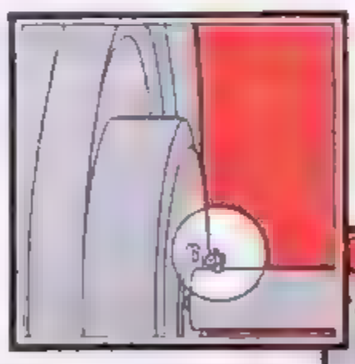


If you don't care to lubricate your own car Alemite expert lubricating service is as convenient as oil or gasoline service. Make it a habit to drive in where you see the Alemite sign—every 500 miles. 80,000 motorists drive onto these racks every 24 hours.

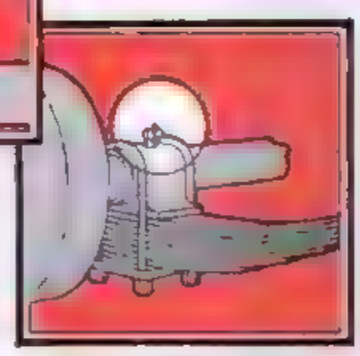
STEERING GEAR
(Cost of overhauling $20 to $50)
Hard steering and wobbly wheels are dangerous as well as expensive. Faulty lubrication is always the cause.



WATER PUMP
(Cost of rebushing $10 to $20)
A worn and leaky water pump may cause serious damage to the entire engine Regular lubrication of this hidden part is vital if you want to save repairs.



REAR AXLE BEARINGS
(Replacement cost $35 to $80)
This repair bill is almost always due to lack of attention to lubrication. Regular use of Alemite will keep your rear axles in perfect condition for the entire life of your car.



REAR SPRING SEAT
(Cost of new bushing $40 to $150)
Get acquainted with these bearings today. Neglect to lubricate them soon means replacing the entire rear axle housing. A common and costly price to pay for careless lubrication.

Eliminating the cause of 80% of repairs

Some facts about lubrication that every motorist should know

If you want to keep down the cost of running your car—start with repair bills. 80% of repairs can be easily eliminated, repair men say, by one thing. Just regular, methodical lubrication. Fleet owners have proved that you can actually reduce *operating costs* 1c to 1¾c per mile.

The 20 to 60 hard-wearing, hidden chassis bearings suffer most from neglect.

Illustrated above are 6 of these parts on your car that you should watch. Repairs on these parts alone, due to faulty lubrication, may easily cost you $125 to $350 or more in a single season. And remember, these are but 6 out of 20 to 60 chassis bearings on your car. All are subject to the same wear—if neglected. Proper care means keeping these bearings filled with clean, grit-free lubricant. High pressure lubrication every 500 miles will do it. And with this care, actual experience has proven that even after 20,000 miles of driving, your car will still be new from a mechanical standpoint.

Most cars today come equipped with Alemite or Alemite-Zerk high pressure lubricating systems. With these systems there is no guesswork. Your handy compressor *forces* fresh lubricant *entirely through* each bearing. Positive high pressure forces out all old, worn-out, gritty grease. You can *see* it work—cleaning as it lubricates.

If Alemite or Alemite-Zerk is on your car, use it—every 500 miles. That is why it is there—to save you repairs. Look for the dust-proof fittings on every bearing.

It means a saving of 1c to 1¾c per mile. Not only in repair bills, but also lessened depreciation. It reduces wear on tires and keeps your car easy riding. Used-car merchants always allow more for a car that has had this regular care.

If you want to know more about your car, write today for a copy of "Vital Spots," a free booklet on ways to reduce operating costs. It's yours for a post card.

The BASSICK MANUFACTURING CO.
2660 N. Crawford Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Canadian Address:
Alemite Products Co. of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ont.

Alemite and Alemite-Zerk equally adaptable for Industrial Machinery

ALEMITE

High Pressure Lubrication

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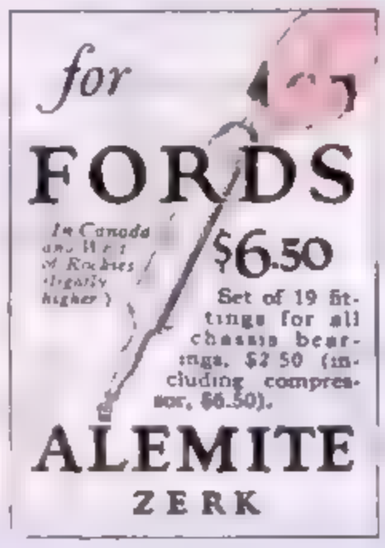

This oil is *NOT* TEXACO

The clear, golden color, an indication of quality, *is lacking in this oil.*

A few drops on a hot plate or piece of metal heated to about 800 degrees Fahrenheit will show what happens when unsuitable or poorly refined oils are used in the engine.

The smudge of carbon on the hot plate is a true indication of the greater carbon deposits on piston head, rings, exhaust valves and spark plugs.

THE TEXAS COMPANY, U. S. A.

Texaco Petroleum Products

Test it for yourself

-but this oil
IS TEXACO
It is clean, clear, golden in color, because every trace of impurity has been removed—all the dark tars; all the residues and every element that would impair its lubricating qualities.
Try a few drops of Texaco Motor Oil on the hot plate. Texaco leaves no mark of carbon.
It is the same in your motor. Texaco provides perfect lubrication for the cylinder walls and every bearing, cam and valve. It has the body to seal the piston rings and maintain compression. Then, when its work is done, Texaco leaves no carbon. Better engine work is inevitable.
THE TEXAS COMPANY, U. S. A.
Texaco Petroleum Products
TEXACO
TEXACO
MOTOR OIL

Drive a New Car ALL the Time!

Valspar's Place in the Sun!

Burning, blistering sun-heat is the worst enemy an automobile finish has to face. Under the sun's fierce attack ordinary finishes soon lose lustre and perish. *But it's different with Valspar-Enamel!* Even in India a large majority of the automobiles are Valspar-Enameled to protect them from extreme tropical heat and the long-continued, steaming rains of the monsoon seasons.

Driving, cutting sand, pounding rain, mud, grease, gasoline or tar—none of these ruthless destroyers of automobile finishes can harm Valspar-Enamel.

Valspar-Enamel is made of Clear Valspar Varnish itself, in which are ground the most beautiful colors. It has therefore all of Valspar's absolute waterproofness, toughness and brilliant lustre—in any color you want.

Re-finish your car yourself

Give your old, dingy car the bright finish of a new car. You can do the entire job yourself, with ease and at small expense. Just ordinary care is needed.

And what's more, you can finish your car in any color you want. For Valspar-Enamel comes in Red—Light and Deep; Blue—Light, Medium and Deep; Green—Medium and Deep; Orange, Ivory, Vermilion, Bright Yellow, Gray and Brown. Also in Black, White, Gold, Bronze, Aluminum and Flat Black. You can mix these colors yourself to obtain any other desired shade.

VALENTINE & COMPANY

Largest Manufacturers of High-Grade Varnishes in the World—Established 1832

New York Chicago Boston Toronto London Paris Amsterdam

W. P. FULLER & CO., Pacific Coast

This Coupon is worth 20 to 60 Cents

VALENTINE & COMPANY, 460 Fourth Ave., New York

I enclose dealer's name and stamps—20c apiece for each 40c sample can checked at right. (Only one sample each of Clear Valspar, Varnish-Stain and Enamel supplied per person at this special price.)

Valspar Instruction Book with Color Charts, 15c extra.

Print full mail address plainly.

Dealer's Name.....

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Your Name.....

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Clear Valspar ☐
Valspar-Enamel ☐
1 Color
Valspar-Stain ☐
1 Color
Valspar Book ☐

S. E. P. 10-16-26

The famous Valspar boiling water test

VALENTINE'S
VALSPAR
ENAMEL

DON'T BE YOURSELF

DECORATIONS BY WYNCIE KING

By Katherine Sproehnle

HERE'S a man," said the head of a great firm which makes and rents costumes for everything, from an international ball to a children's party, from a Broadway theatrical production to a church play in a small Ohio town, "who wants a coat made out of little fishes. Run up and tell the art department to let me have a design in a couple of hours. Then hurry to the five-and-ten-cent store and see if they can let you have two gross of those celluloid minnows. If you can't get 'em there get 'em some place else, because we've got to have 'em silvered before noon tomorrow. Customer's going as a can of sardines."

The assistant accepted the order as casually as if it were for a carload of coal, and his chief turned to a young woman who was planning to go to the same party as an oyster. The fact that she wanted to be a beautiful, alluring oyster didn't stagger the costumer at all; as I eavesdropped she agreed to a painted satin shell with a fringe skirt of seaweed and pearls, and the afternoon's work at the costume establishment was well under way.

Formerly a rather small, specialized artistic trade, the costume business has grown to amazing proportions in recent years. Without losing its distinct flair for beauty, it has become an industry which combines the widespread service of a mail-order house with the knowledge and resources of a minor museum. Cities of size—Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, San Francisco, and their like—have well-equipped shops to supply residents, but it is in New York that these establishments attain their most impressive size. Although their location is the Eastern seaboard, their scope is nation-wide—from Texas to Oregon, from Louisiana to Maine.

A Make-Believe Mail-Order Business

FROM their immense stores they are able to ship anything, from a pageant equipment of 5000 costumes to the correct clothes for an amateur theatrical performance, at a few days' notice. They can supply a private party or an entire summer hotel with costumes at the drop of a letter into the mail chute.

Stock on hand. That comprehensive, discouraging or exhilarating, as the case may be, business asset is the reason that this service is possible. One costume company in New York has in its wardrobes 50,000 guises of different sorts, another 30,000, others 10,000 and 15,000. Naturally the investment runs almost into banking figures.

It is difficult to value exactly the contents of the wardrobes, as they are in various states of usefulness and age, but one company set the replacement value of its costumes at $3,000,000, another admitted that its colorful assets would have to fetch more than a million were they to be sold.

But don't be too sympathetic over this vast outlay, for the man with the $3,000,000 investment does a yearly business of $1,000,000 from his rental to amateur theatricals, movies, pageants and private individuals. This does not include the sale of costumes made to order—a thriving department in itself. The director of the company with the smaller stock said the turnover on his investment was about 10 per cent a year.

Of this extensive business about half is in town—Manhattan and the districts of Westchester, Northern New Jersey and Long Island, which can be reached by large delivery trucks—and half spread over the country at large. The out-of-town customer who no longer wishes to have the seamstress copy the designs in the back of the fashion journal can order by a routine which assures him of a good fit as well as his heart's desire in character.

All big costumers with large stocks and shipping facilities cater to out-of-town trade with a well-oiled system. Printed blanks ask you "Kind of character, or do you wish suggestions?" Then "chest, waist, hips, inseam, insleeve, lengths from back of collar to waist, to floor, shoe size, hat size, height and weight, collar size, remarks." At the bottom of the blank it says, "This order is given with the acceptance of the following conditions and terms:

"1. To be responsible for safe and immediate return, after use, of all merchandise in same condition as received.

"2. To pay for whatever goods lost, damaged or not returned for any reason whatsoever.

"3. To pay transportation charges both ways.

"4. To accept merchandise C. O. D., including security, unless previous credit arrangements are made."

So numerous are far-away customers that many firms have a separate department, often occupying an expensive half acre of golden floor space, which does nothing but select costumes for shipping. This order selection is patronized by private individuals and organizations. The former are usually those who have been recommended by city friends, or who have seen advertisements in magazines or theater programs while visiting the city. In their ranks they number remote hostesses who will order by parcel post costumes not only for themselves but for their guests.

Though these small orders bulk pleasantly on the books, large and luscious rewards of the costume-rental business come from dealings with big groups, such as pageants, civic festivals, amateur performances, country clubs and summer hotels.

A Simple Phase of History

PAGEANTS and civic festivals have come to be one of the important manifestations of community life and are the direct result of the awakening of group consciousness. Whether it be a tiny parade of fifty or a spectacle of 22,000 people, such as that offered at the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, the costumer must be called on. From his stock, or from costumes made for the pageant, which then go back to stock, comes the equipment for most of these affairs; for he can make a pageant both historically correct and coherent in a way impossible to home dressmaking.

Outfitting 2000 or 3000 people on a few weeks' notice sounds like a Gargantuan task, but, according to a leading costumer I talked to, it is very simple. A pageant, he said, usually depicts the growth of a locality, a city, a state. This is a leaf from American history, and all it means is so many Indians, so many pioneers, Revolutionary soldiers, Civil War veterans, and so on, which are probably hanging docilely in the wardrobes of the firm. On six days' notice one establishment sent 500 costumes to Macon, Georgia, last year for a historical pageant.

It is part of the costumer's business to offer suggestions, in some instances even coach the participants. If the size of the order warrants it a man is sent to supervise the distribution of costumes.

Elaborate lists go with every shipment. Each article is numbered in a visible spot, which not only helps the wearer to assemble the correct articles but the costumer to check up items from the inventory book when the costume is returned.

Insurance companies have made a special floater policy for costume companies to take care of the inevitable mishaps which occur on these big occasions; if a bullet which has lurked undiscovered in a gun for years goes off, if a suit of armor cuts, or if a hidden pin scratches, the costumer is protected.

The rental charges for pageants and amateur theatricals are of course too various to be stated exactly, and are based on the value of the costume. The average price is from five to ten dollars for the first wearing, and half that for each subsequent wearing. In case the costume is to be worn for a long time a set price is made at the beginning.

In some instances a pageant committee will contract for the whole lot of costumes at once, and the contract price may range from $1000 to $50,000.

In the case of amateur theatricals and Little-Theater groups the quantity of costumes demanded is of course infinitely smaller, but scarcely a day goes by that the large firms do not supply four or five productions some place in the country. As the amateur groups usually produce plays that have already been given, or plays that are literary

stand-bys, the costumes can frequently be taken from stock.

College shows, like that of the Princeton Triangle Club, which recently spent about $5000 on costumes, are of course exceptions to this rule.

In the effort to amuse their members and guests, country clubs and summer hotels have come increasingly to add to the costumer's business. These people write in and ask to have 200 to 300 costumes sent out, varying in size—all costumes are made with large seams for easy alteration—character specified, so that the revelers can select for themselves, guaranteeing a certain minimum sum to the costumer. If the order justifies it, here again the costumer will send along members of his staff to advise, fit and comfort the wearers.

Taking the Shirt Off Europe's Back

OF COURSE only the great costume-rental companies can give this service. In New York, for instance, more than 170 costumers are listed in the Red Book of the telephone directory, but they range from tiny tattered shops in the poorer neighborhoods to the establishments in the Broadway district which carry a stock of upward of 50,000 costumes.

Since the dressing-up instinct spreads through all strata of society, since fancy-dress parties and amateur shows are as dear to the hearts of the indigent as to the more comfortable, these small shops thrive. They are mysterious little places, the last refuge of glamorous garments which have seen a hundred balls. Their chiffons are wispy and their golden crowns tarnished, but they rent costumes for a fraction of what the large shops charge—two and three dollars an evening, as contrasted with the impressive prices I shall discuss later.

Sometimes you will see them as you pass along a truck-ridden street, advertising their second-floor location by faded pictures—a dim Swedish dancer to the left, a Mephistopheles, complete with tail, at the right, and the inevitable ideal gentleman in full evening clothes in the center. You follow their signs up a dark hallway and discover, usually, a small room, a case of headdresses, a wardrobe of costumes and a sewing machine. Minor alterations are made on the premises, but almost no new costumes. The proprietors are often relics of the theater—property men, wardrobe mistresses, hanging on to the last vestige of make-believe.

The stock on hand here is authentic, if old; for it comes from the big places, which once or twice every year weed out their vast stores and sell by the bundle to small costumers all over the country. This is advantageous to the little man, who couldn't possibly afford the expensive materials and designs necessary, and to the great firm, which must keep its offerings fresh for a more captious clientele.

So it comes about that the big firms are the fountainhead of the whole industry—if so debonair a trade can be referred to by so solid a title—and their ways and means of assembling stock and conducting business are of absorbing interest.

Now it must be told at the outset that the big places, with their huge staffs and complicated workrooms, do not depend entirely on amateur and society affairs for their encouraging profits. Costumes for theatrical productions—drama, musical comedy, period plays—keep the machinery going. And of course the movies—think of the lush rewards of a good, big mob of 5000 Romans! But the movies and theater are taken care of by departments separate from the regular costume-rental section, and are not the concern of this article. The theater orders and buys its costumes outright, offering cash sacrifices to the gods that the show will run long enough to justify the purchase. In the case of a flop the costumes are frequently bought back at what might be termed a reduced figure.

This brings us to the question of how the costumer assembles this aforementioned vast stock, a stock which may include 8500 soldiers and diplomats of all countries—in the costume business garments are always endowed with personality. One never speaks of a ballet girl's dress; one says, "Bring me a ballet girl." Five hundred medieval ladies and gentlemen, 300 ballet dancers, 1000 costly Orientals, 600 pierrots and pierrettes, 1500 colonials, 1000 fanatics, 500 Indians, and on and on and on.

Well, he collects, he buys and he makes to order.

Much of the collecting is done abroad. Every year the big firms send a representative to Europe to buy materials, swords and original costumes of different countries, to rent and to use as models. He will travel to a small Rumanian village to get an authentic gypsy costume, to Spain to get one of the most expensive costumes made—a bullfighter's. These, heavily embroidered on suit and cape, can easily cost $2000 or $3000.

In days which are so dark for European aristocracy the costumer finds much beautiful material. The nobility has been known to sell rich court costumes as they sell jewels. As I stood in a costumer's place the other day six cases were dumped unceremoniously out of the freight elevator.

"Wonderful stuff our commissionaire has just sent us from Europe," it was explained; and in the bruised cases were dress uniforms of the navies, armies and diplomatic corps of eight European countries. Glorious stuff—scarlet, gold, blue, green, purple—all true relics of more serious fancy-dress affairs, which will be rented now like the humblest harlequin's tunic.

First-Class Secondhand Costumes

THE commissionaires find these things through advertisements in foreign papers, through friends and through ways that are their own secrets. After all, something must have become of the court dresses of the Czar's beautiful daughters!

During the slack season the costumer makes up things for stock—copies of these rich stores, copies of old plates or original designs.

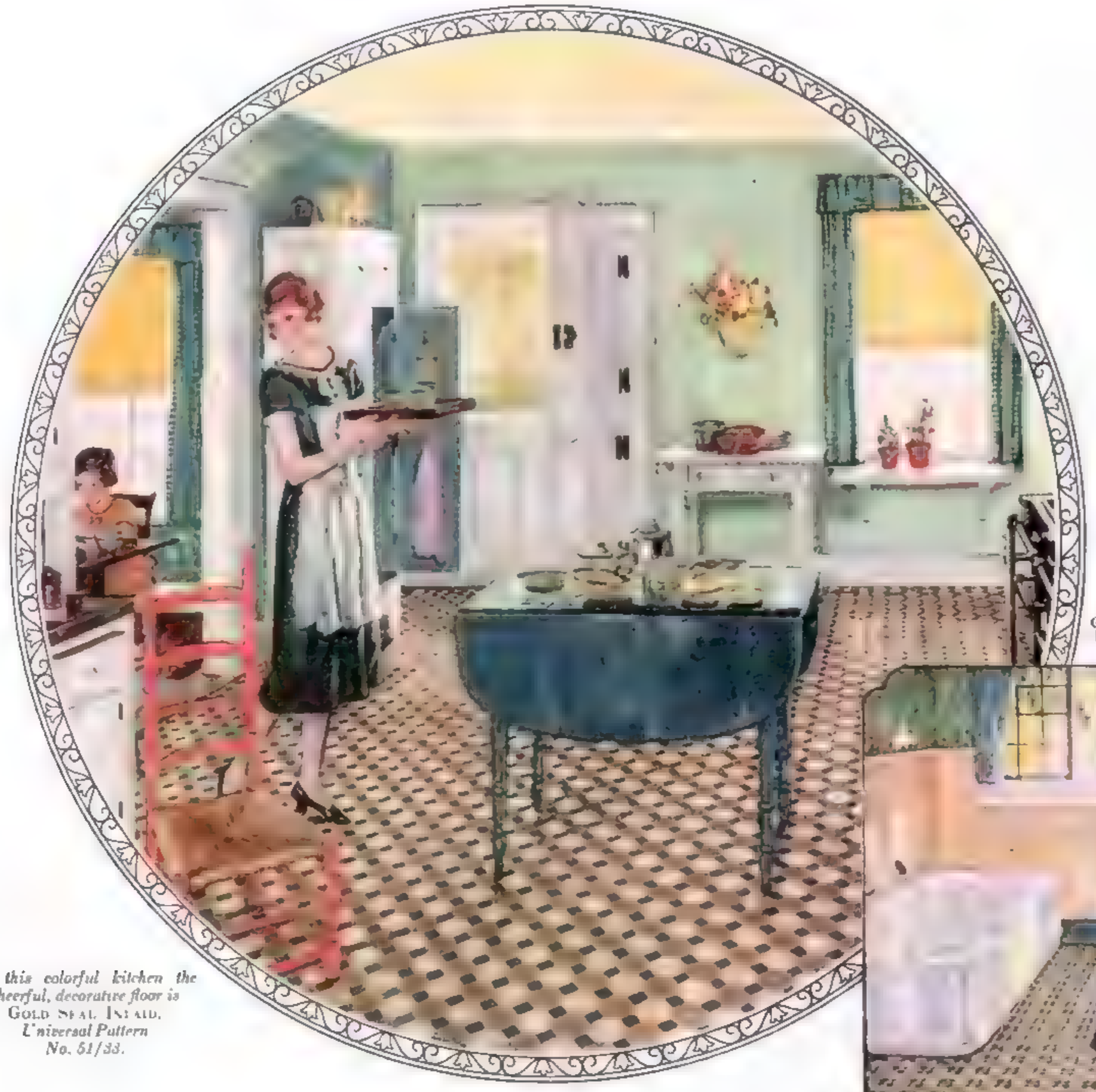
The buying of completed costumes is also done, as I said before, over the dead body of the drama and movies. It is figured that a costume worn in a show can be worn for a year before it is ready to be discarded; and the life of a tailored costume is seven or eight years. It is often an advantage to have a used costume to offer a patron. If someone wants to be a battle-worn soldier of the Revolution he wants stains on his coat, whether they be real or Thespian. Hard-times parties are a frequent form of entertainment, and sometimes a new costume must be aged by being rolled around on the floor. However, the soft-coal menace of last winter saved a good deal of work in this line.

Another advantage in having theatrical stuff on hand is that many people ask for things they have seen on the stage. People from out of town write in for the clothes of departed hits, and if they can get something actually worn by a famous actor or actress their cup is full. A young man at a ball recently was handsome and lyric because the costumer had assured him that his rented uniform had been worn once by none other than the Marquis de la Falaise et de la Coudray, husband of Gloria Swanson, in a picture.

There is also a large demand for replicas of costumes in current shows; "and if one more fat lady comes in and asks to have a costume like Marilyn Miller's in Sunny, I'll get a nice peaceful job pasting labels on tin cans. It's been a hard winter," complained a broken spirit.

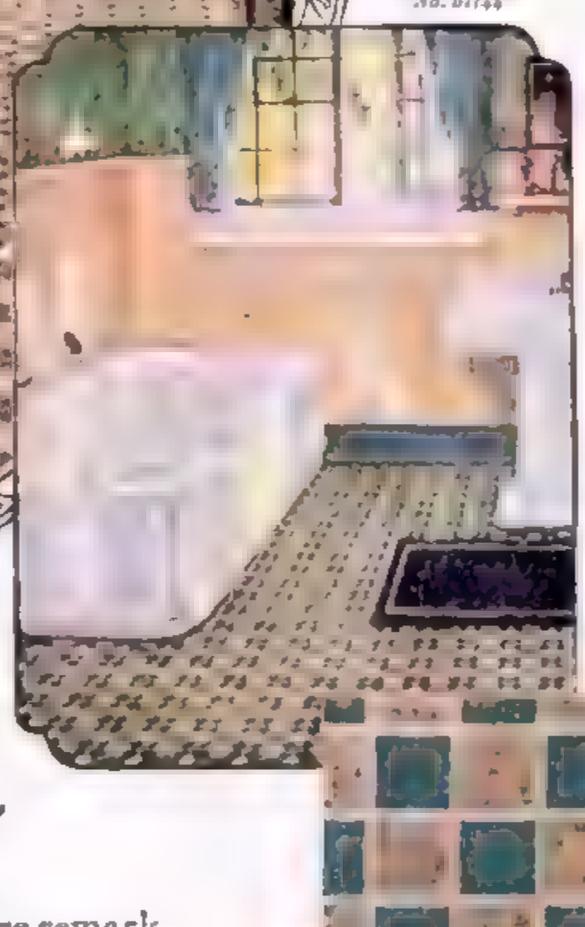
Though bulk renting plays a big part in the yearly budget, it is in the outfitting of private persons for great

(Continued on Page 86



In this colorful kitchen the cheerful, decorative floor is GOLD SEAL INLAID, *Universal Pattern No. 51/33.*

Below is shown GOLD SEAL INLAID *Universal Pattern No. 57/44*



Make your kitchen blossom like the rose —

Your own "workshop" deserves to be attractive and colorful. You can make it so very easily and economically. For a distinctive floor like this of Nairn GOLD SEAL INLAID Linoleum costs but little money.

You can choose a colorful, beautiful floor for any part of the house from Nairn GOLD SEAL INLAIDS. For your service rooms—clean-cut, solid-color *Universal* tile designs like those in the two illustrations above.

And for the more formal rooms—the new *Belflor* patterns in exquisite mottled effects add a touch of distinct charm.

Both made in popular Dutch Tiles that run "straight with the edges."

All GOLD SEAL INLAIDS are remarkably low in price, with a tested quality that has made Nairn Linoleum famous for two generations.

The colors run through to the sturdy back. Light mopping and periodical waxing keep these floors new looking for years.

Free—"Creating a Charming Home"

This new booklet by Laura Hale Shipman contains many interiors in colors and scores of practical suggestions that will help you plan distinctive, colorful rooms for your home. May we send you a free copy?

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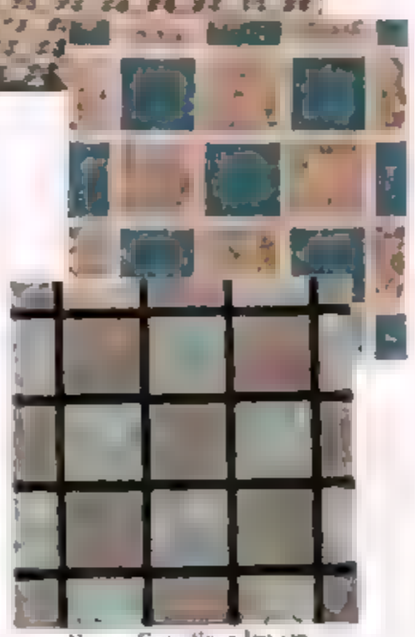


Upper, GOLD SEAL INLAID *Belflor Pattern No. 7150/8*

Lower GOLD SEAL INLAID *Belflor Pattern No. 7150/3*

Always look for the Gold Seal on the face of the goods, or the Nairn name stamped on the back. Gold Seal Inlaids carry a positive guarantee of satisfaction or your money back.

When buying INLAID LINOLEUM ask for **NAIRN**

GOLD SEAL INLAIDS

THE TREES SAID TO THE BRAMBLE, "COME REIGN OVER US"

Continued from Page 33

S-s-s! S-s-s! S-s-s!
(Soft, tronic steps to the three hisses.)

Bull of the woods,
Bull of the woods,
Step on the air.
(Shout) Oh!
Bull of the woods.
Hi! Hi! Hi!
(Loud feet to this line.)

Bull of the woods,
Bull of the woods,
Hat in the sky.
(Shout) Oh!
Bull of the woods
G-n-u! G-n-u! G-n-u!
(Dead feet to three hollow groans.)

Bull of the woods,
Bull of the woods,
Tree is found tied,
(Shout) To!
Bull of the woods.
S-h-h! S-h-h! S-h-h!
(Furtive feet.)

A weird scene, impish and sinister. It has its meaning against a background of three symbols: I. W. W. They stand for International Workers of the World. They stand also for adventure, vagabondage, the truant life, combat, the stone of David, ganghood, sharing, love of destruction, outlawry, secret power, signs and cabals. These are values and attitudes that lie close to the wayward spirit and belong naturally to youth. Imagine a fraternity of men in whom the spirit of youth has not been overthrown by self-discipline and intelligence and who for that reason are unable to make the commonplace adjustments to reality; imagine again that they are conscious of their maladjustments and propose to make society over in accord with those values and attitudes of youth. There you have an engaging picture of the I. W. W. In that aspect it is, or was, a romantic order, peculiar to this country, notwithstanding its grand big name, and one that could not have come to exist anywhere else in the world.

Presently, of course, it becomes complicated in many ugly ways. In youth, where it is a measure of years, the love of destruction, the lust for combat, the impulse to lawlessness, and all those memories of an immature race time seldom produce any serious consequences. Knowledge and experience are lacking. Men in the same case of spirit, with the knowledge of adult experience, may and very often do become dangerous—infantile minds with full brute power. They translate the phantasy into facts of violence inimical to the peace and comfort of others. Then forcible repressions, reprisals, fear, hatred and crime.

The first intention of the I. W. W. was to organize the unskilled labor of the country. Workers in construction gangs, gandy dancers, riggers-up, lumberjacks and harvesters, industrial nomads who sleep in bunks and carry their belongings. This kind of labor had been neglected by the craft unions, or it was that the great labor organizations, consisting of federated craft unions, had been unable to get hold of the unskilled workers. Naturally so. Men do not wish to be organized with the stigma of an unskilled status. This is contrary to the American spirit. They want to rise in the world. But it cannot be said to them that their hope is in rising, for that is to say they are low in the scale to begin with. It is difficult, you see. The craft unions, jealous of their own advantages, had nothing worth while to say to these people What the I. W. W. leaders said to them was

"All labor is alike. All wage earning is slavery. Let us organize as slaves, rise, destroy the boss and be free. This is war! Class war! The employer and the wage slave have nothing in common. They are enemies forever. In one big union of all wage slaves we shall have the power to ruin capital simply by withholding our hands, by giving the least for the most, by secret acts of sabotage. Thereby we destroy private profit. When we have destroyed private profit we have destroyed the wage system. When we have done that we may take the means of production into our own hands and the world is set free."

This creed gave the unskilled a sense of union, a vision of power and a wild crusading errand. One thing more. It gave them a feeling of pride in their status of inferiority, which under this doctrine was an unreal status, artificial, a condition wickedly imposed upon them by the capitalist class. This feeling came through in their songs, one of which was, "Hallelujah! I'm a Bum," and in the names by which they were pleased to admire themselves; for example, "Wobblies." It amused them to be undignified. All the greater was the offense they gave to the oppressor; so much the keener was their fancy of power.

The I. W. W. creed spread very fast in the lumber camps; first there. That explains many of its metaphors. The boss of a lumber camp is called "bull of the woods." Later, of course, "bull of the woods" comes to have a general meaning. It means any boss whatever, anyone possessing the authority to allot tasks and hold men at labor.

It spread rapidly throughout the West. Its appeal to the self-conscious unskilled worker was very strong. That was not all. Because of its romantic basis in the rebel spirit it attracted irreconcilables of every type—the true hobo who had never anything to affiliate with before and was thrilled by this loose garment of importance; the tramp printer, or, that is to say, surviving examples of that historic species, he whom words and words hath made a little mad; newspaper men in a state of must. The restless, the failures, the defiant of whatever kind, cast off by society's centrifugal process of riddance. Stray geese. Wild geese. Men half solitary and half gregarious. Unable to live either within the conventional frame of society or altogether outside of it. In this distress they invent a theory. They are not wrong; society is wrong. They will make it over. This vague notion of purpose saves them from the utter loneliness of the outcast, and their feud with what is becomes their bond with one another. The token of this is a red card, representing membership in the one big union that shall overturn the wage system, abolish the slavery of unwilling toil, make all men equal and set the world free. A little more; there must be some revenge. This is human. The boss shall not get off so easily. No, they will put the boss to work—another song: "When the Whistle Blows for the Boss to Go to Work."

The red card went far and thin. The order was never important in point of numbers. But, as you might suppose, it was militant and vocal. It devoted more of its resources to propaganda than any other labor organization ever did. It had members who could write and talk. Well, all fanatics can write and talk, even the illiterate, and often with surprising effect. What was the good of all this feeling that was in them of inferiority exalted and become mighty if they could not express it? They expressed it in newspapers of their own and in violent speech making. True, men going about with a credo like that, propagating it with intent to be offensive, would get into trouble with the authorities. All the better; that was what they liked most.

When their evangels were seized on the streets of a capitalist town and clapped into jail, or when one of their newspapers was suppressed, they organized what they called a free-speech fight. Word would go out to all the I. W. W. offices: "Here is a fight. If you have any loose Wobblies send them to it." There were always Wobblies loose, and at this call they would rush to the scene and talk their wildest on purpose to get themselves put into jail. The idea was to overwhelm the jails, which in many instances they did. It was something to be doing, it was advertising, modern style, and it was fun. Such fun! And taken always so seriously by the intellectual radicals of the East, as, for instance, by the company in Jones Street, that it became the Wobblies' foremost activity; and continued until the Western municipalities became at length as wise as they ought to have been at first, so that instead of putting the Wobblies in jail, there to be entertained at the taxpayers' expense, they fanned them out of town. That was much less fun. Often the tramping was rough.

Well, Semicorn and his seven, doing the lockstep at 2:30 A.M. in the editorial room of the Northwestern Herald, were all red-card men. They were vocal organs of that fraternity. All of them had been in prison for free speech, and all of them were more or less trained in newspaper work. Three, including Semicorn, had served as editors of I. W. W. papers; the others had sometime worked on regular papers as reporters, subeditors and editorial writers. All of them could write in a coarse, salty style, best, of course, when their emotions were acting—that is, when they were attacking something by the name of system. Semicorn himself wrote very well. Like most of the others he had two languages. One was the language he talked, especially when excited. It was full of strange idioms, vulgar, ungrammatical. The other was the one he could write.

It was by no means an incompetent crew in the craft sense. Semicorn's account of how he had got it together was mostly true.

It will be recalled that Capuchin, on meeting Semicorn for the first time at Jael's house in Jones Street, was moved suddenly to invite him out to New Freedom and suggested an editorial job for him there. Several hours later, when Semicorn said he accepted the invitation, Capuchin had almost forgotten it. This was notice to Semicorn of Capuchin's character. He understood him perfectly; always to be taken provisionally. Nevertheless he felt sure that an editorial job would develop and that was what he wanted; he was so sure of it that he persuaded two red-card men to go with him to New Freedom. They were on the same train. Two more appeared, as he said, in the crowd at the station. That was luck, but it was not strange, since New Freedom, hitherto very hostile to the Wobblies, now became a sanctuary for them.

On arriving that evening at the newspaper office to take charge until Capuchin should come, the first thing he did was to look to the situation in the composing room. There, among the printers, three more red-card men revealed themselves. These he transferred to the editorial side at once. Then they were seven.

And at this moment they were exulting at having entrenched themselves. What would come of it not one of them had the faintest idea. They might find themselves in the street tomorrow. But whatever came of it, it was fun. So, in that humor, they were hanging the bull of the woods before going to bed. Semicorn took three of them with him to one room in the hotel. They won it by lot. The others slept in the newspaper office.

x

CAPUCHIN rose early the next morning, came at 8:30 to his office, and was soon fuming under the notion that Semicorn was tardy. Having made a pretty clear guess as to what had happened, he was really worried about the paper. You do not pick up a staff of seven men at nine o'clock in the evening as a gift of providence. There was some canniness in it. He knew the Wobblies and understood their ways. Generally speaking, he liked them. When they began coming in numbers to New Freedom, attracted by the Freemen's League fight, he hired some of them for his canvassing organization, to sell the League, as he always said. They were effective enough, yet gave him a great deal of trouble by getting their propaganda mixed up with his. Several he had been obliged to dismiss for that reason. Not that he objected to their propaganda, only that it was not League propaganda, and that alone he wished to spread by invariable words. He believed the repetition of one idea very important. The dismissed Wobblies were sore, naturally, and made some ugly remarks about repression of speech. However, he handled them carefully and no enmity arose openly.

They understood him, too. Once, for a year, he had been mayor of a small Western town where they came to stage a free-speech fight. He met them with a permit, and said, "Denounce anything you dislike but the army. I don't care about the army myself, but there's a camp of regulars out there a few miles and they are a rough, touchy lot. That's all. You can't get yourself put in jail here for anything you say." That spoiled the fun.

Yes, he liked them personally. They had much rebellion in common. But here was another figure of facts. The paper. He was in the absurd position of having got it away from the enemy on the extreme right only to let it fall into the hands of these reckless and dubious allies on the extreme left. Sure, they had no shadow of right in the case. Still it would be no easy matter to get them out. They were in house, on the rug; they had nothing to lose and they loved any kind of uproar.

Semicorn arrived promptly at nine o'clock. As he entered, Capuchin made believe he was deeply engrossed in some papers on his desk. Semicorn seated himself, rolled a cigarette and waited.

"Sit down, Mr. Semicorn," said Capuchin. Then he looked up. "You are already seated, Mr. Semicorn. You have a way of seating yourself."

Semicorn made no reply to this, nor did he betray any reaction whatever. He sat there gazing steadily at Capuchin, still waiting, as if nothing had been said. His countenance was square, plumb and innocent, set with blue eyes and touched with color just a little too high to be a true mark of health. Not an impassive face; on the contrary, sensitive; and yet astonishingly impenetrable.

Until that moment Capuchin had not decided what he should say. When he spoke again his voice was combative and his words came hissing through his clenched teeth.

"I like you, Mr. Semicorn," he said. "I don't like you, Mr. Semicorn. That brings us to the third point. You squeeze me, Mr. Semicorn. You will admit that you squeeze me. Suppose I say, 'Mr. Semicorn, I have decided to make you editor of the paper.' What will Mr. Semicorn be thinking? He will be chortling and saying to himself, 'I'm already editor of the paper, in blackface type.' If I say, 'Mr. Semicorn, I've decided not to make you editor of the paper,' what will Mr. Semicorn be thinking? He will be thinking to himself what a hell of a row he and his Wobbly friends can make about getting out. It's like trying to put out the cat. I have the cat by the belly. That's a bad way to have it. Look at me with a free-speech fight on my hands in New Freedom! That's what you would try to make of it. I know you."

This was all so pat to the truth that Semicorn smiled.

"It's when you smile I like you," said Capuchin. "Now listen. I know Wobblies. The trouble is they can't play any tune but their own. They play that one wrong. Each man sings it to suit himself. Very bad for the tune. That's why you get nowhere. Free speech is all right in matters of personal opinion, but where you've got a practical purpose in view you might as well have free trombones in a band. Take these

(Continued on Page 65)

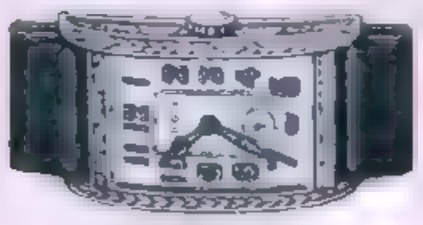
BULOVA WATCHES

Aristocrat of Beauty

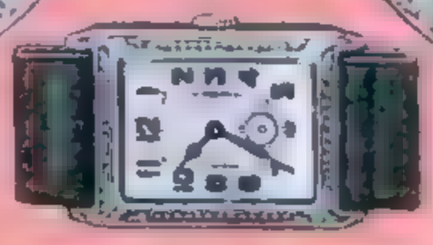
Autocrat of Time

NORMAN
14 kt. gold filled handsomely engraved, 15 jewel, radium dial $37.50

TROJAN
14 kt. gold filled; handsomely engraved; 15 jewel; radium dial $28.50



PRESIDENT
14 kt. solid gold; handsomely engraved; 17 jewel; curved to fit the wrist; radium dial $85.00
14 kt. gold filled; 17 jewel $50.00



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THE GIRL who writes with an L C Smith is fresh and keen at the end of the day—because the touch is so amazingly light, the action so smooth and swift and quiet. L C Smith typewriters make a surprising difference in the speed and accuracy of any typist. Test this by a free trial in your own office. Ask a representative to call.

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THE PERSONAL WRITING MACHINE

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Ask for No. 1272

Medium weight, full-combed cotton, Swiss ribbed, with mercerized Salmon cross-stripe.

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Priced slightly higher west of Rockies

Try Allen-A Socks, too

We make Silk socks, sheer and heavy weight, plain and fancy patterns. Also wool with English rib, plain and nobby patterns.

50c *to* $1.50 *per pair*

Underwear that *always* fits and fits *all over*

A garment that keeps its shape at the knee, seat and elbow. Spring-needle knitting snaps back into shape

Well fitted underwear. You can have it in 15 minutes. Just go to any merchant who carries Allen-A spring-needle knitted underwear.

Let him measure you by the Allen-A method. Complete as for a suit of tailored clothes. Allen-A garments are designed to attain a "body" fit—not just a chest fit.

And once it fits, an Allen-A garment always fits. It does not bulge or gape at the knees, seat or elbow with use. With spring-needle knitting the yarn is pulled tight as it is knitted. (This takes a full mile more yarn per garment.) The stretch is in the webbing itself—not in the yarn. So it always springs back into shape.

Your Allen-A underwear specialist has a complete line—your exact size—your favorite sleeve and leg length—in the fabric weight you want. Also underwear for boys.

Allen-A is the *only exclusively spring-needle* knitted underwear line. Spring-needle machines were invented in this mill. If your own dealer has not Allen-A, write us for one who can supply you.

THE ALLEN-A COMPANY, KENOSHA, WISCONSIN

(Continued from Page 60)

workers of mine, selling the League all over the place. I tell them what to say. They are drilled in it. They are not permitted to add one word of their own, and it works. It works like water on a stone. Now take the paper. This is practical politics, understand. I was thinking I'd keep it neutral for a while. A big gun in the brush. That's impossible, since your name has appeared on it. All right. We'll bring it straight over to the League with a roar. Everything for the best. But it's got to be a League paper, not an I. W. W. paper. It's got to sing the League tune and no other. I know how far it's safe to scare people, and that's never as far as you'd like. Remember, Mr. Semicorn, I don't know you. I assume you are competent to run the paper. Assume it. You did a good job last night, except—well, never mind that. But you'll have to run it as I say, and promise, or we'll have our fight now and get it done with."

"That's clean," said Semicorn. "Now I'll tell you how I see it. To begin with, I'm a Wobbly clear through. Maybe I'm cracked on it. Anyway, that's where I live and no other place. I'd squeeze you or the Freemen's League for the I. W. W. Do you get that?"

Capuchin, leaning forward on the edge of his chair, nodded.

"And we all sing that tune by ear," Semicorn continued. "But since you've put it the way you have, this is how I see it, as I was going to say. For a piece of the way we can all ride together. We're going the same direction. As far as that is that we can ride together, I'll run the paper exactly as you say, if you leave me there. All square. No tricks. And when I think we can't ride any further together I'll let you know in time. How's that?"

"Mr. Semicorn," said Capuchin, rising and putting out his hand, "I'm glad to meet you."

That was settled.

XI

SEMICORN was in fact a most reasonable young man, under a riding agreement, as was to appear almost at once.

Finding, after all, that the constitution need not be amended, Dwind finished the banking law and went to bed. Capuchin sent it forthwith to the governor with instructions peremptory. The instructions were that the legislature was to suspend all rules and enact it immediately.

Late in the afternoon Semicorn called him on the telephone.

"News from the capitol," he said.

"Good!" said Capuchin, all of a sudden feeling his part. He was the engineer of great events. He was as one sitting at the hub of a vast wheel of change, controlling its movements, receiving reports from every point of the circumference. Here was a new use for the paper—department of intelligence. Semicorn had got this. He was the right man there.

"Yes, Mr. Semicorn," he said. "What is it?"

"Your bank bill was beaten. The legislature killed it."

That was all; and it was true.

What had occurred was grotesque. Capuchin's messenger, who happened to be a person the governor detested, walked into the official presence unannounced, delivered the bill and the instructions about it, and walked out again, flicking the ashes of his cigar on the official carpet.

The governor said to himself, "Huh! Who does he think I am?" Then he said to himself, "I'm the governor of this state." Never until this moment had he related himself egotistically to that fact, which was a strange, accidental fact. He walked about, saying it over and over in wonder. "I am the governor of this state." He began to think what it meant. He could call out the militia or declare martial law. And he said again, "Who does he think I am?" this time with the emphasis on "he," meaning Capuchin himself.

But he feared Capuchin. There was the bill on his desk. He was obliged to act. Calling his clerk he said, "Tell Hemstead and Swanson to come up here." Hemstead was speaker of the House; Swanson was president of the Senate. When they appeared, the governor said to them, "Here's a bill from Capuchin and he says suspend the rules and pass it. That's all I know about it. Take it."

The governor's ego malady communicated itself to Hemstead and Swanson, who in the same way had been so far too bewildered by coming suddenly on the public stage to become conscious of themselves as actors upon it. Now each one said to himself, "Who am I?"

It somehow got into the air. What the governor did to them they in turn did to the legislators, who were told to pass a bill they could not understand and to ask no questions. Each legislator asked himself, "Who am I?"

The rules were suspended, the bill was read, and the vote was no. Then the legislators resolved themselves a recess in order to grumble. They grumbled all the louder because they were not sure of what they had done and felt guilty and uneasy.

Fifteen minutes after receiving Semicorn's message Capuchin walked in to see the governor.

"What's happened to the bill?" he asked in an Adam-where-art-thou tone.

"I sent it down right away with your instructions on it," said the governor. "Why?"

"I hear they've killed it," said Capuchin.

The governor was scared. He had never dreamed of a result like that. Forgetting who he was, he got up and went himself to see. When he returned he was out of breath from running up the stairway.

"That takes down anything," he said. "They did kill it, deader than a snake."

"Get them up here," said Capuchin. "All of them."

They straggled in, edged in, pushed one another in, one crossed the threshold on tiptoe and half a dozen followed in like manner, thinking it was etiquette. Two or three lurched in with a specious air of pugnacity. Hemstead and Swanson came last, as befitted their dignity, to show they could not be hurried.

A curious assortment, and here at its worst from awkwardness of stage fright and embarrassment. It represented both the least and the most the League could do. Most of the folkmotes had sent their strongest men. In several cases, however, they had nominated candidates in a spirit of waggery, not expecting them to win; and others had been elected for no better reason than that they needed the job. Two members of that legislature could neither read nor write. Of parliamentary procedure they had no sense whatever. And of course they distrusted the few survivors of the overturned order who tried to show them the way. There was some snickering during the suspense, until Capuchin began to speak.

"We've dropped a monkey wrench in the gear box," he said, speaking gravely. "The governor ought to have told you."

"Who ought to of? I didn't know anything about it," said the governor.

An inarticulate murmuring began among the legislators. Here and there a voice crystallized. That was it. What the governor just said. Nobody knowed a blame thing about it. They wasn't voting machines. Maybe it was wrong. What then? A new animal it was. Couldn't make no head or tail out of it.

This was a kind of situation Capuchin could handle perfectly. His tone was familiar, conversational, authoritative, and it included them. They were uppermost, in fact. It was their bill, not his. However, it was his fault in one way. He should have told them about it beforehand. That was to say, he should have had the time. But he was obliged to do many things at once. Particularly, just at this time, he had been up to his neck in new hay. It was something they would like to hear about. He had got control of the newspaper. Tomorrow they should see. It would come out for the League, heart and fist.

Now about the bill. They didn't understand it. Was that the trouble? Well, hear from him a secret. Neither did he understand it. He was not a banker. In fact, they had not a banker among them, and thank God for that. Yet it was necessary to have a state bank in order that they should be able to create and control their own credit, instead of buying it at 10 per cent from the vultures, such men as Anx. Plaino. He had thought about this a long time, and then had gone to the Lothian College in New York for aid. Did they know what the Lothian College was? It was a school on the people's side—a school to teach the people precisely those things the privileged few had made so much mystery of, like finance and economics—a school to tell people what they could do, not what they couldn't do. From the Lothian College he had borrowed a famous expert, had brought him to Liberty expressly to write that law. They would find him at the hotel, in bed, spent, sick, from the strain of writing it in haste, and all for nothing. A token of his interest in the people's cause.

By this time they were all repenting and anxious to get back to pass the bill. He detained them to say how the intellectual radicals in the East were watching them, how the success of their experiment would change the face of society, and that the towers of privilege were quaking. They must remember this, and never do anything in pique to make one another ridiculous.

"Now wait," he said. "This kind of emergency may rise again; I mean the need to pass a law quickly because the situation requires it. A law, maybe, that you cannot understand, even one that I cannot explain myself in detail, except to say what it will do. Nobody understands everything. It's a complicated world. Lots of things you have to take on the other fellow's word. You don't understand what the doctor is doing to you, do you? But you pay him to do it. Pick the right doctor. That's the way. Now I think of something. Do you see this?" He pointed to his necktie—a red one—and began taking it off. "The governor will keep this," he said. "Remember what it looks like. When the reading clerk downstairs wears this tie you may know that what he is reading is our stuff, guaranteed. That's our medicine, even though you can't read the prescription."

That amused them. What ill feeling was left went off in laughter, and of course they passed the bank bill at once.

Late that evening Capuchin went to the newspaper office and asked Semicorn what kind of news story had been written on the incident of the day.

"Two," said Semicorn, handing him the manuscripts.

One was a complete narrative of the facts, including Capuchin's talk to the legislators. The other was a brief statement, in effect that the legislature had enacted a law authorizing a state bank; the law and the bank's charter followed, and there was no mention of any mishap.

"That, of course," said Capuchin.

Semicorn nodded. "While we're on this subject," he said; "I mean, finding out what news to suppress, here's another item. You've got a Russian communist up there in the legislature. He's heard they socialized women in Soviet Russia and he's introduced a bill to do it here."

"I know who that is," said Capuchin. "Don't print it." He said this without looking at the copy Semicorn held out.

"Suppressed," said Semicorn pleasantly, tossing it aside.

"Mr. Semicorn, we needn't be so frank with one another," said Capuchin. "Suppress is a—ah—a bad word—a very bad word. Besides, it only means not to print." Semicorn grinned and Capuchin smiled.

From the railing gate Capuchin looked back. Semicorn was as he had seen him the first night here, head down, writing.

"A most reasonable young man," Capuchin thought. Yet there was somewhere in his mind a reservation. He kept looking. "Too reasonable," he thought. To that, he added, "but honest." And let the gate slam.

XII

THERE will never be a complete history of the next four years in New Freedom. The formal records, such as they were, have been scattered, lost, destroyed. The emotional records are interesting, but, alas! untrustworthy. No two persons agree as to, first, what happened; secondly, why it happened. Nor is there anywhere a clear view of what was meant to happen. There is no such view in the afterlight; there was no such view at the time. Ideas of communism, ideas of state socialism, ideas of syndicalism, ideas of proletarianism, an idea of a kind of idyllic existence under the theory that men are naturally good and wise and sympathetic and artificially made wicked and selfish—all of these ideas revolved in one confusion.

At the center of it was Capuchin, acting. Others deliberated. What ruled him was a compulsion to act. The use of a new day was to start a new thing. His wheel had to be kept turning faster and faster. That it should fly apart was inevitable by a physical law. So perhaps the conflict of theories had, after all, nothing to do with the sequel. As that approached he passed under the delusion of being himself the portent. The New Freedom idea, whatever he conceived that to be, was propagated in other states. He dreamed of national power. The Napoleonic mentality is very common.

As to his character, there were always two opinions. One was that he was in fact honest and did nothing with himself in view; the other was that he was temperamentally dishonest, with the ego motive uppermost. And in these two opinions of him people were not divided as you might suppose—friends on the one side and enemies on the other. No. Some of his bitterest enemies believed he was honest; some of his closest friends said he was not and were his friends still, for no reason they could ever explain. Proofs meant nothing. When he was taken in falsehood or had broken a promise, he would say, "Well, of course. But what else could I have done?" Then there was no saying what was right or what was wrong. It turned on a question of intent; and it was almost impossible to believe that the puzzled candor with which he asked that question had not its well in noble and disinterested intentions.

You had either to take it so, and say, "That's Capuchin," as if he were somehow exempt from the common assay, or dismiss him brutally. But you could never be quite sure. Those who denounced him were all the more scurrilous about it precisely because they were not sure; the verdict required therefore to be emotionally fortified.

His actions were never thought through beforehand. They continually involved him in complicated dilemmas. The devil is cute. There are situations, as everyone knows, in which, though you are blameless, you cannot escape the sin of duplicity and a sense of guilt. That was the kind of situation that seemed to haunt Capuchin. The perversities of circumstance were forever obliging him to practice subtlety, concealment, misrepresentation of one state of facts in order to protect another state of facts; and it was as if he did this against his will, his moral nature bleeding on the altar. True, he himself created the circumstance. You had to remember that. Again, however, the reservation. Never did he create the whole circumstance—only the beginning of it, releasing and setting in motion forces he could not control. Often, one would think, he did this in the humor of a disbelieving child that opens the forbidden chest to see what is in it, or pulls the lever to see what will happen. All the genii he called up were of dual principle, good and

Continued on Page 67

"Look, Mother. I can polish too!"

IT is easy NOW to have beautiful waxed floors in *every* room. It makes no difference whether the floors are old or new—of soft or hard wood, linoleum, tile or composition. And it matters not *how* the floors were originally finished—with varnish, shellac, wax or paint. Try the Johnson Wax Treatment on them.

By this new method all hard work is avoided—there are no messy rags or pails around—you are saved the bother and expense of frequent refinishing. It will take only a few minutes. You don't need to stoop or kneel. It won't soil or roughen your hands. And you will see your floors take on a new brightness and beauty. They will glow with a deep, velvety gloss that seems to rise from the depths of the wood.

All you do is to spread on a thin coat of Johnson's Polishing Wax with a Lamb's-wool Mop. This cleans as it waxes. Then run the Johnson Electric Polisher over the floor and let ELECTRICITY do all the work. The brush spinning 2100 times a minute burnishes the wax to a wonderful, even lustre.

JOHNSON'S WAX
Electric Floor Polisher

This Electric Floor Polisher runs itself—you don't need to push it or bear down on it—just *guide* it with the finger-tips. It is much easier than running a vacuum cleaner! And it is ten times better and quicker than the old-fashioned hand methods. With it you can polish *all* your floors in the time it used to take to do a single room.

RENT IT FOR $2.00 A DAY

From your neighborhood store or your painter you can rent this beauty-giving Electric Floor Polisher for $2.00 a day. In one day you can make every floor a foundation of gleaming beauty on which your rugs and furniture will reveal new charm and value.

Telephone NOW and make an appointment to rent a Johnson's Wax Electric Floor Polisher for a day. Or buy one outright for your own exclusive use. The investment is small for so great a convenience. Ask your local merchant for a free demonstration. Or write us for further particulars.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, RACINE, WISCONSIN
"The Floor Finishing Authorities"
(Canadian Factory: Brantford)

JOHNSON'S POLISHING WAX

PASTE *or* LIQUID ~ CLEANS, POLISHES, PRESERVES ALL FLOORS

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bad. They presented the good side first, then always turned out bad and left him in the lurch.

His father, also named George, was born in Ireland and trained for the priesthood. But before he was ordained he embraced God's other intention and then migrated to the United States with his lovely, wonder-eyed bride. His purpose was fixed and he pursued it directly. It was to lose himself in the West. For livelihood he turned his hand to the nearest thing, which was newspapering. Successively he owned or edited thirteen newspapers, all but two of them in small mining towns.

After his marriage he turned infidel. Afterward, not before; probably, therefore, as an emotional defense in the guise of an intellectual conviction. He professed a deep scorn for success, conceived a rage against industrial civilization and held classical education in contempt, or much of any education got out of books. Yet he was himself a brilliant scholar. In religion his wife went her own way, which was a believing, devout way, not very zealous. Sprites were as real to her as the trees and shrubs. She saw them; and all of her children were afraid of the dark. They were nine.

The family was desperately poor and never owned a house. This was because small newspapers pay very badly; it was also because when one did pay the profits were swallowed up in mining-stock speculation. Its existence was a series of happenings. Its memories were of feasts after famine, of famine again, of sudden uprootings, of arriving at new places, once in the middle of the night at a place where there were no lights, and they stumbled miles through the dark on a mountain road, holding hands. The girls were encouraged to marry; the boys to get out on their own. When the mother died, the youngest was sixteen. She had seen it through. In the coffin with her, the father buried a manuscript on which he had been working for twenty years. Then he went to live alone in the mouth of a canyon, with no pencil, no paper, no book of any kind, and died there in meditation.

Young George was the third boy, the runt of the progeny, and the most imaginative and resourceful of the nine. His first job was in the composing room of a newspaper, at the age of fourteen. From typesetting to writing was a short step. Besides, he had his father's knack for it. At twenty-four he had a newspaper of his own. It failed. Then he had another. It failed. Next he became editor of an established paper in Nevada. From editorship to politics is a shorter step than from typesetting to writing. He got himself elected mayor of the town. That was where he had his experience with the Wobblies.

Naturally, he was an emotional radical. How he came to be such he never knew. Given his history, anyone else would know. He got it with his blood. Like his father, he held a low opinion of material success; with the same contradiction, he had tried several short cuts to fortune. Capuchin lost only his time in them. He had nothing else to lose. Nobody accused or suspected him of fraud. Too quick an imagination; too little reflection on the facts; that was the trouble. It was after the second of these two schemes, while he was wandering at large in search of new opportunity, that he found the worn-out newspaper he told them about in Jael's house. There his career began.

In the New Freedom cast was one other volatile actionist, but of a different and more dangerous type. He foresaw the consequences and intended them. This was Semicorn.

The effort now must be to disentangle the principal events, bring them out of the mist and relate them in a coherent manner.

The state bank was the beginning; it was also the end. Capuchin named it the People's Bank of the State of New Freedom. It got its capital from the state to begin with and the state guaranteed its deposits. For president he chose a man named Parshal, who, though he had a national bank in a near-by town, was much more interested in politics than in banking. Long before this he had attached himself to the Freemen's League, believing it would come to control the state, as it had, and thinking it might reward him for his services. His bank was one of the few places where Capuchin had been able to get cash on the League members' postdated checks. He had cashed them, in fact, until the Federal bank examiner threatened to shut him up. The League did reward him, though much below his expectations, by electing him to the legislature. He was still hopeful. He did not particularly wish to become head of the bank. Capuchin pressed him, however, and he accepted. Capuchin wanted him in the job because he was a reasonable man.

But to set up a bank you need more than a charter, a sum of capital and a figurehead. You require, besides, organization, personnel, rules, methods, working policies and what not. A very complicated mechanism it is, not so much in principle as in part and detail. Dwind had framed the principles. Lesser and other experts were needed for the rest. Parshal was incompetent even to visualize the problem. There was plenty of banking talent in the state, none of it available. It was either too unfriendly to be willing to help or so willing as to be open to suspicion. No sabotage here.

Capuchin appealed to Jael. Had she this talent in her Lothian College? She had. From the faculty, the student body and the alumni it was picked and sent out to him. Some of it was loaned; some of it was to be retained permanently in the service of New Freedom.

From this precedent a practice developed. The next problem in the affairs of the bank was to organize a farm-loan bureau. Agricultural loans represent one of the separate anxieties of banking. The demand for them was tremendous, and it had to be met. This was the people's bank. Was it not their own credit the farmers were asking for? But if it were simply dealt out to them on request, as they expected, there would soon be nothing left for other purposes, such as the state elevators and the state flour mill. Here was a dangerous riddle. Had the Lothian College some farm-loan experts? It certainly had, for it was just then taking special pains to study the point of view of the radical Western farmer. So another lot of brains was dispatched from New York to New Freedom, some loaned and some to stay, as before.

Then, as the implications of putting a state into business began vaguely to be realized by Capuchin, who himself knew nothing of business on the practical side, he asked for experts in such matters as production, distribution, cooperative buying and selling, cost accounting, management, transportation, price phenomena, construction.

The science of economics opened up to him like a new book, enchanting and mysterious. He drew a chart. At the top a board of advisers. Below, a series of bureaus, one for each department of specialized economic knowledge. These bureaus were to have the last word of wisdom on the subject given. It should work like this: Take the flour mill. First, the state says there shall be a flour mill. That is a question of public policy. Very good. Then it goes to the board of economic advisers. The board calls on the bureau of—of—of what? One has been left out. There must be a bureau of general survey to know every physical fact about the state. Yes.

Now the board of economic advisers calls upon the bureau of general survey to say where the flour mill shall be put, then on the bureau of production to say how large the mill shall be in view of the country's total flour production and the probable increase of demand, then on the bureau of distribution to say where and how the flour shall be sold, and so on, until you come to the bureau of construction, which is to build it, and will know of course the latest and most efficient thing in the shape of a flour mill; and last of all the bureau of management, which is to say how the mill shall be operated. All scientific!

Nearly all of these advisers and bureau heads the Lothian College provided. There was, consequently, so much going to and fro, with never fewer than ten of the Lothian faculty on the Western scene, either as loaned helpers or as observers, that Jael at length took a large house in Liberty, furnished and staffed it, and made it a rendezvous and club.

She passed a good deal of time there herself, especially in summer; so did various members of the Jones Street company, as guests. There came also radical students of social science, honest seekers of the new way, from all over the country, and then from all over the world as the noise spread. Her house in Liberty, where she entertained them all, or where they entertained themselves, came to be referred to as Little Jones Street. Customs and manners were the same in both places.

New Freedom's first year was one of great formations. The state elevators began to rise. The flour mill took form. The Freemen's League, on money borrowed at the bank, bought three newspapers in other towns and so gained complete control of the press throughout the state. There were no other papers to reckon with, only two or three weak ones, afraid to attack the League and not intelligent enough to do so effectively if they had possessed the courage. There was a boom in private building, on borrowed money; and the demand for building materials was so great that Capuchin conceived the notion of cooperative lumberyards. He put it through the League, members subscribing the capital with postdated checks; these were cashed at the People's Bank. A chain of cooperative retail stores was set up in the same way. In the autumn the legislature voted to build a state meat-packing plant and three state creameries. In the elections that year the League won everything it had not carried before; also it somewhat improved the average character of its office holders, everybody being now very serious.

There was one disagreeable fact, to be mentioned in its right place, that is to say, last. The state had borrowed so much money from the People's Bank to carry on all these new affairs that in order to pay any of it back, to pay even the interest, it was obliged to increase taxation.

In the second year all prospects broadened, though nothing yet was quite realized. The elevators were finished and began to receive grain. However, the true use and benefit of them could not be fairly tested. The grain crop at large was short and dear. New Freedom had the luck to bring off a good crop and sold it out of the fields at high prices. There was no need for much storage; and the private elevator people paid as much for grain as the state elevators paid, sometimes a little more. When they paid more it was supposed that capital was in a conspiracy to discredit the people's experiment.

The flour mill was completed and about ready to be brought into operation. The meat-packing plant and the three creameries were building. The legislature voted itself an increase of pay, voted also a subsidy to be paid to the sugar-beet growers, on the ground that the price they received from the refiners for their beets was unfair; it appointed a commission to report a plan for a ten-million-dollar state-owned beet-sugar factory, which of course would pay a fair price for beets.

Again to be mentioned last was the aggravation of a cumulative fact. The state's borrowing from the People's Bank had enormously increased; the cost of administering public affairs had risen prodigiously. It was necessary to double taxes. Capuchin had tried in every way to avoid this. He had caused the state to offer a bond issue in the East—bonds of New Freedom, guaranteed by the People's Bank, secured by the thrift and assets of a happy people. But as Dwind

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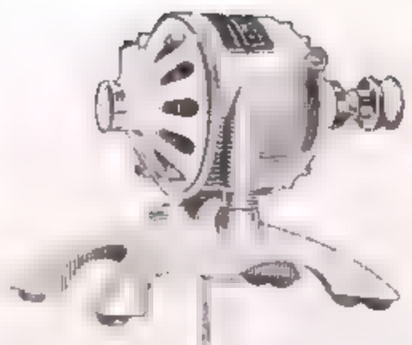

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"Relieved of wearisome pedaling I now sew hour after hour making the things you admire. This wonderful little motor gives my machine the speed and ease of control found in the latest electric models."

"There are no screws—bolts or nuts needed to attach motor. I simply place the motor against the handwheel and my foot on the speed control pedal and sew fast or slow, at a cost of one cent an hour,—and never a broken thread."

"This same motor with attachments mixes my cake batter; whips cream, beats eggs, mixes and beats dressing, sharpens knives and tools and polishes and buffs silver."

Fully guaranteed by the makers of the celebrated Hamilton Beach Vacuum Sweeper which brush sweeps and air cleans, the cleaner that gets all surface and embedded dirt.

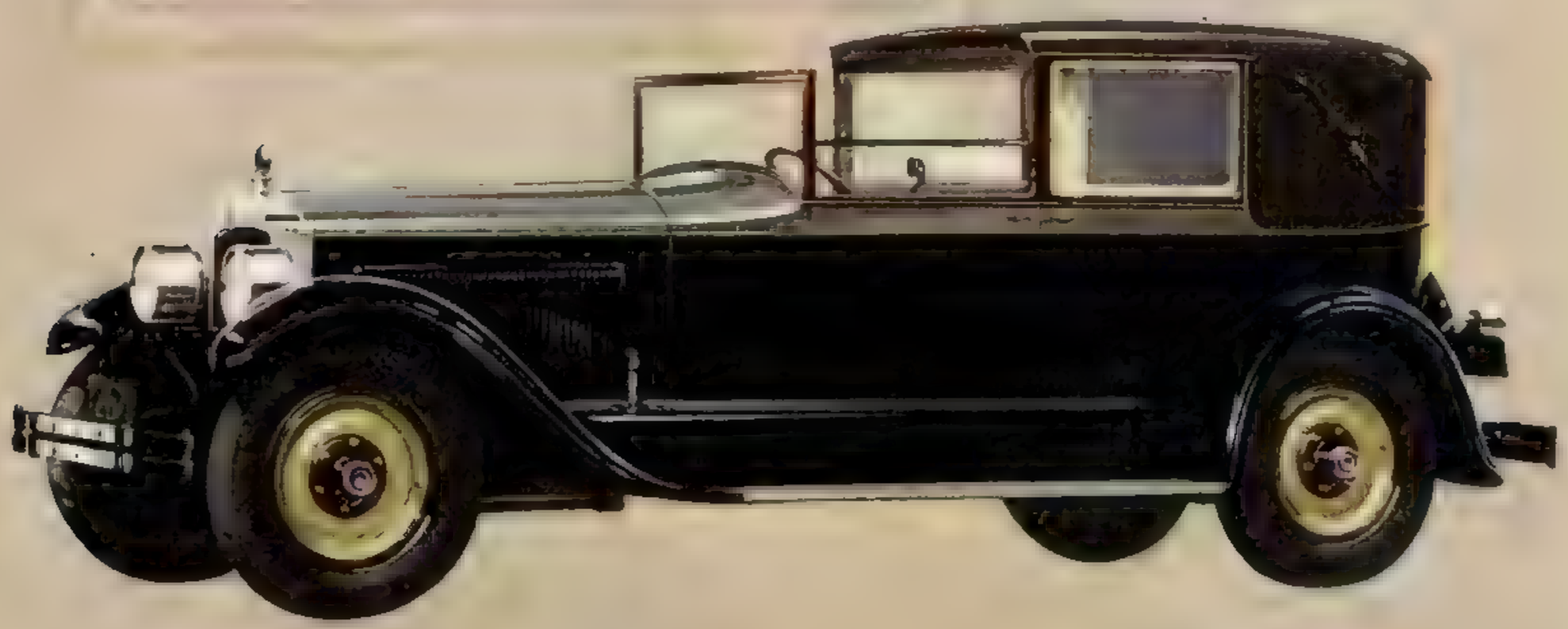
Sold by reliable Dealers everywhere. Write for interesting booklet.

Hamilton Beach Mfg. Co., Racine, Wis.

Mixes Cake | Sharpens | Polishes

Hamilton Beach
Home Motor

"The supreme combination of all that is fine in motor cars."



Distinction · A man or a motor may gain notoriety, even popularity, almost over night —and lose them just as quickly. But distinction comes only with time and a long series of notable achievements.

THE RESTFUL CAR

The distinction which Packard cars enjoy is the result of more than a generation of leadership in engineering and in body design—a quarter century of patronage by an illustrious clientele.

Pride in Packard ownership is natural, and few would care to change the famous lines which proclaim their cars as Packards. But there are those who wish an individual distinction. To them Packard offers the masterpieces of the foremost body designers and unlimited choice in color combinations, upholstery and the refinements of equipment.

Thus those who would add the final touch of luxury and personality to supreme comfort, beauty and distinction, can gratify their ultimate desire in a custom-built Packard.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

PACKARD

(Continued from Page 67)

had told him in Jael's house two years before, the East would not touch the bonds. To save the issue from disgrace the People's Bank bought most of it. That was a stupid thing to do. The strain upon its resources was already terrific.

Nevertheless, the third year was one of ecstasy. For one thing, the idea of the Freemen's League had begun to sell in an amazing manner outside of the state. The apparent prosperity of New Freedom's farmers plus the zealotry of Capuchin's highly drilled body of canvassers made it sell among the radical-minded farmers elsewhere. It assumed, suddenly, a formidable political shape. Demagogic politicians began to court it. One big enough to think of himself as a candidate for President began to make speeches indorsing its aims. All of which gave the people of New Freedom—the leaguers, that is—a sense of vast importance in their homemade political clothes. They were path breakers to a new time. They had, beyond their own concerns, an errand to go on for the common good. They became religious in their faith.

And now Capuchin began to appear in a magnified form before the people. In the beginning his contacts with them were all personal, his words with them informal and conversational. Men as creative activities absorbed him; contacts of any kind began to be neglected, and that was bad.

Suddenly he got the notion of arranging mass picnics. Leaguers and their friends to the number of several thousand at a time were gathered up on special trains and taken to see the flour mill or the meat-packing plant. Everything was free, including the barbecue. They were treated as masters of all they saw. To the superintendent of the flour mill they spoke as if he were working for each one of them personally. They admired the evidence of their power, ran their fingers through the flour—their flour, their grain, their own mill grinding it!—and were satisfied. At the meat-packing plant they saw strings of refrigerator cars loading dressed beef for export to Europe, and were thrilled.

They forgot that they themselves were paying for everything, including the railroad fares and the barbecue. All such expenditures had to come out of taxes. They did not know their flour was selling at a loss for the reason that the cost of making it was more than flour was worth. Nor did they know that those iced cars full of dressed beef, so impressive to look at, were so many items of invisible loss. As business it was unprofitable.

It was perhaps just as well they did not know. These were festive occasions. Capuchin almost invariably appeared before the picnic was over and made them a speech that moved them higher in self-satisfaction.

Generally he arrived and departed in an airplane. This dramatized him properly in the popular sense; it proved what a busy and omnipresent person he was.

In the same way he brought Freemen's Leaguers and their friends from other states to wonder at New Freedom's things, so that they might see for themselves what they could do when they had become strong enough to take control of their own affairs. That was advertising; it helped to sell the League afar.

And this was the year of the plague. Not a visitation of Providence; not an affliction of the earth mother nor one of the human body; a disease of the mind. A pestilence of the divine faculty. The common imagination was seized with a speculative mania. These people, whose black beast had been private profit, now all, as with one impulse, began to chase the bawdy bubble.

The ease with which they had found the capital in the procrastinated form of postdated checks for coöperative stores and lumberyards was a revelation. It was also a temptation to greed and cunning.

Some of the same men who had canvassed the leaguers for subscriptions to those two authorized projects now went among them selling shares in a great steel-and-iron plant, though there was neither iron nor coking coal in New Freedom. Shares in a farm-implement factory, in an automobile plant, in a textile plant for converting New Freedom's flax crop into the finest linen fabrics, in an airship line to carry garden truck daily to markets in the East, in mining companies, oil companies, even, at last, a grain-trading corporation to gamble in grain on the Chicago Board of Trade for the people's profit.

The selling arguments were in a language the leaguers had learned by heart. Farm implements to wit. Everyone knew how dear they were; everyone thought the price of them wicked and unreasonable; everyone believed the implement trust made enormous dividends. Who paid those dividends, really? The farmers, of course. Why should they? Why not manufacture their own implements and make dividends for themselves? And automobiles. To become little Henry Fords they had only to make automobiles as Ford made them. Then they should have the automobiles and the profit too. Postdated checks were accepted in payment for these shares. The checks were cashed at the People's Bank.

In all cases, except as to the mining and oil schemes, the canvassers had letters written on Freemen's League paper, signed by Capuchin. These letters never specifically recommended the thing itself. What they did was to indorse the general idea of creating in New Freedom a chain of industrial activities that should make the state economically self-contained. Everything for themselves. He was very keen for that idea. It was the idea of integration that came to him suddenly on the street the day of his return from New York with Dwind and Semicorn.

Yet the canvassers used these letters in a way to make it appear that Capuchin vouched for their wares. Afterward, when it was too late, he repudiated the letters, saying they had been got from him in unguarded moments and that he himself had been the worst deceived. This was probably so. At least none of the money so taken ever touched him.

And this also was the first year of lean crops since New Freedom was named. That would have been so in any case. It was New Freedom's turn to be on the wrong side of the weather. Nevertheless, it was true that agriculture had been neglected. The farmers spent too much of their time sitting on the fences talking politics, economics and schemes for getting rich. If the fields of New Freedom looked not so green as usual, why fret about that? Everyone had bought shares in something that was going to bring big dividends; moreover, at the very worst, one now could borrow money at low rates of interest instead of having to pawn oneself at 10 per cent to the vultures.

But the crops were very bad—so bad that thousands of those postdated checks, made in the spring to be paid after harvest, could not be paid. The People's Bank, having cashed them in advance, was obliged to carry them as loans.

There was a new sound in the land—a sound of murmuring. It was indistinct because it was not informed. Nobody knew the facts. Capuchin himself did not know them; he would not look at them. The condition of the bank was such that if it had been subject to national law the Federal authorities would have obliged it to close its doors. Yet it went on lending; it could not stop.

Capuchin called upon his economic experts to review New Freedom's achievements, which they did, filling the League's newspapers with laudatory essays, all of course in good faith, since everyone was defending his own work.

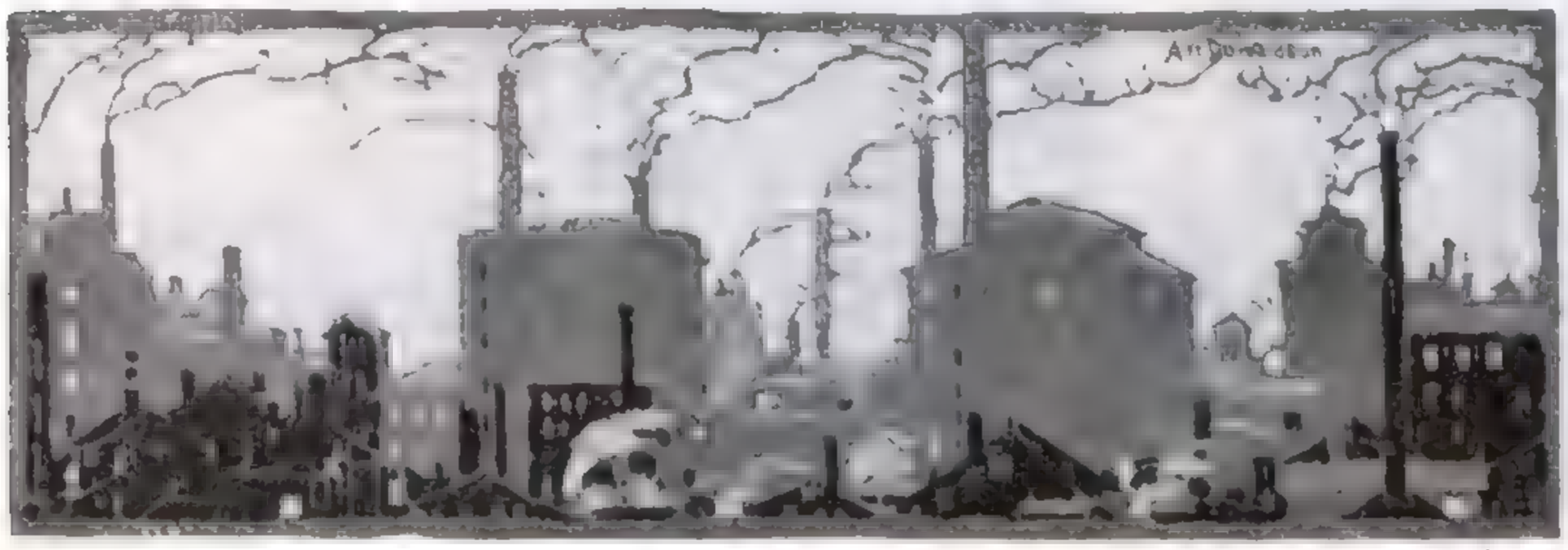
All news of an adverse character came from outside. Newspapers in New York and Chicago, also Eastern magazines, printed much damaging matter about the stock schemes, the wasteful working of the state's business, the perilous use of credit. These the League's newspapers denounced as Wall Street organs; they had sent their spies to New Freedom with instructions beforehand as to what they were to find out. On the other hand the radical publications of the East, such as Grinling's People's Witness, went on beating the timbrels and singing the song of praise. These utterances the League's newspapers printed in full. Nobody knew what to believe.

The year ended, as each of the others had ended, with one more river to cross. Only this was Marah, indeed; the waters were very bitter and nothing to heal them with. Taxes were more than doubled; and this time there was no plausible excuse. Where were the profits from their own things that were to have made the people rejoice?

The largest item in the state's budget was Loss from Operations. No particulars.

The fact was that nothing state-owned had earned a profit; nothing the League owned had earned a profit. Privately owned stores were outtrading the coöperative stores; privately owned lumberyards were competing successfully with those of the League. The private lumberyards sold for cash and locked their gates at night. Those of the League sold on credit and at night people helped themselves, which was even cheaper. Were these not the people's materials? All the League's newspapers were wells of loss. And nobody had the facts. It was not only that the facts were suppressed. Nowhere did they head up. They were scattered, unrelated, lost in confusion.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Watch This Column

GEORGE LEWIS in "THE COLLEGIANS"

Here comes the breeze from the campus, the sparkle of youth, the tinkle of the ukelele, the strenuous efforts of the young giants to make the team and the caustic comments of the coach. Great stuff, and we all love it.

It is all in *"THE COLLEGIANS,"* the series of 2-reel feature plays of college life, written by Carl Laemmle, Jr., and produced by Universal. GEORGE LEWIS is playing the college hero rôle and unless my judgment is warped, he is going to make himself a snug berth in stardom. He is young, good looking, full of pep, a good actor and full of ambition. Surely, there isn't much more than that.

Can't you imagine HAYDEN STEVENSON as the coach—the pleasing chap who played the trainer in *"The Leather Pushers"* in which REGINALD DENNY made his first big hit? As the coach of the college team, he has a much bigger chance and takes full advantage of it.

HAYDEN STEVENSON

This whole series of 2-reelers should be shown everywhere because they reflect the scenes which everybody loves and are in accord with the spirit of the day—youth, beauty, romance. Thrills, too, motor boat races, the campus rush, polo games, all that the "speed of youth" conveys.

By all means see JEAN HERSHOLT in *"The Old Soak,"* Don Marquis' now celebrated comedy-drama; also that thrilling Jules Verne drama, *"Michael Strogoff,"* and LAURA LA PLANTE in the brilliant spectacle, *"The Midnight Sun."* Don't overlook REGINALD DENNY in *"Take It From Me"* and FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN and BILLIE DOVE in *"The Marriage Clause,"* a powerful play of life behind the scenes. I am waiting for a personal letter from you. Yes, of course I'll answer it.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

Send 10c each for autographed photograph of George Lewis and Hayden Stevenson

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

Weather Bureaucracy: A Miracle Play

By Wallace Irwin

CARTOON BY HERBERT JOHNSON

CHARACTERS

C. F. MARVIN, *official weather wizard.* MEPHISTO, *his assistant.* GEODETIC ANEROIDS, *the hired help.* SENATOR WHIFFLETREE, *a practical man.* JUPITER PLUVIUS, *a field worker.*

SCENE

The Weather Bureau, Washington, D. C. In a cubist setting of thermometers, barometers, speedometers, meteorological charts, farmers' almanacs, telescopes, telephones, seismographs, radios, electric fans and Houdini's complete astrological outfit sits HON. C. F. MARVIN, *arguing with the weather.*

C. F. MARVIN *(soliloquy):*

CENTIGRADE FAHRENHEIT MARVIN—
That is the name they gave me;
It glows upon many a carvin'
When talented sculptors grave me.
Thus I've become a professional prophet—
Colder than blitzen or hotter than Tophet,
Average rainfall or regular drouth,
Sunstroke in Iceland and snows in the South—
I am the wizard who freezes the gizzard,
Hurries the cyclones, summons the blizzard,
King of geometers,
Lord of barometers,
Over a million wide-spreading kilometers.
Federal ruler of weather conditions,
One of the Government's fancy positions.
I sit in my tower,
My head in a cloud,
Predicting a shower
Or a thunderstorm loud;
And people should hail me with shrieks of delight;
But the weather I give 'em is never quite right.
There are several jobs that would give me more ease,
Such as snake charming, bee farming, training wild fleas.
Sweet heaven preserve us!
This office is nervous.

[A barometer suddenly boils over, then runs sadly down to the bottom. A radio shrilly announces: "West wind in Omaha. Wait a minute. It's stopped." C. F. MARVIN *punches a button. Enter* MEPHISTO.

MEPHISTO:

Didja ring, Mister Marvin, didja ring, jing-jing?
Didja jingle for a single little thing?

C. F. MARVIN:

Assistant Mephisto, I've called you to court
To give you my Evening Weather Report.
Now listen intently
And cough only gently:

BASS SOLO

'Tis a dark and stormy night,
The barometer is low.
Hear the jumbling, grumbling, tumbling
Of the thunder's deep salvo.
Now the breakers lash in panic
On the tempest-smitten deep,
While cyclones howl satanic,
"Life is cheap, cheap, cheap!"

Oh . . .
Pity the mariner out in the storm!
Pity the orphan with wind-shaken form!
Pity the farmer a-trembling in bed,
With naught but the mortgage,
The maw-haw-haw-horgage
To cover his head!

MEPHISTO *(opening window and gazing out):*

But, boss, the moon is shining
Through its silvery gate,
And a nightingale is dining
With its tuneful mate.
Tender mist the landscape covers
And a zephyr barely hovers;
It's a languid night for lovers,
I regret to state.

C. F. MARVIN:

Close the window, hellish elf!
Are you daft?
There's a draft;
And I must compose myself.
Now the indications pointed
To a most inclement spell.
Are the auspices disjointed,
Useful devil, can you tell?

MEPHISTO:

I've a rule which in Inferno
Governs nearly all the earth.
Please excuse it—you can use it
As a tip for what it's worth:

FALSETTO SOLO

It's always unusual weather,
Whatever the climate may be.
When Florida's chilly the papers get silly
And ask what the reason can be.
In Maine they act sad when the poodles go mad
With the high thermometrical soar.
But it's always unusual weather, says I,
And you don't need to ask any more.

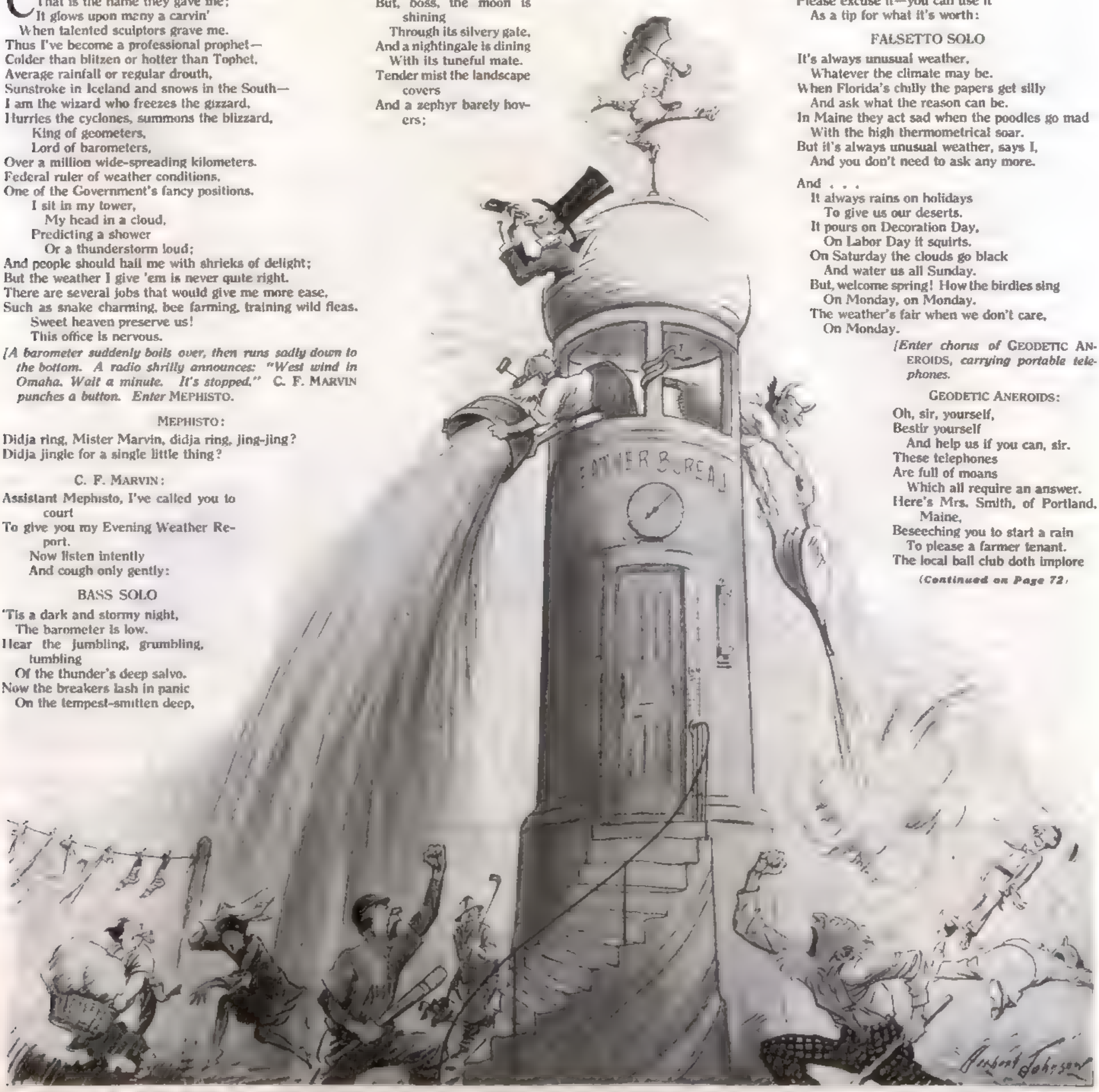
And . . .
It always rains on holidays
To give us our deserts.
It pours on Decoration Day,
On Labor Day it squirts.
On Saturday the clouds go black
And water us all Sunday.
But, welcome spring! How the birdies sing
On Monday, on Monday.
The weather's fair when we don't care,
On Monday.

[Enter chorus of GEODETIC ANEROIDS, *carrying portable telephones.*

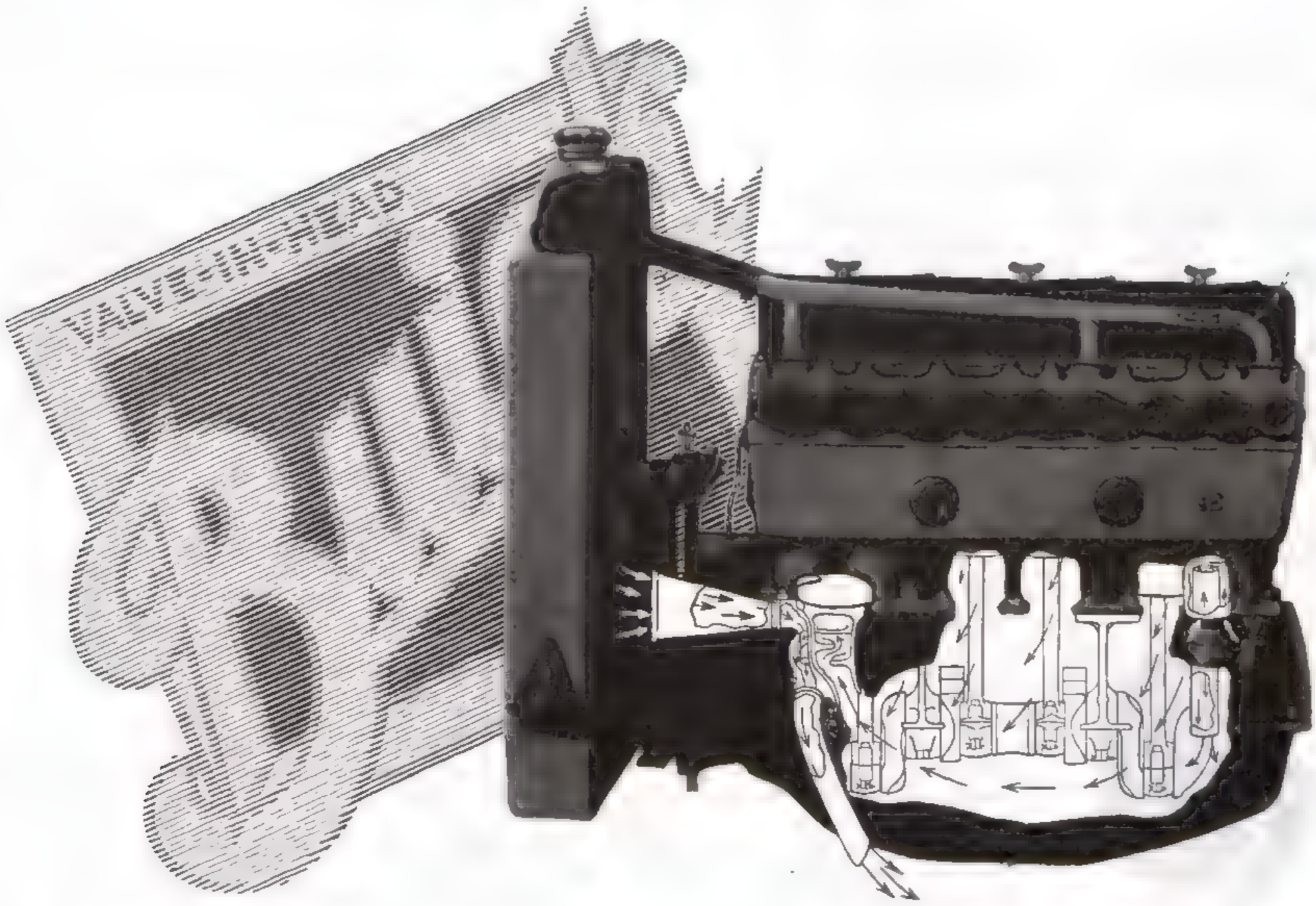
GEODETIC ANEROIDS:

Oh, sir, yourself,
Bestir yourself
And help us if you can, sir.
These telephones
Are full of moans
Which all require an answer.
Here's Mrs. Smith, of Portland, Maine,
Beseeching you to start a rain
To please a farmer tenant.
The local ball club doth implore

(Continued on Page 72)



I Sit in My Tower, My Head in a Cloud, Predicting a Shower or a Thunderstorm Loud



The BUICK *Vacuum Ventilator* - - Keeps the Crankcase clean - - - *just as your vacuum cleans your rugs at home.*

The Greatest Buick Ever Built has a vacuum-cleaned crankcase.

The household vacuum cleaner pulls dirt out of rugs. The Buick Vacuum Ventilator pulls noxious engine vapors out of the crankcase. Both devices protect your health and comfort, and save your money.

New luxury is added to Buick ownership by this remarkable device. It keeps the air inside the car free from disagreeable engine fumes.

And it prevents dilution of crankcase oil. Without this vital new improvement the crankcase vapors would condense; oil would need to be completely changed 15 to 20 times yearly. With the Vacuum Ventilator, just keep the oil at the proper level, then drain it once each season, 4 times a year, as a super-caution.

Every Buick model has the Vacuum Ventilator, and many other vital improvements, including the century's greatest contribution to motor car progress—an engine *vibrationless beyond belief.*

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICH.
Division of General Motors Corporation

THE GREATEST BUICK EVER BUILT

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

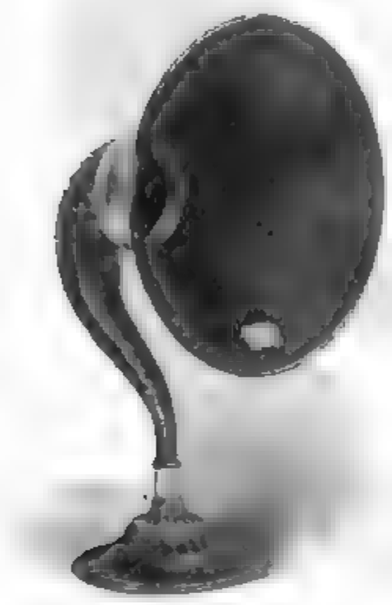
THE RICH MELLOW SWEETNESS

Conceived by the Old Master Violin Makers

Music Master

Horn Speaker

The Distinct Musical Instrument of Radio



French mahogany wood bell. Cast aluminum tone chamber and the Music Master reproducing unit

Price Complete

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No Mutilation of Tone

MUSIC MASTER Horn Speaker stands out as the acknowledged amplifying musical instrument of radio.

Reproduces every tone color with resonance and sustained power unequaled.

The distinguishing feature is the amplifying bell, which is made of selected, seasoned wood.

If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct. Colored illustrations sent free on request.

Do Not Accept a Substitute

Music Master Corporation

David S. Ludlum, Trustee

Betzwood, Pa.
Port Kennedy P. O.

(Continued from Page 70

A hot, dry spell for one week more
To let them cop the pennant.
Now, tell us if you can, sir,
What is the proper answer?

C. F. MARVIN:

Always say, Yes,
And let 'em guess.

GEODETIC ANEROIDS:

A laundress up in Joliet
Complains because it's far too wet
To dry her hand-washed frillies;
A nurseryman across the lane
Demands a solid month of rain—
He's growing water lilies.
A desert or a pond, sir—
Pray, what shall we respond, sir?

C. F. MARVIN

Just say, All right,
And fly your kite.

[MEPHISTO, *who has been up in the air, outside the window, sweeping together a few thunderclouds, comes hastily in and lays down his broom.*

MEPHISTO:

I beg to announce the barometer's falling
And Senator Wellington Whiffletree's calling.

C. F. MARVIN *(sighs)*:

Quick, imp! Grease a thunderbolt, fill it with air
And fasten it under the Senator's chair.

MEPHISTO:

Sorry. I sent the last bolt—that's unlucky—
To spoil a coon barbecue down in Kentucky.

C. F. MARVIN:

Why do you let everything run out of stock?
Where is our service department, you block?

[*Enter* SENATOR WHIFFLETREE. *He seats himself on a pile of electric divining rods and lights his cigar on an astrolabe.*

SENATOR WHIFFLETREE:

I've just dropped in, my friend, to speak my mind.
If winter comes can spring be far behind?
Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale steams with heavenly alchemy.
What is so rare as a day in June, I say ——

C. F. MARVIN:

To what do I owe this signal honor, pray?

[*A gong sounds twice. The radio shouts: "Two cyclones are descending on the Ohio Valley. The right one is making for a grain elevator, the left one for a chamber of commerce. Which one shall we stop?"*

SENATOR WHIFFLETREE:

It's fine when you and I just get together
And have a nice, long talk about the weather.
*(*C. F. MARVIN *is telephoning, but the* SENATOR *goes contentedly on.)*
Now, son, I've noticed for a year or two
The Weather Bureau's sort of on the skew.
Down in my district folks ain't satisfied.
The spring's been late—that fact can't be denied—
The wind has knocked the cornstalks galley-west;
They had to plant too late to get the best.
Now, boy, I know you think you're doing fine:
But I've been forty years in party line
And this I've learned
Through votes well earned:
You can't drink long from the official font
Unless you give the public what they want.
You've got your troubles, boy, the same as mine,
Keeping the wet ones and the drys in line.
But like as not
You've plumb forgot
You cannot hold your station or authority,
Unless you cater to the big majority.
And so I ask you with a friendly smile,
Go kind o' light on rainfall for a while.
(The radio sounds an alarm whistle and shouts: "We stopped the left cyclone. But barometric pressure indicates flood condition in the Mississip——" Static interruption.)
Another thing I wanted just to mention:
Six weeks from present date it's my intention
To stump my state and outline my position
Against that pesky World Court superstition.
I aim to speak,
From week to week,
In real-estate plots
And vacant lots;
Midst rustic scenes
On village greens.
But if it rains, by such a flagrant token,
The jig is up, the mystic spell is broken.
Now, brother, can't you use your pull intense
With sun and storm and all the elements
So that my speaking tour will go right through
In perfect weather and a sky of blue?

[*Radio announces: "Mississippi has subsided, but seismograph reports earthquake in Java via Malay Archipelago and Japan. What shall we do next?"*

SENATOR WHIFFLETREE *(continuing)*:

If you can fix the weather to suit me
I won't ignore your claims to merit, see?
Just push away a thundercloud or two,
And maybe I can do the same for you ——

[C. F. MARVIN *touches a button. The barometer explodes, a typhoon enters through the ventilator and blows* SENATOR WHIFFLETREE *into a fourth dimension. On the window sill appears an elderly gentleman with a sou'wester protecting his spectacles, and his beard tucked into his patent raincoat. This is* JUPITER PLUVIUS *himself*

JUPITER PLUVIUS:

Blow, blow! Gee whizz,
Let 'er snow! Let 'er frizz!
O Mister Marvin, noble man,
I work with ye
And ve with me,
Upon a strictly mutual plan.
Between us two
What can't we do?
When we proclaim a waterspout
Whole peevish nations can't go out;
We tie up cities when we like
More closely than a general strike;
When we're inclined
We can be kind—
Some days, perhaps, we please the farmer
By simply printing Fair and Warmer;
When it's our whim we can be grim
And deluge eighty baseball parks,
Teach the pedestrians how to swim,
Turn street cars into Noah's Arks;
When we're perverse
It's worse and worse;
We interfere with big parades,
Stop battle plans
And moving vans,
Golf and the trysts of men and maids.
In short, we are the only gents
More powerful than their governments.
Our jobs ain't popular, perhaps,
Like some that fall in statesmen's laps.
But this I'll say
To those who may
Approach our door with sullen kicks:
Don't call us cheap—
We'll always keep
The weather out of politics.

[*Curtain falls into an equinox.*

Glena Lake, Pyramid Peak and Shepard Glacier, Glacier National Park

NIMBLE! EASY TO DRIVE-TO STEER-TO PARK

Every traffic condition, ordinarily difficult, illustrates the advantages of Oldsmobile's ease of control . . its instant response to accelerator . . its obedience to brakes . . its steering ease . . its all-around agility.

Every crowded parking space demonstrates the joy of its handling facility, its short turning radius, the ease with which it parks.

In naming the qualities for which they prize their car, Oldsmobile owners, by the thousands, place on a par with the constant satisfaction of thorough dependability, brilliant performance and envied smartness . . "Nimble! . . Easy to Drive . . Easy to Steer . . Easy to Park."

Woman Driver Amazes Seattle Crowd

"Mrs. F. E. Griff, driving an Oldsmobile DeLuxe Coach, surely 'showed 'em' what a skillful woman of 14 years of experience, and a good judge of distance can do with a car that can spurt, brake quickly, steer easily and turn 'on the edge of a dime.' In one of three obstacle races, ... the one in which cars of 110 to 125-inch wheelbase contested in Seattle, the length of a long block, Mrs. Griff amazed the crowd during the one minute and 36 seconds in which she won. Boxes, barrels, packing cases, etc., were placed so as to leave a winding trail, barely wide enough to pass through. It meant sprinting, stopping short, turning quickly. All the races were for women . . . . the result of innuendoes against their safe driving ability

"Afterward two men tried to beat what Mrs. Griff and her Oldsmobile had done. Both came to grief"

—Motor West, June 15th

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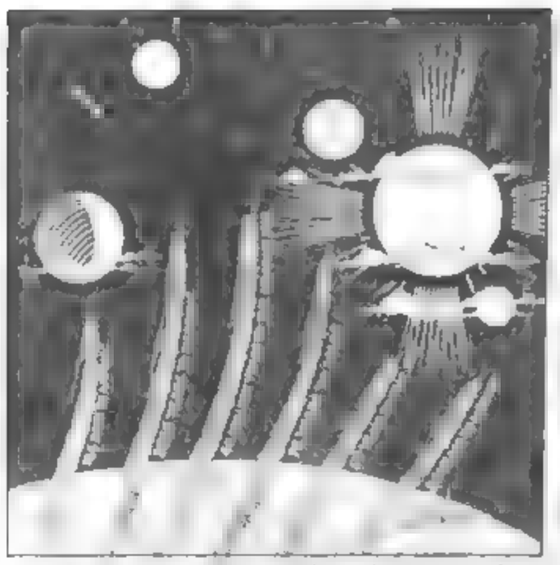
COACH
Body by Fisher
$950
F. O. B. LANSING

OLDSMOBILE SIX

Product of GENERAL MOTORS

Larger L-Head Engine . . Crankcase Ventilation . . Dual Air Cleaning . . Oil Filter . . Harmonic Balancer . . Twin-Beam Headlights, Controlled From Steering Wheel . . Two-Way Cooling . . Three-Way Pressure Lubrication . . Full Automatic Spark Control . . Thermostatic Charging Control . . Tapered, Dome-Shaped Combustion Chambers . . High Velocity, Hot-Section Manifold . . Special Design, Light Cast-Iron Pistons . . Honed Cylinders . . Silent Timing Chain . . Balloon Tires . . Exclusive Chromium Plating . . Duco Finish . . New Beauty of Line and Appointments in Fisher Bodies . . And many other features of demonstrated worth.



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A TRAIN running a mile a minute, every hour of every day, year after year, would take 177 years to reach the sun, and 40,000,000 years to reach the nearest star! This picture, which helps us to grasp the immensity of the universe, is only one of 15,000 striking educational pictures in The Book of Knowledge.

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What holds the stars up?
Why is the sea never still?
What is air made of?
Where does the rain go?

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The Children's Encyclopedia

This great book contains *all the really essential knowledge of the world*, told and pictured so simply and clearly that a child can understand it, and made so interesting that children love to read it.

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Getting On in the World

Learning by Teaching

LAST fall a young man returned to his office after a vacation. He found a note on his desk asking him to see his boss at once.

"I've hired an assistant for you," the boss explained. "I want you to analyze your job and decide what part of it you can give to this new man. Then explain the work to him and see that he does it. I shall continue to hold you responsible for it."

The next Monday the boss called in the same young man. "What is your assistant doing for you?" the executive asked.

"Nothing, so far." The young man seemed surprised at the question. "I can't trust him with any of the work until he gets more familiar with things around here."

"I think a week should give him a general idea of what we do and why we do it," the boss insisted. "Now today I want you to give him certain of your jobs to do. You must decide which things he can handle, and you must explain to him how you want these things handled. But start today. Come in tomorrow and tell me about it."

"And that," the boss explained the other day, "started the training of one of our best young department heads. When the boy first came to us—the one for whom I hired that assistant—he showed plenty of willingness and a lot of genuine capacity for getting things done. But he was a one-man worker. He wanted to do everything solo.

"That lad would rather stay around until seven or eight at night than explain a job so someone else could do it. He could not let go of one little part of his work. Others tried to help him in the rush periods, but there wasn't any use. He just had to follow every detail himself. He had an incipient case of ingrowing individualism. We need men who can work with others.

"I talked this boy's case over with our personnel man and he suggested this assistant idea. So we hired the assistant while the boy was on his vacation and then made him assign things to the assistant. It hurts to let a job go out of your hands and to see someone else do that job in a way that isn't exactly your way. One has to learn to be sure of assistants, and then to trust them to do things in a way which will be almost as good as one's own methods. Sometimes the assistant fools you and does a job in a better way.

"We taught the fellow to let go of details. But we taught him something more important than that. In order to pass on a job to that assistant of his, he had to study the job so that he could explain it—why it was done; what its relation was to the rest of the business, and how it should be carried out. By the time our young friend had passed over three or four jobs, complete with explanations, he had lined up his work in a manner that gave him a brand-new grasp of it.

"He had mapped his job, and his productivity jumped.

"Pretty soon he began to have time to think, and within one week he gave us three workable suggestions for the improvement of our office routine—little short cuts, it is true, but ideas that saved us quite a bit of money. Today that same boy, who hated so to let others work for him, is directing the work of a department, and keeping track of every job that goes through his place."

Just offhand, that sounds like an unusual case. You think of the average young chap in business as being of the type that would welcome an assistant just as a second lieutenant would welcome an increase in the number of noncoms reporting to him. There are quite a number of aggressive young men in advertising work, and I asked an advertising manager whether he ever had any difficulty in getting his men to delegate tasks to their assistants. He flashed a big, broad grin.

"I should say I have!" he confirmed. "Here's an example. We have a man here whose job is the editing of our private periodicals, or house magazines. This man was getting photographs, writing the stories, ordering the art work and engravings, and handling the details of printing one of these publications. He was so jammed with work that the minute he took a couple of days out in the field, which is where an editor ought to be at least a quarter of his time, he had to work late for a week to catch up.

"We transferred a man to his department and told the editor to give the associate the details of that paper. A month went by and I found that the editor was still doing all the work. He would let the assistant read some proof once in a while, and give him a page or two to lay out. Then the editor would proceed to check the work through himself and change layouts around so they fitted his own personal style. When the assistant wrote a line or two, the editor would rewrite it in his own vein.

"What we finally had to do was to chase the editor out on a two weeks' trip and let the assistant get the paper out. The job was not like preceding jobs exactly. It was a little poorer in some spots and a lot better in many others. Mr. Editor came back and checked the thing over with me. Ever since then that assistant has been handling all the production work on the paper, leaving the editor free for planning and fieldwork. Naturally it's a better paper now."

I asked the advertising manager if his editor had learned anything about his job when he passed it on to an assistant.

"Heaps!" he agreed. "As soon as he got free of the grind of the thing he charted up our readers, who are our customers and prospective customers. On his charts he indicated just how many readers are interested in each class of product that we make. Then he charted our editorial content for the last six months and found we were too heavy on certain material and too light on other things. Next he came through with a geographical survey that was a wonder. It showed just where our business is best and where our circulation is heaviest. From that survey we were able to improve our mailing list a whole lot. That boy just about doubled his value by training an assistant."

To all of which might be added the thought that it isn't necessary to get an assistant in order to make a study of one's job and find out why things are done and how they could be handled more quickly, better or more cheaply. Thinking about a job never made it any harder. Analyzing it makes it an easy matter to train an assistant when one is justified, and a correct analysis is about the best justification in the world.

—CHARLES LOOMIS FUNNELL.

Taking Potluck With the Boss

NOT a few small employers these days are thinking as Mrs. J. Willoughby Barnes thought five years ago, when our business trails first crossed. And I incline to the belief they will continue to think as she did for some years to come.

So if, in the decade ahead, you brace some of them for a job, it may help you a bit to know what's brewing above their eyebrows.

A man to drive a car and truck, tend the furnaces and make himself generally useful about the place—thus tersely had she summarized her need. Would I find such a man for her? Her husband had died a year before and endowed her with a stone elephant, parked in five acres of rural realty. He didn't leave much besides, friends said.

I've forgotten how many men we sent her for the position at the school for girls she had founded there—six at least. And all but one came back or went their devious ways.

One, I recall, had most imposing references from his last employer, who had moved from the city, and expressed quite an eagerness for the position after I'd sketched it for him. The fact also that it carried what the farmer denotes as "found" for himself and wife, doubtless swayed him.

(Continued on Page 78)

Prepare for Winter Driving

Install CHAMPION *Spark Plugs* NOW!

A new set will assure easier starting-better performance-save oil and gas.

Both Miss America V, which successfully defended the Harmsworth Trophy, and Rowdy, winner of the International 150-mile Sweepstakes at Detroit, on Labor Day, were equipped with Champions.

Champion—for cars other than Fords—packed in the Blue Box—
75 cents each.
Set of Four — $3.00
Set of Six — $4.50

Champion X—exclusively for Ford cars, Trucks and Fordson Tractors—packed in the Red Box—
60 cents each.
Set of Four — $2.40

If you have not installed new spark plugs within the past year, or if your present set has gone 10,000 miles, you will make certain of quicker starting and better engine performance during the coming winter if you install a complete set of dependable Champions NOW.

Hundreds of thousands of motorists who installed new Champions during Champion National Change Week last spring have enjoyed better service since that time. You, too, will experience much more satisfactory motoring if you make it a regular practice to put in new spark plugs once a year.

Stop at your local dealer's and he will supply you with a set of the correct type of Champions for your car.

CHAMPION

Dependable for Every Engine

Toledo, Ohio

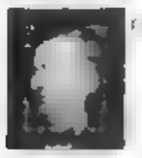
All Champion Spark Plugs are of two-piece, gas-tight construction, with sillimanite insulators and special analysis electrodes.

BRIDGE by RADIO

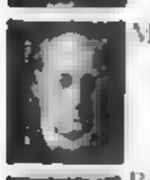
Week of October 18th

The players and hands in the first game of the new series will be as follows:

Wilbur C. Whitehead, N. Y., dealer, South
Spades K, Q, J, 8, 7, 5
Hearts J, 5
Diamonds Q, 7
Clubs 10, 7, 2



Gratz M. Scott, N. Y., West
Spades 9, 4
Hearts 9, 7, 6, 4, 3
Diamonds K, 4, 2
Clubs A, K, 6



Milton C. Work, N. Y., North
Spades 10, 6, 3, 2
Hearts K, Q, 10, 2
Diamonds 10
Clubs Q, 9, 4, 3

Ralph J. Leibenderfer, N. Y., East
Spades A
Hearts A, 8
Diamonds A, J, 9, 8, 6, 5, 3
Clubs J, 8, 5

What would you bid on each of these hands? What bid should win the declaration? Can declarer go game? Play the hands now, then have your cards and players ready to follow the experts when the game is broadcast as scheduled below and see if their method differs from yours.

Tues., Oct. 19, 10 P. M. (E. T.)

WEAF, WSAI, KSD, WCAE, WCCO, WEAR, WEEI, WFI, WGN, WGR, WJAR, WOC, WRC, WTAG, WWJ.

Consult local papers for time of broadcasting bridge games from following stations:

KPRC ... Houston Post Dispatch ... Houston
WFAA ... Dallas News ... Dallas
WSMB ... Saenger Amusement Co. ... New Orleans
WOAW ... Woodmen of the World ... Omaha
WDAF ... Kansas City Star ... Kansas City, Mo.
WSOE ... Wisconsin News ... Milwaukee
KGW ... Portland Oregonian ... Portland
KGO ... General Electric Co. ... Oakland
WSB ... Atlanta Journal ... Atlanta
WMC ... Memphis Commercial Appeal ... Memphis
KOA ... General Electric Co. ... Denver
KHJ ... Los Angeles Times ... Los Angeles
KFOA ... Seattle Times ... Seattle
WDBO ... Rollins College ... Winter Park, Fla.
WDAE ... Tampa Daily Times ... Tampa

Splendid for-
tail, big in-
[illegible]
book rates.

You cannot get Bicycle quality for less than Bicycle price

BICYCLE
and CONGRESS
PLAYING CARDS

Reports of Games FREE

Write your name and address in margin, tear off and mail. You will [illegible]
Address The U. S. Playing Card Co., Cincinnati, U. S. A., or Windsor, Canada

(Continued from Page 74)

An excellent type—he'd struck me—such as you'd like to see awaiting you at the wheel when you said good night to the Upstages or gave your call number at the opera-house curb. But he didn't groove to the job.

"He's not willing to make ordinary repairs to his car," observed Mrs. Barnes, with a flick of impatience in her tone. "'I'm not accustomed to it,' he said, when I told him I expected the man to be able to keep the cars in order without running up garage bills every time some trifle goes wrong. Heavens! Do you suppose he thinks I buy a new garment or rush to a dressmaker every time"—she laughed—"every time a lining frays or I see a rip? I confess I'd like to, but —— No, I need—I must have a man who not only can do it, but who is accustomed to doing it. Accustomed—goodness! If I followed custom, even my own, in this venture ——"

Nor did another I'd sent, a few hours before Mrs. Barnes had enlarged her specifications, square with the job. He too was not accustomed to making minor repairs, because he didn't know how. Even the one-ton Nonesuch that toted the provisions from the markets and the baggage to and from the station had him stumped.

"I could have done the rest of the work O. K., but I was never much of a hand around machinery," he said next day when, keenly regretful, he announced the verdict.

"We couldn't get together on wages," was Padden's plaint. "She raised the ante a little after we'd talked for about a half hour and she'd learned more about what I'd done, but she wouldn't meet my figure. She said she wouldn't start a new man—a man who'd never worked for her—at the wages I'd asked; she might pay me that, or even more later on, but it would depend on how I did the work and got along with everybody about the place."

"I'm sorry Mr. Padden and I couldn't reach a common ground," said a voice, not long after he had left my office. "I don't know, but I think—I think he could fill the position admirably, but I've no way of knowing, unless he's willing to meet me halfway on the salary question, so that I can see his work. But he wouldn't consider less than he's been receiving."

Which, briefly, was all Mr. Padden and Mrs. Barnes had to say of points of view and of a business strictly their own.

Before another sun yawned, Roberts had returned. "That lady's looking for one man to do two men's work," he said dryly. "Two jobs for the price of one. We didn't get very far. I asked a party I met at the station how to get to the school, and he turned out to be the houseman who was with the family while her husband was living. He was leaving because she wanted him to clean the rugs and carpets."

What most impressed me about the man who finally assumed the contract was that he already had a job that looked quite good to me. But ——

"There ain't enough work where I am to keep up my circulation and I'm still good for a few years more," was his kick. "I guess I could stay on until somebody died, but there's only two in the family, and after I've drove him to business in the morning I'm through for the day, except a couple of times a week when his wife goes shopping. I get tired sitting around. There ain't even room for a man's-size garden, where a fellow can get up a sweat. Why, I've even weather-stripped the garage windows and made screens just for something to do."

He was then in the middle thirties, and years before had served a peacetime enlistment with the United States Coast Guards. I did not learn the salary he'd been receiving, or what Mrs. Barnes promised him. I recall, though, she waited two weeks for him while he served out a quitting notice he gave to his then employer.

All of which, as I said, was five years ago. He still works there. So does Mrs. Barnes.

This morning on my desk were calls from business men for a stenographer who can do bookkeeping, a private-branch-exchange operator who can do typing, a mail clerk familiar with stencil machines, a stock-room clerk handy at lettering and display-card writing, a night watchman to run an elevator and tend fires, a gardener chauffeur, motormen conductors for one-man trolleys, a file clerk who can operate an adding machine; men to sell pork products, drive a truck and make their own collections.

In but one instance was a position price-marked. When I asked the men behind the other orders what the positions would pay, answers like these came over the wire:

"Whatever he can earn; the sky's the limit." "It all depends on the man." "We'll have to try him out first, but all he's worth." "It's up to him to show us." "Somewhere between twenty and thirty; we have no fixed rate." "Oh, around eighty to a hundred a month; the salary's flexible." "The wages are open; it'll depend on how much he saves us."

No, broadly viewed, they're not concerned, these small employers I meet, with what you and I once received, with what we think we're worth, or with what the other fellow pays our neighbor for a similar class of work. They're concerned, as was Mrs. J. Willoughby Barnes, with how deftly we adjust ourselves to the day's need, and how willing we are to take a spoonful of potluck with them in making a mutual venture pay.

—Kenneth Coolbaugh.

Is There Synthetic Success?

A SMALL laundry on the Pacific Coast more than quadrupled its size by absorbing two rivals—and within a short time was facing bankruptcy through loss of business. There was plenty of work offered; the difficulty was in collection and distribution. Drivers came in exhausted after thirteen hours of toil. The company became known as a man-killer. It was impossible to keep the trucks manned for any length of time on the fifty-odd routes. Yet no route was particularly long.

Disgusted patrons quit in droves because their laundry was always from two to four days late. Finally an officer of the company made a trip with one of the drivers. When he returned he recommended that the entire fleet of trucks be scrapped and new ones purchased. These should be so arranged that the driver, on deliveries, could pick the bundles from his seat, instead of dismounting and going to the rear. Also, he pointed out, the vehicles should be of shorter turning radius.

His recommendations were followed. The drivers now make their trips in nine hours. They save some miles in distance, because the shorter radius permits them to turn in the middle of the block, instead of going to the intersection. And the ability to reach bundles from the seat saves each driver more than one thousand extra steps a day. Little things, but marking the difference between success and failure.

Many of the rising generation hold one of two theories as to the success of present-day men and projects: The cynical feel that all success is synthetic—due to accident; and the too humble believe that success comes from a stupendous effort of which they are incapable. Both theories are faulty. Accidental success is rare. Worthy achievement, on the other hand, is not due to superhuman putting forth of horse power. Rather, it is due in part to many little things which seem like unimportant details.

A large San Francisco hotel recently doubled its size. On the day the addition was opened, every room in the house, spoken for in advance, was filled. The owner of the hotel is reputed to be worth two million dollars, all made from the property within the past fifteen years. Yet he declares his success is founded on things so small that they seem almost absurd in the recounting.

"Of course, we try to run a good hotel," he said; "but such a place in this day of hotel efficiency usually earns only a small return on the investment. We went in for perfection in details.

"Every woman who writes for reservations, and comes to San Francisco alone or with children, is met at the train or steamship, no matter what the hour of day or night, by a uniformed representative who calls her by name and assists her to get quickly and comfortably to the hotel.

"Each guest, when he first enters our doors, is attended by a bell boy who learns his name and is regarded as his bell boy during his stay in the house. If he should call for service and his boy is busy, another is assigned. This boy invariably learns the guest's name before he answers the call and uses it when he reports.

"Knowing the horror of women at the possibility of being trapped in a hotel fire, a horror from which most men travelers are entirely free, I built a fireproof staircase in the front of the hotel, extending from the top story. It is shut off from the rest of the house by steel-lined walls, and has its own doors which open onto the street at the ground level. We have adequate outside fire escapes, of course, but I knew they did not allay the instinctive and unreasoning fear of many women guests.

"A committee came to San Francisco recently to select headquarters for a national five-day convention, which will bring more than a thousand women here. Many are elderly. The committee, to make them feel safe, named our hotel, because of the fireproof staircase."

When a famous American actor came West recently for a revival of his best-known play, Los Angeles' Rialto was greatly agitated. The supporting company was to be home-picked. Several internationally known players, resting on the Coast, besieged the producer for a chance. At least one moving-picture star, whose salary is declared to be two thousand dollars a week, tried to get a place at less than one-tenth that figure, because of the prestige that appearing with the stage luminary would give him.

The first man named for the cast is an actor who might be called Al, though that is not his name. When the choice was made public, his disappointed colleagues declared that Al isn't a good actor, that he is scarcely a passable one. They grudgingly admitted that he seems to be working all the time in pretty good productions, but they couldn't see why.

Al plays opposite the star in the climax of the play. He also has other powerful scenes. What the producer said in picking him throws light on his case: "Now that I've got you," he explained, "there are thirteen left to worry over. You're one I can forget about, Al. I've quit expecting genius from actors. All I hope for now is dependability and a little common sense. But I don't get them."

Al told the rest of the secret: "I have never been late to a rehearsal or a production. I have always been letter-perfect in my lines at the time set by the director, or the day before. I have never grumbled about the length of my part—five sides or a hundred, it's all the same.

"When I'm not actually on the stage during a performance, I'm in the wings. They know where to find me and they depend on me to help out—hold the prompt book, and things like that. Usually, the stage manager makes me his assistant before the first week is over."

The biggest oil company on the Pacific Coast attributes its size and prosperity to little things. "Our drivers must be courteous to the public," said an officer. "Our trucks give half the road and more. All of them carry governors, holding the speed down to fourteen miles an hour. Standard equipment on every truck includes two jacks, two fire extinguishers and a towline. Whenever a driver sees a motorist in trouble where other help cannot readily be secured, as a matter of course he goes to his assistance. The emergency equipment is used much more frequently for the benefit of the public than for our own vehicles. We get scores of letters every year, praising our men for their help."

—Michael J. Phillips.

NASH

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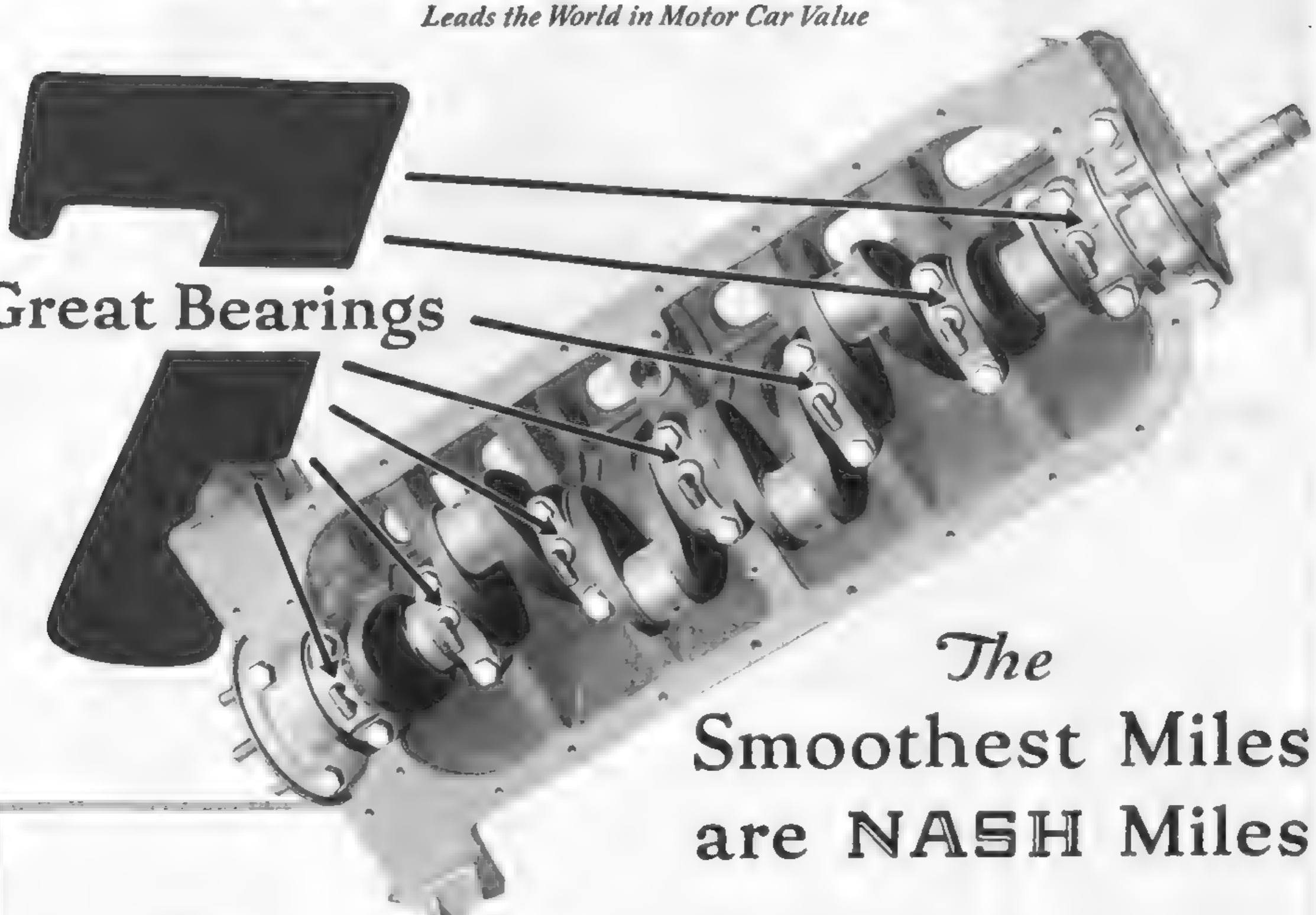

The Smoothest Miles are NASH Miles

All new Nash models now have the great superiority of a 7-bearing crankshaft motor.

It is an engineering fact that this is the ultra-modern motor—*the world's smoothest type.*

The 7 great bearings give the revolving crankshaft absolute rigidity and stiffness, thus achieving the final degree of power-smoothness and quietness.

Every connecting rod bearing surface is supported on each side by one of these big main bearings. There is no whipping, no distortion.

United to this phenomenal power-smoothness and quietness there is pick-up of breath-taking swiftness.

Inspect these new Nash models—16 different body styles—brilliant new body finishes—with prices ranging from $865 to $2090 f. o. b. factory. *Now on display* at all Nash dealers'.

(421)

New Nash Attractions

New instrument board with indirect lighting and all instruments in single panel under glass, including hydrostatic gas gauge.

New oil screen "agitator" which prevents oil coagulation in coldest weather.

New crankcase "breather" eliminating crankcase dilution.

Rubber-insulated motor supports which deepen operative quietness *(standard Nash practice for some time).*

And an array of further superb new features.

(On all Advanced and Special Six models)

MONROE
HIGH SPEED ADDING-CALCULATOR

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PREFERENCE is usually based on outstanding points of difference which make the chosen machine of greater value to the user.

Executives responsible for prompt, accurate statements, reports, payrolls, cost records, etc., prefer the Monroe High Speed Adding-Calculator because its *performance is different*. They know its lightning speed and simple, direct action will produce more work, in a day's time, without tiring the operator; they know its Visible Proof assures first-time accuracy.

The Monroe handles with equal ease and facility—Addition, Subtraction, Multiplication, and Division, saving time and money for scores of thousands of users the World over.

Learn why the Monroe is a different machine. Prove its value on your own work. We'll gladly arrange a free trial.

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PORKY SPINES

By Arthur Hawthorne Carhart

THE native porcupines, although their range covers much of the North American continent, have not been the subject of any great number of biped quill drivers' writings. But now, because porcupines are beginning to be classed as outlaws, they may soon attain the headlines which newspapers shower upon picturesque malefactors.

The limited information in reference works discloses the fact that the American porky differs from the European porcupine anatomically; that his teeth grow out from the roots, so that no matter how much he wears off the chisel ends there will be more tooth tissue growing in as replacement; points out that his common name, porcupine, is derived from the French term for a spiny pig, and gives little further data.

A Porcupine on Land Above Timberline in a Colorado National Forest

In the past, porky has been considered a rather harmless denizen of the woodlands. There has been an old woods law that porky must be unmolested because he is the only game a lost man can kill with a club, and is therefore desirable as a universal emergency backwoods meat supply. Now a campaign against destructive porcupines may be inaugurated, repealing this immunity from attack which porcupines have enjoyed for so long.

The first of two fields in which he does damage is in girdling trees. In some sections of the Western mountains porcupine feeding grounds may be located by simply looking into the green timber as it stands on a hillside. The stripped, bright yellow trunks of girdled trees show up against the dark green living forest as a bright beacon of porky destructiveness. When snows are deep, a porcupine may spend a number of days in one tree, working his way methodically around the trunk, and thus sentencing the tree, no matter how small or large, to death. When this occurs in healthy young pine or other lumber timber, the porky is stealing future lumber, often to the extent of several acres a year. And several acres of future houses, shingles and ties may be killed and the timber growth of that area retarded thirty, forty or more years.

A Magnetic Personality

The other principal field of damage is injury to range cattle. Inquisitive old cows and their offspring go nosing around the queer, lumbering, quill-clad porcupine, only to get a sharp swish in the nose with the quill-laden tail. When many such quills are whipped into the muzzle of the cow critter it may result in her death. The quills fester, the tissues of the cow's mouth swell, and it is less painful to die by starvation than to try to eat with the quill-sore mouth. Besides actual death resulting from such encounters, cattle are often made ill by festering quills in their flesh.

The porcupine is becoming a pest also in the vegetable gardens in mountain areas. As the growing of garden truck is rapidly gaining in importance in the Western mountains, this field of damage of the porky is certain to increase, with resulting unpopularity to porky.

Dogs seem to be attracted to porcupine scent when they are trailing any other animals, and a knowing hunter will carry a pair of small pliers with which quills can be removed. For several weeks one fall I was in camp with Paul Rainey and his associates, who were hunting bear on the North Fork of the White River, in Colorado. They had a pack of more than sixty dogs. Of the pack at least two would follow bear scent consistently. The other dogs would chase deer, cattle, horses or any other animal just as readily as bear; but most of all, they seemed to fancy chasing the strong-scented porcupines.

Kaiser, an Airedale, one of the best dogs in the pack, owned by Mr. William McFadden, of Ponca City, Oklahoma, had tangled with a porky previous to my arrival at the camp. I discovered a new camp occupation one evening, when McFadden with pliers pulled out the quills that were imbedded in Kaiser's muzzle. They could not be plucked out backward because of the barbs on their points, but were pulled on through the way they were pointed. McFadden stated that some months prior to this, Kaiser had had a broken quill work up through the roof of his mouth and finally appear with the point sticking up from the top of his nose. This evening I witnessed the operation. Kaiser whined and squirmed, but seemed to know what the work with the pliers might do to relieve his suffering from the quills, which had been gradually working out for days to where their points could be grasped by pliers.

From several woodsmen I have heard the statement that quill points, because of the minute barbs on their tips, which prevent pulling out or festering out backward, will work into bodies and occasionally cause death by puncturing vital organs. By rubbing the finger gently against the grain of these barbs they may be easily felt, rasping against the skin. Stroked lightly the other way the quill is as smooth as celluloid.

While on a Colorado mountain trail to a deserted mine one Sunday last May, I came across the dried remains of a porcupine. The body was on its back, the stomach had been ripped open, the bones stripped of flesh, but it appeared that the quills were all still there. It is reported that bears, by reaching carefully under the porky, will flip him on his back, disembowel him by ripping the belly, the only unarmored part of his hide, and thus get a meal without being pricked. This porky was such a victim, if this report be true. His innards were neatly scooped out without disturbing the protective equipment.

Close examination of the hide showed that next to the skin there lay a coating of fine silky fur. Protecting this were long, hard hairs that were tawny, the undercoat being moleskin gray. These protective hairs seemed to grade into the quills. For there was an intermediate stage which was without the sharp points of the quill, having instead the coarse, tawny hair, but which had a typical quill attachment at the body end, and for a short distance from the body resembled the quill in every particular, even to the pithy center.

How the Quills are Shot

The quills are the fourth specialized hair. Some of them in this case were less than an inch in length. Others exceeded two inches. All had the black barbed tip and were so lightly attached to the body by a small filamenthike stem that the least tug on the quills would pull them from the porky's body. This slightness of attachment, combined with the fact that the porky swishes his tail with malice aforethought when angry, is probably the basis for the idea that the quills are shot from the body. Rather, the light attachment, combined with the barbs on the business end of the quill, which set in garment or flesh the moment the point of the quill penetrates, permits the easy separation of the quill from porky's body.

I have seen many live porcupines along the Canadian border in canoe country, and in all parts of the Rockies; but this inspection of the dead carcass was the first time that I had noted the four specialized hair tissues, grading from fine fur to stocky, stubby, barbed quill. Another fact was developed from this post-mortem, and that was the knowledge that the quills have an outer shell of celluloidlike tissue which covers a cellular substance resembling the pith of cornstalk. It gives bulk, rigidity and lightness to the quill.

This cellular tissue in the quills probably explains in part an incident that occurred on a canoe trip in the Superior National Forest a few years back. Two of us were crossing Bald Eagle Lake. Far to the south a porcupine swayed dizzily in the top of a popple tree. Buds of the popple or aspen are favorite food of the porky. We were fully five-eighths of a mile out in the lake

(Continued on Page 80)

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when we saw something swimming ahead. It proved to be a porky, puffing and blowing, but held high in the water by the buoyancy of his quill coat. He tried to come into the canoe with us, but after being spanked in the face with a paddle he decided that we did not welcome his company and went paddling back toward shore. It is probable that some animal had scared him into the water, for this was the first time I had seen one swimming well out in a large body of water.

It was on this same trip that the ravenous appetite of the porcupine for salty substances was thoroughly demonstrated. Sleeping in a cabin on the Canadian side of Knife Lake, we were awakened in the morning by a shuffling, scraping sound under the cord-laced springs of the bed. I peered over the edge of the board box in which the bed was made. Not eighteen inches away from my face was a big-eyed porky. Nor did he get out of that cabin until the two of us organized an attacking party armed with brooms. He was there hunting salt, and declined to go until he found some. Finally, with indignant squeals, tail whipping and a few scattering quills knocked out by broom spanks, he left in a huff and a hurry.

Ten days later we were in a camp where tourists had made a table of aspen poles. A porky neighbor had ransacked the whole table top for salt and had then attacked the sweat-impregnated gunwales of the canoe and the salty-flavored handle of the paddle. With sharp teeth the surface of the wood had been chiseled off until it resembled patterns in pyrography without the charring. Angered, the tourists vowed retaliation, and the next night when the porky made its nocturnal visit to the aspen-pole table, a clubbing party followed. Quills were scattered for many feet around the table after that night attack.

At times porcupines seem to infest a very localized area. This is probably not due so much to migratory or gregarious habits as to snow conditions and food supply. With snow bad and food available in some small draw or gully, there may be several porkies working destruction within a few acres.

The porcupine has apparently a rather dull sense of scent when compared with such keen-scented animals as the wolves. During rutting season, which is in the fall, there is a very strong porky odor developed, and scent may then play a considerable part in their actions.

One of the most curious facts regarding porky is that the young, one in number and greeting the world in May, is born with a full armor of quills. But the little fellow has quills soft and pliable as gelatin threads when born. No other condition would permit his coming into the world with such warlike equipment. But the moment air touches the spines they harden, and the little porky, five minutes after birth, is as ready to defend himself as is an older one.

Officials of the Biological Survey in charge of ridding the West of injurious animals declare that porky is becoming more and more a pest. Methods of eradication will have to be resorted to. Not serving any good purpose in the outdoors, and now not needed to furnish a lost person with an emergency meal, for meals are not many miles apart in the Western hills today, the porky seems to be facing a war with the best wits of man.

But the porky has won the first round. Strychnine-doped grains will not faze him! He relishes them!

Whatever the truth may be, the theory is that living on the bark of trees continuously has filled the average porky with so much tannin that he has the antidote for strychnine in his tissues before he ever takes the poison, and therefore no strychnine can touch him. Where he has fed on roots and herbs he has been killed by strychnine poison.

But as root eaters are still the exception rather than the rule, it seems that some other form of attack must be developed against the quill-coated tree girdler.

Porky's destructive work may yet bring out many hitherto unknown facts concerning his life history. But today there is comparatively little printed data about this curious spiny pig of our woodlands.

SPEED

(Continued from Page 51)

I began to understand better what Otis Beard meant by "excitement." I would watch the oil and air gauges, at whatever hazard. As for the tachometer, registering the propeller revolutions per minute which determine the speed of the boat, there didn't seem to be anything special for me to do about that. If it fell below 2200 revolutions the boat would go slower, but an experienced driver didn't need to be told when his craft was slowing down.

The duties of the maginnis did not end with such minor items, however, I learned. In addition, I was to watch the contestants behind who were trying to catch up on us by riding our wake, and press the driver's right or left shoulder to indicate the direction from which the following craft was approaching, so that he could start our boat zigzagging and spoil the wake for the other fellow, while the maginnis held onto the boat and tried to keep from falling out as the boat swerved.

A Retired Maginnis

We were still tied up to the landing stage. Glancing shoreward, I saw Boyd Fisher. Now Fisher is twenty years or so younger than I; moreover, he once navigated a navy launch overland from the upper reaches of the St. Johns River to the headwaters of the Kissimmee, thus establishing a world's motorboat record.

"Here's Fisher," I remarked to Cliff Burdick. "He's an expert on boats and a good friend of mine. I want to ask him something." That gave me an excuse to step out of the boat. "Here, Fisher," I said, "you can take my helmet and life preserver. You've just been elected maginnis. I've resigned in your favor."

"Not going to back down, are you?" demanded Cliff.

"Call it anything you like," I retorted. "Speed-boat racing is a game for youth." With which well-chosen words my career as a maginnis ended; nor was I sorry when, between the races that afternoon, the steering wheel of Miss Hasty came off in Cliff's hands, and I caught a glimpse of Fisher's agonized expression as the boat missed by a quarter of an inch running down the judges' float.

A game for youth—that is speed-boat racing; a game which calls for sound hearts, cool nerve and the quality of sportsmanship which demands the continuous kick of a closely fought and somewhat risky contest; a game which gives a thrill to spectators as well as contestants, as witness the attendance at every power-boat regatta. Some 200,000 persons, afloat and ashore, saw the Gold Cup races on Manhasset Bay, Long Island, last year; proportionate crowds turn out to see the fast little craft strut their stuff wherever a race is scheduled. Safer than automobile racing and with illimitably more space in which to play the game, safer and immensely cheaper than the airplane, the rapid growth in popularity of this most modern of outdoor sports attests the degree to which it gratifies youth's craving for speed. President Coolidge, early this year, offered a $5000 gold trophy to be known as the President's Cup to be contested for in the annual speed-boat regatta on the Potomac.

Power-boat racing, however, is only one phase of the new speed-boat craze. It bears the same relation, in its sporting and economic phases and in the relative number of craft designed primarily for racing purposes, as automobile racing bears to the motor-car industry as a whole. Like the automobile, the modern speed boat has gone through the initial stages of being first the rich man's toy, then the sportsman's indulgence. Within the past couple of years the speed boat, perfected through years of sporting tests, has begun to leap into popularity as a vehicle for pleasure and business use. There is hardly a stretch of water in America, sufficiently landlocked or key-guarded against ocean breakers and deep enough to float a milk pan, which is not now traversed daily by dozens or thousands of high-speed craft, their number constantly increasing as the lessons learned from racing experience are translated commercially into improvements in engine, propeller and hull design and construction.

There are nearly 500,000 noncommercial power boats afloat today on the waters of North America, of which perhaps half qualify as speed boats, and the proportion of the latter is growing. From my veranda overlooking the St. Johns River I have seen in the past six months the number grow from two to a dozen or more passing twice daily, carrying their owners down to Jacksonville to business in the morning and back to their suburban or country homes in the evening, over the broad, level, water highway upon which they can, and do, travel at forty miles or more an hour, with no speed laws, traffic cops or dangerous crossings to impede them.

New York is the focus to and from which thousands of business men now similarly travel daily by water through a large part of the year; they save time over anything the automobile or the railroad can offer and gain the added exhilaration of the swift rush of the open air, unpolluted by gasoline fumes or locomotive smoke. And on Saturdays, Sundays and holidays, and every summer evening, I defy anyone to count the speed boats on Long Island Sound and the wide reaches of the Hudson, on the bays and rivers all the way from Maine to Florida, on the Great Lakes from Duluth to the Thousand Islands, on the Mississippi and its tributaries, on the infrequent land-locked harbors of the Pacific Coast from Puget Sound to San Diego, and along the coast of the Gulf of Mexico from Galveston to Key West—to say nothing of Maine's 10,000 fresh-water lakes, Florida's 30,000, and all the rest of America's lakes and ponds. Wherever there is available water, one is pretty certain to see the youth of both sexes and the youthful-hearted of all ages driving their power boats for the thrill there is in the sensation of speed apparently swifter than that of the automobile.

Power-Boat Records

I use the term "speed boat" in the broad and nontechnical sense. It could properly apply, for instance, to such craft as that which won the free-for-all in a recent Florida regatta. Boats built primarily for racing were excluded and the winner was a skiff designed for use with the portable outboard motor with which it was equipped. Its time over a measured mile was under three minutes, which, as speed goes on the water, is going some. Another outboard-motor-equipped craft, Whizz, a fourteen-footer, bettered that performance at the 1926 regatta of the Mississippi Valley Power Boat Association at Louisville, with a speed of 23.38 miles an hour, a new world's record.

Technically, the specifications of a speed boat are determined by two national organizations. One of these, the American Power Boat Association, exercises jurisdiction over all official speed tests of boats having no breaks in the continuity of the immersed surface, otherwise known as displacement boats, because their hulls

(Continued on Page 82)

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displace an appreciable amount of water at any speed. The Mississippi Valley Power Boat Association is the arbiter for non-displacement boats, or hydroplanes, the bottoms of which are built in a series of steps, so that at speed they travel on the surface instead of through the water. The official records of speed in the association regattas of these two classes under the present racing rules are held, as this is written, by Richard F. Hoyt's Imp, in the displacement-boat class—53.58 miles an hour over the Gold Cup Course at Manhasset Bay in 1926—and by R. R. Smith's Baby Sunshine, Otis Beard driving, in the hydroplane group, with an officially accredited speed of 73.6 miles an hour.

Those are not the greatest speeds ever made, by any means. Miss America II, a hydroplane, for example, has a record of 80.5 miles an hour to her credit, and boating enthusiasts expect that record to be broken at almost any time. It is only a matter of enough money and enthusiasm to put more power into a boat than anyone else has done before, to drive a hydroplane 100 miles an hour, eventually perhaps twice that speed. That displacement craft will be built to make 60 or even 70 miles an hour is also regarded as probable. The records cited in the preceding paragraph stand to the credit of craft designed and equipped in accordance with the present rules of the two great racing associations, the tendency in both of which is toward limiting size, engine power, and consequently cost of boats admitted to their contests. Until that was done, there was danger that the speed boat would remain the rich sportsman's toy.

Boats to Fit Any Purse

Displacement boats, to be eligible for the Gold Cup races, may not be more than forty or less than twenty-five feet long, nor may the engine have more than 625 cubic inches of piston displacement, giving about 150 horse power when running wide open. But except hydroplanes there is practically nothing else afloat of any size which can come anywhere near the speed of these tiny racers, and nothing at all which can keep up with the larger racing hydros. In fact, there are few vessels in any navy or the mercantile-marine service of any nation which cannot be distanced by any craft worthy of the name of speed boat.

For a short definition, anything afloat which can run circles around an ordinary passenger ship under full steam is a speed boat. It doesn't require anything approaching world's record figures to enable a boat to make rings around a Coney Island steamer, any ship in the coastwise service or most of the ocean liners, few of which can do more than fifteen nautical miles, or about eighteen land miles, an hour. Without arguing the point as to whether the Leviathan, the Berengaria or the Majestic is the fastest of the liners, there are several thousand American speed boats which, given smooth seas and adequate fuel supply, could convoy any of those three ocean giants across the Atlantic, running circles around it all the way.

Twenty-seven miles an hour, or thereabouts, is the liner record; and the kick one gets from a voyage on the Mauretania doesn't come chiefly from its speed. But twenty-seven miles an hour in a boat anywhere from sixteen to twenty feet long, when one is sitting on top of 50 or 100 horse power and within six inches of the surface of the water, provides a kick which derives from speed alone. That is a kick, moreover, which is within the financial reach of anybody who can afford an automobile. The range of cost of speed boats is wider than that of automobiles, in fact. It all depends upon what one seeks.

Cheapest of all are the boats equipped with detachable motors, inboard or outboard. Recent improvements in the design of such engines and their propellers, and of hulls especially built for use with them, bring many such craft into the speed-boat class, as I have already pointed out. Donald B. MacMillan, the explorer, took several outboard-motor-equipped boats of V-bottom hydroplane type on his 1926 Labrador expedition, after testing them and finding that he could rely on their six-horse-power engines for a speed of sixteen miles an hour.

The desire for something that can, on occasion, show its heels to almost anything else in the harbor, lake or river, enter a race with some chance of winning and give the feeling of owning a real speed boat, can be gratified, as has often been demonstrated, for less than $1000, or it can touch the check book for anywhere from $25,000 upward. D. P. Davis' Miss Tampa, which limped in second with a broken rudder pin, a nose behind Baby Bootlegger, in the Gold Cup event at Manhasset in August, 1926, cost $26,000—$1000 for every foot of her length. But right across the bay from Miss Tampa's home port, at St. Petersburg, two boys, Bob and Bert Ballard, working after hours in a secluded piece of jungle, put Miss St. Petersburg together at a total cost, engine and all, of about $750, launched her on the morning of the Tampa regatta and, without even a trial trip, entered the main race for boats of her class and won!

One can pay from $1800, or thereabouts, up to any price he wishes to go for a standardized well-built displacement boat capable of from twenty miles an hour upward. For prices running materially lower he can buy a ready-made hydroplane with which he can touch thirty miles an hour under favorable conditions, and be reasonably certain of beating twenty-five miles, even with the lower-cost craft of this type, and of going well above fifty with a larger boat. The choice between the two types depends upon a variety of circumstances. If there is only shoal water available—five feet, or even less, is enough—the hydroplane drawing six to eight inches at rest and practically nothing when in action is the only choice.

The hydroplane has the advantage of being equally adapted to deep water; but deep waters are usually broad and wind-swept waters, and the displacement boat is the more seaworthy, although Gordon B. Hooton's feat of driving a sixteen-foot hydroplane across Lake Michigan over heavy seas demonstrated that in the hands of a skillful pilot the surface-skimming craft is not so unseaworthy as it looks.

Fast Work on Land and Sea

The most noteworthy example of a home-made hydroplane of the 151 class—the figure referring to the engine displacement—is Smiling Dan III. Dick Loynes, of Long Beach, California, built her last year, and started a wave of enthusiasm for speed boats which resulted in the formation of the Pacific Coast 151 Hydroplane Association, which held its first winter regatta on Balboa Bay on December 20, 1925. Loynes entered Smiling Dan and proceeded to break the world's record for its class in the mile straightaway, making a speed of 40.45 miles an hour, averaging for six laps. That stirred the Pacific Coast Association to go after bigger things, and they entered three boats in the Palm Beach regatta for February 20, 1926. The boats were shipped on February first, and some of the party started eastward by automobile. Their car turned over in Arizona, killing Miss Vera Stedman, the motion-picture actress, who was to have driven one of the California boats in the race, and sending another of the pilots to the hospital.

Loynes, who had crossed the continent by train, was the sole remaining hope of California. He reached Florida safely, but Smiling Dan, delayed by freight embargoes, did not arrive until forty-eight hours before the race date, and then was delivered to Loynes at Baldwin, nearly 300 miles from Palm Beach.

How he got the boat off the freight car, loaded it on a trailer behind a motor car, and without stopping to eat or sleep, got Smiling Dan to Lake Worth at three P.M. on the regatta date, after one heat of his race had been run; how, without time to tune up his motor or learn the course, he plunged his crate into a choppy sea and drove it to win in four straight heats, set a new world's record and carried off the Poinciana Trophy for the year and the first leg of the Elgin National Time Trophy—those are feats which will be talked about and boasted of for years to come, whenever speed-boat fans forgather.

It was another homemade boat which ran second to Smiling Dan on that eventful day—Miss Pluto, which lost the race but certainly holds the world's record for being put together in the fastest time. Com. H. W. Willett, of Mount Dora, Florida, had ordered knockdown frames and parts weeks before. They arrived two days before the regatta. With the aid of everybody whose help he could commandeer, he put the craft together in twenty-four hours, installed and tuned up the engine while the hull was still on the blocks, and started her off in an automobile for her 200-mile journey to Palm Beach the day before the regatta. On the first day Miss Pluto tied Smiling Dan for first place, but Dick Loynes had overnight to tune up the California craft, and the second day was all his.

Smiling Dan's record was beaten at Louisville in July, 1926, by Little Star, owned by Waugh brothers of Peoria, which did the mile straightaway at the rate of 41.38 miles an hour, which stands as the world's record for boats of the popular and low-priced 151 class.

Salvaged Airplane Engines

One of the causes of the rapid development of the speed boat is the improvement in internal-combustion engines, which was stimulated by aviation needs during the war. Before the war, the vast majority of power boats were cargo carriers or cruisers, equipped with heavy-duty, low-speed engines of ample reliability but little speed. A few experimenters here and there had done some pioneering with high-speed motors afloat, notably the late Peter Cooper Hewitt. He built a boat with inclined planes attached to each side, so that at full speed the hull was clear of the water and the boat rode on the tips of the winglike planes. Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone, was experimenting also with high-speed water craft at his home at Baddeck, Nova Scotia, on the Bras d'Or Lake, from 1913 to his death.

The hydroplane had been invented by W. H. Fauber, an American sportsman living in England, before 1908, and three or four years later the sea sled made its appearance. That is a curious but very seaworthy craft, whose sides are parallel, like the runners of a sled. A cross section looks like an inverted V, the space between what are in effect twin hulls forming a tunnel through which the water is drawn by the propeller. A cross section of a hydroplane is much like that of a displacement boat, but cut it in two lengthways and the profile of the bottom is like that of a flight of two, three or more broad stairs. But speed on the water depends not alone upon hull design, but much more upon engine speed and power, and until recently high-speed, high-power engines were too costly to bring anything which could be called a speed boat within the reach of the ordinary citizen. There was motor-boat racing, to be sure; the Gold Cup annual regatta dates back to 1904, when 25 miles an hour was the best any American boat could do, and the Harmsworth Trophy was brought first to America in 1908 by Dixie II, with a racing speed of 36 miles. But only the very rich sportsman could afford even to think of owning a fast motorboat until within the past half dozen years. Better and cheaper engines have brought the sport within everybody's reach.

One result of the sudden cessation of hostilities in 1918 was to leave the United States with a great many airplane engines of different types on hand. The surplus stock and those which had been proved

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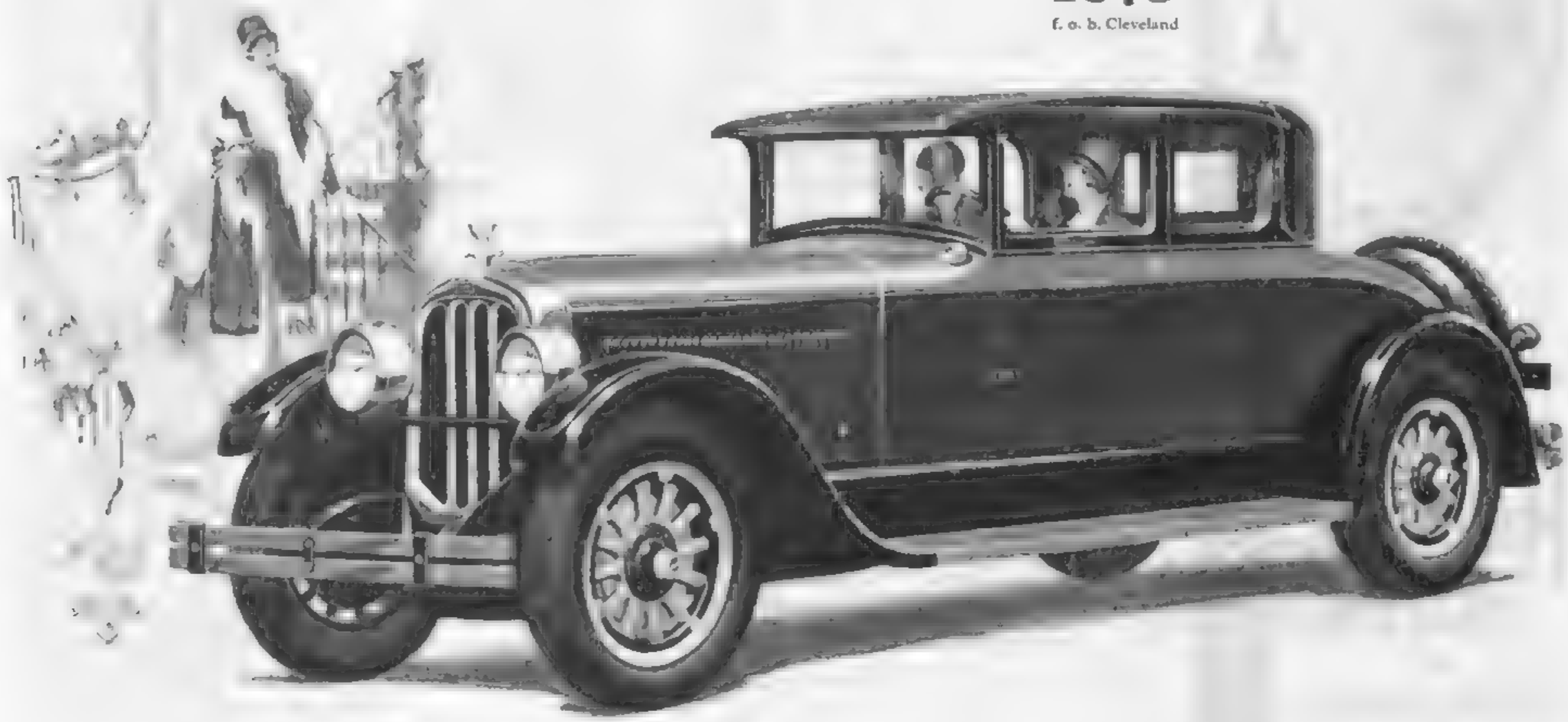

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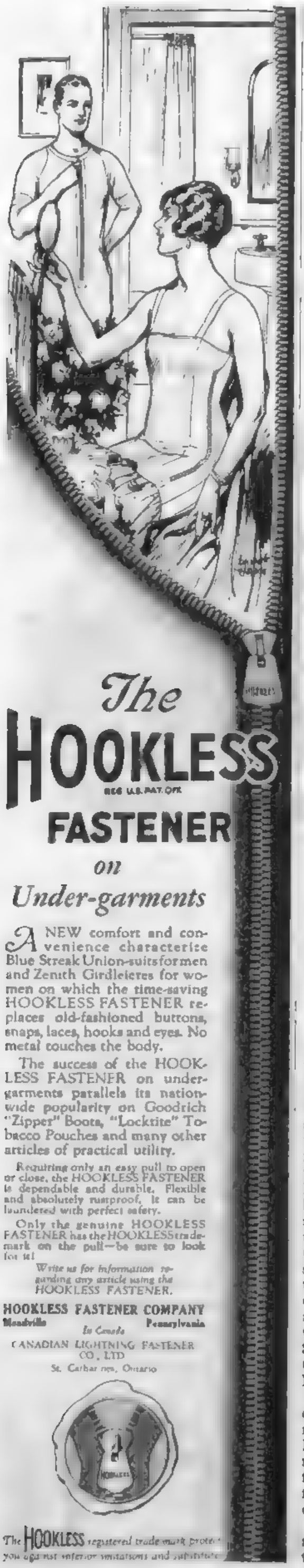
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defective for aviation were sold by the Government almost at junk prices, and were principally grabbed up by speed-boat builders, professional and amateur. It makes a difference, when your engine misses fire, whether you are afloat or in the air, and a motor which no sane aviator would take up may serve long and usefully in a boat. Other types of aviation engines became obsolete in a few years, and those, too, have mostly found their way into speed boats.

The builders of strictly marine engines have made great strides in the direction of speed and power and reduction of cost, while the automobile makers are contemplating the growing popularity of the speed boat, and at least two car builders are not only selling engines fitted up for nautical use but have added marine departments to their business and are building hulls and selling completely equipped cruising and runabout speedsters.

The ordinary speed-boat fan is not much concerned with world's records, important as they are in determining the relative merits of engine and hull types, from which knowledge he will eventually benefit in better and cheaper craft for his own use. But there is hardly any outdoor sport capable of giving the nonparticipant such a continuous variety of thrills as such events as the annual Gold Cup Regatta of the American Power Boat Association, held every August on Manhasset Bay, the even speedier performances of the hydroplanes which race over a different course every year for the Mississippi Power Boat Association's championship, or such international events as the races for the Harmsworth Challenge Cup or the Duke of York Trophy. The newly established President's Cup Regatta will doubtless rank with these in popular interest.

The possibilities of the speed boat are brought home to the general public by these widely heralded and fully reported events, and by such spectacular stunts as Gar Wood's race down the Hudson River, from Albany to New York, against the New York Central's crack train, the Twentieth Century Limited. That was a mark to shoot at with which everybody was familiar as the last word in speed on land or sea. It was also a test of endurance which the shorter regatta courses do not furnish. Probably nothing ever done by a speed boat has attracted so much public attention or such crowds as lined both banks of the Hudson to see Baby Gar IV shoot down the river, some 145 miles, at a speed which averaged almost forty-nine miles an hour.

Racing the Limited

Waiting under the railroad bridge at Albany until a signal from a friend on the observation platform of the Limited told him that it was the train he was to try to beat, Wood started off at a speed which he soon had to slacken in order to negotiate the winding narrow channels of the upper river. The Limited had all the best of it for the first forty miles, and for a time, when Baby Gar IV developed engine trouble, it looked as if the railroad would win. But another of Wood's boats, Baby Gar V, was trailing close behind. The pilot shifted to that craft, gaining speed as the channel straightened, slowed down again to return to the boat in which he had started, the engine difficulty having been overcome, and finally landed at the Columbia Yacht Club float at the foot of West Eighty-sixth Street in ample time to take a taxi to the Grand Central Station and meet the Limited as it pulled in.

That was an unofficial record. The official endurance record for speed boats is that made by Richard Hoyt's Teaser in the International Trophy race in 1925, 105 miles in two hours, six minutes and twenty-five seconds, an approximate average of fifty miles an hour for the entire distance covered.

Thus far America has gained and held most of the international speed-boat trophies and competitive records for nearly every class of craft. The best known of these is the Harmsworth Cup, which has been held continuously in America since it was brought over for the second time by Gar Wood's Miss America in 1920. For the past two years no challenger for the Harmsworth Cup has appeared from the other side of the Atlantic.

In the spring of 1926 the King of the Belgians notified four Americans that their boats had won the first four in the list of prizes offered by the Union Internationale de Yachting Automobile for the fastest mile made anywhere in the world during 1925 by a craft engined with a motor of the twelve-liter displacement class, to which the American rating of 725 cubic inches piston displacement roughly conforms. Dr. L. R. Vansant, of Peoria, won the King's Trophy with an officially recorded speed of 61.77 miles an hour, made by his hydroplane Doc's II on October 11, 1925. Palo'-Mine, of Rising Sun, Indiana; Catherine II, of Cincinnati, and Fairplay, also of Rising Sun, took second, third and fourth places with speeds of 53.24, 52.07 and 51 miles an hour respectively. Fifth and sixth places went to Italian entries, the seventh to a Belgian, eighth to a Frenchman, ninth to an Italian and tenth to a Belgian. The slowest of the American contestants was five miles an hour faster than the nearest foreigner and the winner traveled more than twice as fast as the boat which won tenth prize.

The Duke of York Cup

Those are big engines; 200 horse power and more, the twelve-liter class. The tendency, as I have pointed out, is to reduce engine sizes, and in this direction our European competitors have gone further than we have. The high cost of gasoline abroad and the necessity for thrift in most European countries have combined to turn the attention of European automobile builders for several years toward the development of high-speed engines of low piston displacement and corresponding economy of gasoline consumption. The result is a fairly standardized type of motor having only a liter and a half, or ninety-one cubic inches, piston displacement, which is used in many of the small European automobiles and has lately been adapted for use in speed boats.

This is a new type of engine to American builders, although several racing cars have been built with the little European motors and tested out on the Indianapolis Speedway with a view to determining their adaptability to American motoring conditions.

In June of this year America was represented for the first time in the contest for the Duke of York Cup, an international trophy open only to craft having ninety-one cubic inches piston displacement or less. Two Florida sportsmen, D. P. Davis, of Tampa, and Carl Fisher, of Miami Beach, sent over two identical boats especially built for the contest. Nothing could have stimulated the movement toward smaller and cheaper speed-boat engines, and the consequent still wider popularity for the speed boat generally, than to have had the Duke of York Cup brought home by one of the American contestants. Unfortunately, as all of the participants from five nations agreed, the race course selected was one of the most crowded reaches of the Thames, with the result that two-thirds of the contesting craft were injured or disabled by hitting floating timbers or other obstacles. Only one boat, a British entry, actually finished the regatta course, and that at low speed.

But in exhibition runs before the cup race the little 18-foot American boats, Dixie Flyer and Little Shadow, with their propellers turning at the amazing speed of 6000 revolutions a minute, showed their heels to everything else in the 1½ liter class, making as high as 48 miles an hour.

The development of the speed boat is still in its infancy compared to the automobile or even to the airplane. New types of hull design, new kinds of motors, propellers and rudders are the subject of thousands of experiments constantly going on, and every month sees the announcement of some new type of high-speed water craft. One which attracted much attention at the last New York Motor Boat Show is the hydro-glider, which has been successfully operated on the rivers of France and has now put in its appearance on Delaware Bay. This new craft is motivated by an air propeller mounted at the stern. At rest, it draws but five inches of water; when running at full speed, it draws but an inch. One hydro-glider is credited with carrying twelve passengers at the rate of forty-five miles an hour with an eighty-horse-power engine; another made thirty miles an hour up the Rhine, against a swift current, with a twenty-horse-power motor.

Such feats suggest the possible utilitarian value of the speed boat as an economical express cargo carrier. It has already demonstrated its usefulness as a passenger vehicle for business and pleasure in many instances, one of the most recent being the trip of a sea sled made last spring from St. Petersburg, Florida, to Palm Beach, by way of the Gulf of Mexico, the Caloosahatchie River and Canal, Lake Okeechobee and the Palm Beach drainage canal, in nine hours, which is faster than the fastest train schedule between these two widely separated Florida points, and faster than any automobile has ever made the journey overland

Attention is also being focused upon increased seaworthiness, and the bootleggers running liquor ashore from Rum Row are primarily responsible for one of the most important recent improvements in speed craft. To elude the Coast Guard's subchasers some bright rum runner designed a special type of dory, primarily adapted to high-speed motors. This evolution of a strictly utilitarian craft into a new type of seagoing small cruiser has taken place within the past three or four years and now many boat builders are making these sea skiffs to the order of ardent sportsmen. Doubtless some of them get into the hands of the rum runners, but reputable boat builders generally try to be sure that their handiwork is going into legitimate uses.

With the speed boat's stimulation of the use of the water as a highway, interest in the subject of waterway improvement is beginning for the first time to be shown on anything like a widely distributed popular scale.

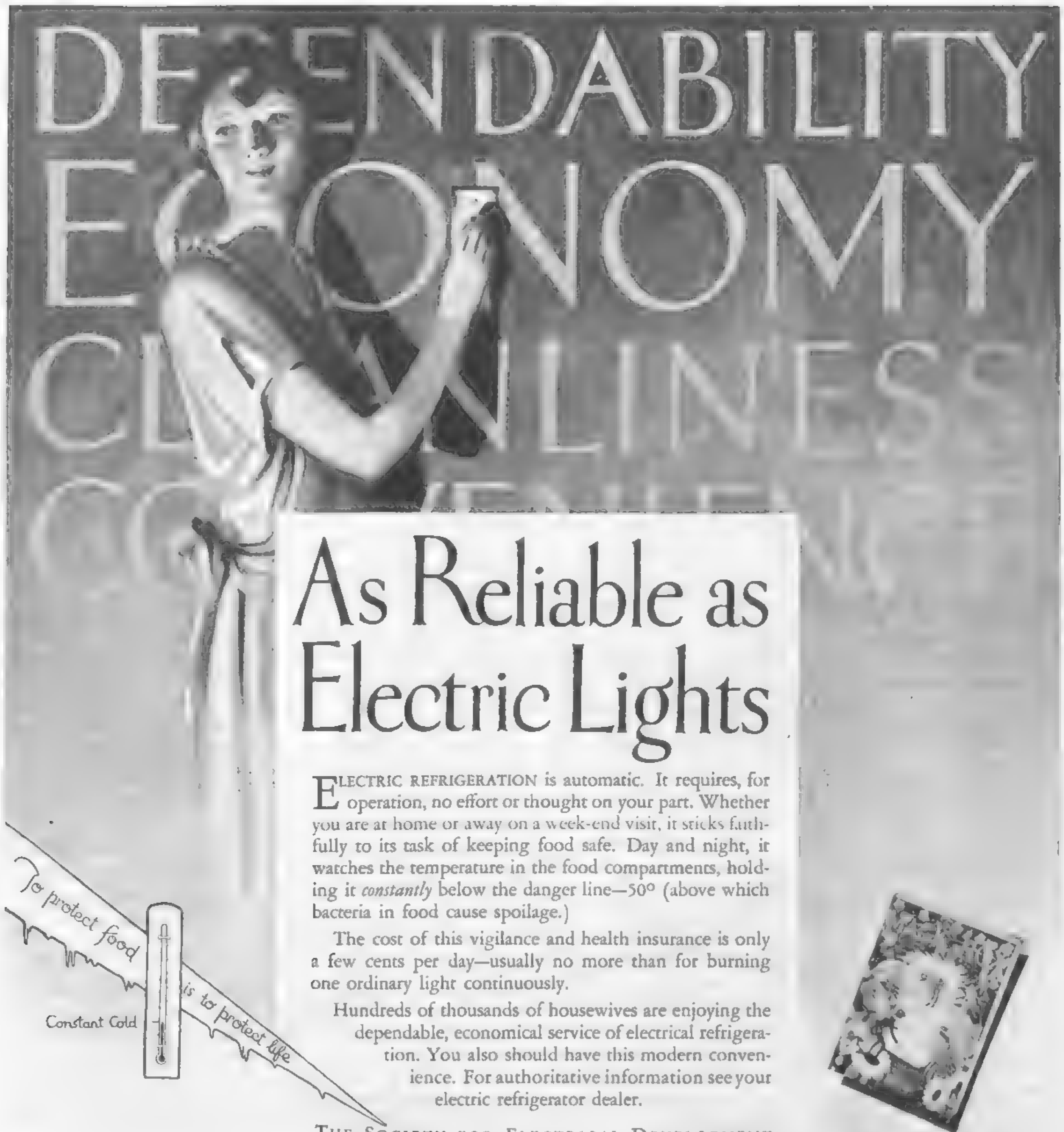
So long as the automobile was a rich man's luxury or a sportsman's toy, popular interest in good roads was practically impossible to arouse. But with the advent of low-priced motor cars within the reach of everybody, the loudest appeals for road betterment came from those who had previously most stubbornly resisted the payment of taxes to build highways for the pampered pets of fortune.

From Boston to Mexico

Something like that is taking place in many localities in regard to water highways. The project of an intracoastal waterway from Boston all the way around the peninsula of Florida, and so on, around the Gulf Coast to the Mexican border has been languishing for years. Now Congress and the states involved are taking it up in a serious way, and the comparatively few miles of canal digging and creek dredging which will be necessary to complete the project seem in a fair way to be accomplished within a short time. Florida counties, long apathetic to the various projects for connecting the state's numerous chains of lakes and rivers into a complete internal waterway system, are now preparing to issue bonds to pay for extensive developments of that sort.

Out of it all there is coming—has arrived, in fact—a keener appreciation of the pleasure to be derived from the nation's lakes and rivers, an outdoor recreation as safe as automobiling and a far less expensive one than flying, and an adequate gratification of youth's craving for speed.

DEPENDABILITY
ECONOMY
CLEANLINESS



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The BUCK SKEIN JACKET

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YOU know what a *leather* jacket like this would *cost* you? Twice as much as Buck Skein!

You know, too, that you can't *wash* a leather jacket. . . . Buck Skein washes like new—or *newer*. Looks better and fresher after every tubbing, for Buck Skein doesn't scuff up. It keeps that soft, velvety, suede-like surface always. The longer it is worn and the oftener it is washed, the more it looks like a soft piece of chamois.

The Buck Skein Jacket is warm and serviceable, big, roomy, handsome. Pure worsted belt, elastic as a steel spring. Convertible collar. Two-button adjustable cuffs. Big lined flap pockets. Double sewn seams. For men, women and children. And don't forget to look for the gold Buck's Head on the label, and your yellow guarantee certificate.

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A regular outdoor shirt of Buck Skein fabric. Two button thru flap army pockets. Double stitched throughout. Coat style. Tuxedo of outdoor shirts

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A *Buck-Skein* Shirt at $4. ☐
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Enclosed Check ☐ Money Order ☐
Neck band size _____
Send me sure the Family Album ☐

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

DON'T BE YOURSELF

(Continued from Page 58

balls and smaller house dances that the costume business is most entertaining; and it is here that the real profits on individual costumes are made, as will be told a little later. In this department the work is most colorful, most human. Clients are naïve and excited, sales people stimulated in proportion. Since the occasion is a lark rather than a livelihood, the renting is usually done in a holiday spirit. Perhaps it is this that makes the costume business get in the blood of its participants. Like the theater, like a newspaper, it keeps them with it, or lures them back. Twenty-eight, thirty years is a conservative average. Forty years is the boast of the head assistant in the men's department of one firm. They are honestly concerned; they remember what people wore, and when! If one's costume wins a prize an electric thrill of vicarious excitement runs through the establishment.

This gay business is founded on a universal feeling—the desire to dress up, to become for a night or a day an entirely different person, someone infinitely more beautiful or more comic, more dashing or more original than the placid walks of everyday life permit. Costume occasions offer the one chance for amateur humanity to go on the stage, but instead of getting a costume to fit its character, it assumes a character to go with its costume.

The sudden release of unusual attire stimulates people to the most astounding spurts of gayety and grandeur. A dignified matron, once condensed into a ballet dress, allows her spirits to go as high as her tarlatan skirts; and the most debonair of flappers, in a panniered gown and powdered wig, becomes the haughty lady in very fact.

This principle, familiar to anyone who has ever worn a costume, has been proved with gratifying clarity by the last two Beaux Arts Balls in New York. Now the Société des Beaux Arts, an organization of American architects who have studied at the Beaux Arts School in Paris, gives a great costume ball every winter. It is heralded as the big public social and artistic gathering of the season, and no doubt it is. Some months before the date set the committee announces the type of party it is to be—Chinese, Indian, and so on—every year something different.

Clothes Make the Man

Winter before last the mandate went out for a circus party! Guests were to wear anything appropriate to the circus ring or side show. They did, and the result outdid even the freest interpretation of what a well-dressed circus performer shall wear. Joy was so unrestrained among the tightrope walkers from the Social Register and the lion tamers of the stock market that the very chandeliers trembled with anxiety, and the officials of the hotel where the party took place were most sincere about their complaints.

Last winter the committee, disturbed by the superabundance of spirits they had brewed, decided on an entirely different sort of ball and called for costumes of a formal period. The 1926 affair was strictly Louis XIV—stiff taffetas, tight bodices, skirts whose billowing yards swept the ground in a two-yard diameter, satin breeches and ruffled shirt fronts. The party was—stately. People paraded formally, danced with the members of their own group instead of mixing with strangers, and behaved like little ladies and gentlemen. It was very beautiful and very solemn.

Everyone was absorbed in his own magnificence; people did look extraordinarily handsome, but it was entertaining for a bystander to watch people stop and preen themselves before any suggestion of a reflecting surface. The air was full of mental purrs; but the atmosphere of the party was one of self-satisfaction rather than revelry.

Some clients go a little mad at the very air of a costume shop. What to be, when you can be one of a thousand things? Will you be a Cæsar; will you succumb to a conventional pierrot suit? There they hang in serried ranks, crowding each other in glass-doored wardrobes overflowing to racks and tables—red and purple, green and maize, blue and white and black, satin, taffeta, broadcloth, velvet, homespun, leather, steel and chiffon.

The cases of elaborate headdresses are equally intoxicating. The crown of Charlemagne, the plume of Cyrano, a rajah's turban with a ruby that burns uncannily among its baroque pearls, a replica of the most sacred crown of British kings, a lush pile of filigreed tiaras whose like you will never see outside a treasure tomb, conical caps of legendary countries, two-foot pyramids of brocade and glittering paste for a medieval lady, plain gold bands such as Greeks might have worn bearing gifts.

Painting a Chicken's Legs

An armory of swords and shields takes a whole alcove, and is guarded by a mailed knight, who never puts down his pike. The walls of a costumer's are lined with boxes like a shoe store, labeled in the calmest of print: New Pirate Bandannas, Pirate Trousers, Assorted Fairy Ruffs, Clowns' Hats, Ladies' Oriental Bloomers, Oriental Metal Sashes, Black Tricot Leggings, Good Fans, Assorted Feathers.

At the best places the costumes are absolutely authentic in design, and often in material. The real costumer takes such pride in his work that he is desolate if you will not wear the exact headdress that goes with the suit or gown. This of course means information and infinite research—visits to the library, constant consulting of source books. One establishment has so many reference books of its own that it has to have a librarian. The staff artist makes a sketch from an old plate, and you may be sure that your Confederate uniform is correct down to the last gold pip in the collar.

A general-period ball offers some latitude to the costumer; it is when a client wishes to dress as a certain character, say Danton, or Citizen Marat, that he is out on his mettle. If he has nothing in stock he makes the costume. If the proper material is unobtainable he manufactures it in some way himself—dyes silk the proper shade, paints felt for an Arab burnoose. Just before Easter I saw the art department of one establishment hard at work painting stockings in a funny little scalelike design. A child was going to a masquerade as a chicken; she had to have the proper legs, and it was the costumer's business to see to it.

All this service and knowledge call for a large staff of experts, a high-powered organization and what might be termed a service of supply. To take one firm as an example; it has:

1. A purchasing department. This includes six shoppers for the city, who go about to match up colors and materials for special orders and sketches; the contract buyers, who buy finished costumes in large quantities; the foreign buyers—the commissionaires I spoke of before.

2. A checking department. The general buyers of quantity raw materials. Since this versatile business makes everything men or women wear or ever did wear, things of every description must be bought; and the purchasing department is crowded all day long with people selling everything, from hair for wigs to chains for galley slaves. Here the costumes are received, inspected and the lists of parts verified. Shortages go to:

3. A claim department.

4. The alteration department, which not only lives up to its name but sees if the measurements sent in by the customer coincide with the costume sent out.

5. The department of design. This includes the head designer, who gets $1000 a week, lesser artists and specialists for painting and embroidery. Under this head would come the elaborate library of reference books for historical costumes.

6. The manufacturing department. This workshop, with its yards of tables, is arranged so that different groups take care of different kinds of work. Each forelady has a period or type at which she specializes, and has her own crowd of experienced workers. Sometimes she knows as much as the designers.

7. The rental department. No costumes are sold outright, except as an exceptional and individual accommodation. The costumer feels to sell rental costumes would put him in the secondhand clothing business. People who wish to buy go to:

8. The made-to-order department.

9. The shipping department.

10. The advertising department.

11. The clerical staff.

12. The supply section. A small department store in its equipment. Bales of material, boxes of thread, buttons, embroidery silks, jewels, paints fill many shelves with the raw materials of the trade.

This particular firm employs about 300 people. A well-known woman costumer, whose place is much more modest in size, told me that during the season she employed forty women in her sewing room alone.

With these resources a designer can make a drawing which is guaranteed to be exclusive for the particular party in question, and probably for all time, in case the customer wishes to buy it outright.

As one woman, for years the head of a costume company, said, the costumer must be an artist and a mechanic combined. He must study costuming as an art, for much responsibility rests on his shoulders. If the innocent ball goer asks for the Second Empire and gets the era of Henry VIII he is very apt to accept it unquestioningly, and he may get himself in trouble if the ball committee is strict.

At a recent ball, for instance, it was published far and wide that no one would be admitted who was not in a correct costume for the period of Louis XIV. As you went in the door of the ballroom your costume was examined, and if it was considered satisfactory you were stamped on the wrist with red indelible ink, so that you could go in and out at will. Arguments were frequent. A gentleman in a handsome mandarin coat was brought to a dead halt.

"You can't go in. You're not correctly dressed," said the inspector.

A Chinese Diplomat

"Don't be silly," said the guest. "I'm an ambassador from China to the court of Louis." He got in and the news spread like wildfire. Thereafter everyone, from a circus performer to an Arab, assured the bewildered guardians that they were visitors at the court and were, of course, in perfect character. Those whom the committee absolutely would not stomach had to rent other costumes from a canny dealer who had brought a selection to the ball, or just take their toys and go home.

As costume parties have grown more frequent and more fashionable, people have stopped feeling that a gown or suit which can be worn only once is an extravagance. They will pay the price for beauty or originality—and perfect freshness—and have a costume made to their measurements. To have something made to order costs, for the one evening, just half what the purchase price would be. Very often the patron feels that it would be an economic triumph if he bought the garment outright—indeed, you may always be invited to another party. There are fancy-dress affairs on steamers and at resort hotels; in fact, the tourist agencies advise you in their literature that

(Continued on Page 88)

At last an ideal tire-chain!

Quiet and Long-Wearing

Made of RUBBER!

A *rubber* tire chain?—*that's a new one!* What's the idea, and why?

Well, the idea is, *quietness* and *tire-saving* and *long, long wear*—in a measure no chain has previously given.

And the "why" is, that *rubber* gives these very qualities that metal never has—soft-footed long-wearing Goodyear rubber!

That's almost the whole story of the new Goodyear Rubber Tire Chains—except that these chains have been successfully tested under the hardest sort of use and abuse.

They "made good" so amazingly under these tests that already they're selling in big volume; you'll want a set, too, once you know the facts:

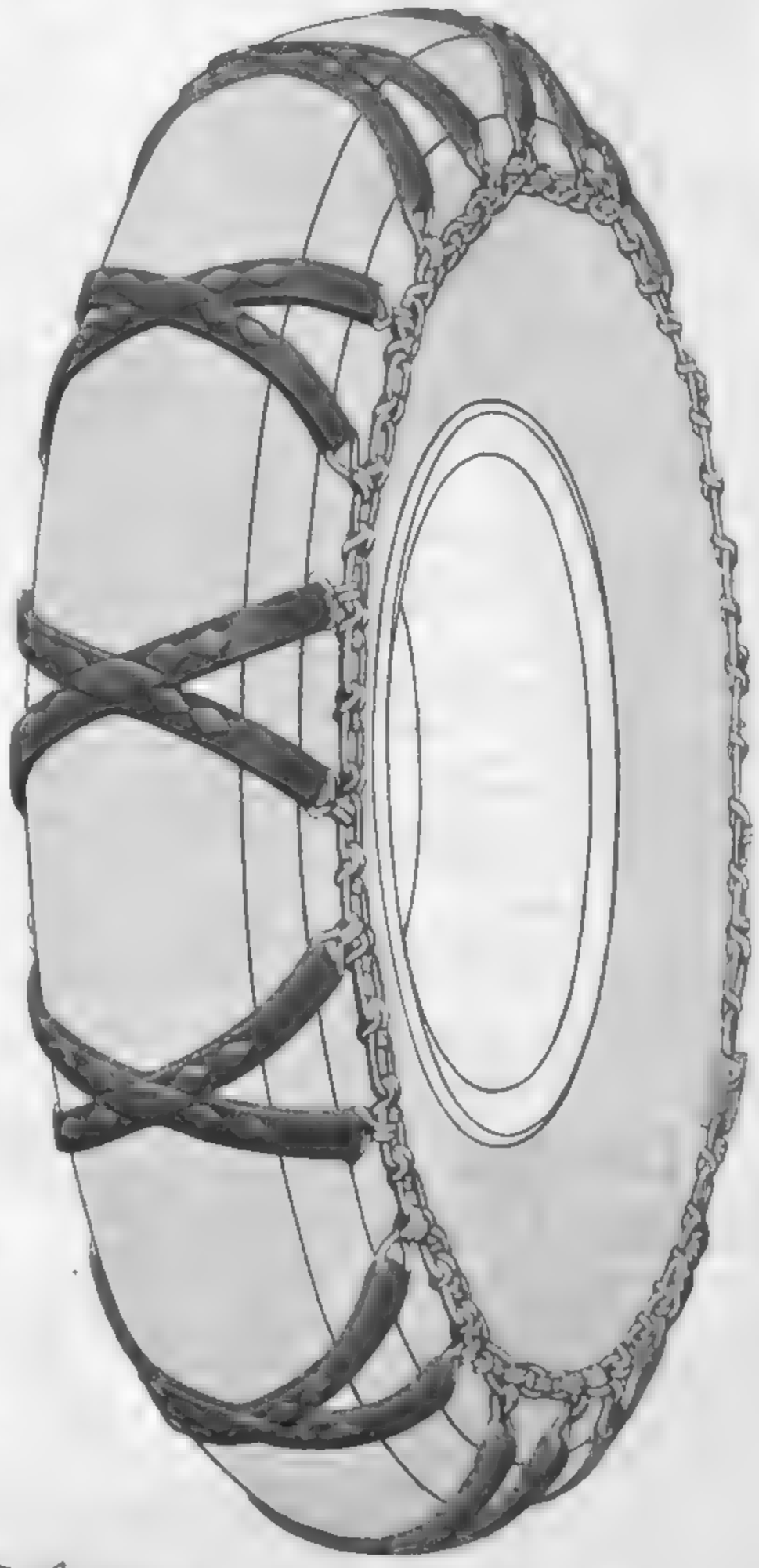
Quietness: There's no clanging on the pavement or banging on the fenders with Goodyear Chains. They are different from all other chains in one vital respect—*rubber cross links take the place of steel.*

Long Wear: Mile for mile, one set of Goodyear Chains will in most cases, outwear several sets of ordinary tire chains.

Tire-Saving: The broad rubber cross links of Goodyear Tire Chains guard against cutting or bruising of the tread, and especially in deep ruts give valuable protection to tire sidewalls.

Ease of Application: Goodyear Chains are easy to apply. You can put them on and leave them on—over mud, wet and dry pavements, or snow.

Security: Goodyear Chains employ the non-skid principle of the Goodyear All-Weather Tread magnified for maximum gripping action. Scientifically designed to *resist skidding in any direction.*



Prove these things for yourself. Drive to the nearest Goodyear Service Station today and have your car equipped with Goodyear Rubber Tire Chains now. They are especially suited to Balloons.

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GOODYEAR

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THE BUGLE sounds for dinner, your careful steward seats you and hands you the menu. And that's the time to congratulate yourself that you chose a United States Lines ship. For you are about to enjoy the finest food and cooking on the North Atlantic, specially planned for the American taste and the heartiest appetite. Reserve your passage now on one of these ships.

S. S. George Washington

Swift, steady, beautiful—a luxurious home on the sea. First, second and Tourist third class to Plymouth, Cherbourg and Bremen.

S. S. Leviathan

Flagship of the Fleet and most famous ship in the world. First, second, Tourist third to Cherbourg and Southampton.

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The fastest Cabin (one class) ships on the North Atlantic. To Cobh (Queenstown), Plymouth, Cherbourg and Bremen.

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Chart of Rates

FIRST CLASS	CABIN CLASS
S. S. LEVIATHAN $265 and up S. S. GEORGE WASHINGTON $210 and up	S.S PRESIDENT HARDING and S.S. PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT $145 and up S.S. REPUBLIC $140 and up
SECOND CLASS	**TOURIST THIRD**
S. S. LEVIATHAN $147.50 and up S.S. GEORGE WASHINGTON $136.25 and up	From $95 Round Trip $170 up depending on ship and destination.

(Continued from Page 86)

a fancy-dress equipment is as necessary as rubbers if you are off to cross the Seven Seas. Of course the costumer is charmed at a final sale, for he figures that a costume must be rented fifteen times before he can get his money out.

If, however, the costume is returned the large initial rent is accepted philosophically, and it goes onto a hanger until called to life by another party.

Perhaps this is the place to reveal the truly impressive prices people pay for the privilege of being someone else. Now once upon a time, when costumes were made in your own kitchen or in the back room of a little store, five dollars was considered a good price for something you might wear for five hours, and ten dollars was princely indeed. But since the trade has become highly commercialized, since value of costumes carried runs into rounded millions, points of view have been readjusted.

Everyone who can read the rotogravures knows about the $7500 costume which Mrs. Stanwood Menken, of New York, had made for the Beaux Arts Ball. It was cloth of silver, set with paste jewels, mounted as if they were the real thing, according to the lucky firm who created this fabulous garment. It took so many people so long to make it that it might have been the wedding gown of a Renaissance princess. Seventy-five hundred dollars was the purchase price, not the rental.

From that high ideal prices go down. Remembering that the rental for a specially made costume is half the purchase price, $800 for one evening is not rare, $500, $300, $200 are frequent. While I was standing in a big establishment just off Broadway a lady came in and didn't seem at all shocked to find that a nice Indian squaw outfit would be $350. She ordered it.

One is stunned until one remembers what can be paid for a sheathlike evening dress at a smart modiste's. Many of the period costumes use twenty yards of taffeta and forty yards of lace just as a foundation. And one of the first rules of the costume business is that all materials must be of the very finest in order to stand the wear and tear of revelry and dry cleaning.

For some rich women life is just one costume ball after another. It gives them a place to be outstandingly gorgeous, and they will include four or five fancy dresses in the clothes budget as a matter of course.

To come down to less golden humans, $50 and $75 are good average rentals and $15 to $25 means a very simple peasant get-up or a rather worn bit of gayety.

The Routine Life of Costumes

Men's costumes are not quite so expensive, unless you are like the gentleman who considered 19,000 spangles—hand sewed—all too few for his Mephistopheles suit. For the benefit of the poor young bank clerk the costumer always carries a few monk's robes which rent for five dollars.

Once in a while, however, a man will go the whole way to satisfy a suppressed desire to dress up. One such has made cherished history at a costumer's and his photographs still decorate the walls. He was a professor at a well-known Eastern college. Every year he gave a dinner for his colleagues and, after they were assembled in his drawing-room, would come down the stairs in some new feminine guise. Once he was a ballet dancer, once Cleopatra, once Titania, once he wore a diamond dress and tiara. Four hundred and fifty and five hundred dollars seemed a perfectly fair price to him for his little academic novelties, and the saleslady who remembered him told me he was not at all fussy so long as the dresses were very elaborate. The last costume he had before he died was that of a mermaid. He couldn't walk on account of the tail and was carried down on a seaweed mat. It is said that his guests really were surprised.

The mechanism of renting individual costumes is well worked out. For the important occasions they are usually reserved a month or three weeks in advance. This spreads out the trying moments of selection gratefully for the costumer. The day of the ball the client either calls or sends an interested chauffeur for the neatly packed box. The customer pays for his costume in advance, and in most cases must leave a deposit in proportion to the value of the costume, although one large firm never takes a deposit and has lost only two costumes in three years.

A leeway of two or three days is allowed for the return of the costumes, for the morning after is no time to expect practical errands from the dancers. At the return desk the boxes are opened and inspected. The dealers are so familiar with their goods they they can tell at a glance if anything is missing. If this is the sad case the deposit is not returned until the item is found or paid for. There is also an inspection for damage; a certain amount of wear and tear and soiling is expected and allowed for, but the customer must pay for any unusual harm.

The costume passed, the deposit is returned by the cashier and the garment is shipped off to the cleaner. This is the inviolable rule of all the first-class firms—dry-cleaning after every wearing. In addition to this sanitary measure, all parts of the costume that touch the skin are made of light material that can be easily replaced. Back from the cleaner—and a tidy yearly contract for a dry-cleaning establishment, this—the costume is again inspected, then returned to its proper hook to wait in placid seclusion for another wearer.

Adipose in Short Skirts

I suppose it is at the first meeting with the client that the costumer's real art is shown. For he must be friend and psychologist, guide and of a philosophical turn of mind. The general manager of one large company says that the business is fascinating because he and his assistant sell not merchandise, but service, and that can only be done by putting in enough personality to give the customer what he or she really wants. I suspect, though, that the fascination and agony of taking care of beautiful, beautiful ladies and busy, busy men are about fifty-fifty.

In the first place, every costume must be strikingly original.

"Give me something that no one else will wear" is the "quoth the raven 'nevermore'" which rings in the tired ears of the costumer.

Men, was the consensus of opinion, are the more difficult. Women just have to be devastating. The major premise, when the man comes to rent, is that he doesn't want to go to the party anyway, and he's busy and let's get it over with. And how hard he is to get started!

Men aren't willing to do much suffering; so their costumes must be planned with an eye to ease and coolness. Because of this, Oriental and pirate garbs are in great favor.

Though men may be difficult, give a costumer a woman for thoroughness. She has time to go into the subject. Once a woman had thirty fittings on a costume, and the forelady of the workroom cried every time she came into the shop.

Enough tact to run several diplomatic services is displayed in the fitting rooms. You can't say to a lady "Madam, don't make yourself ridiculous" if she has the figure of a wandering stove and the desire to go as a mermaid. You must suggest to her that Brunhild makes a delicious and striking guise.

All blondes, they told me, want to be Carmen or Cleopatra. Brunettes, Helen of Troy or a Dresden shepherdess. Fat ladies pine to be ballet dancers, and pretty girls will never take a character costume unless it's made so becoming it loses its character. With each of these the costumer must exercise tact, for if the lady doesn't look well at the party it reflects on him. No definite rules of apparel can be lettered in gold on the walls of the fitting room, but according to an old-timer, dark women excel in the habiliments of Sappho, Delilah, Portia, Carmen, Italians and Spaniards, gypsies, Oriental types, South Sea Islanders; blond women as Melisande, Marguerite, peasant girls, shepherdesses, Joan of Arc.

People want to wear the most astounding things!

A gentleman wants to be a white horse, a lady a jar of cold cream. A boy decides to go to a private party dressed as a shower bath, and the costumer calmly calls the artist and together they work out a wire hatlike arrangement from which fall yards of the fluid tinsel they use on Christmas trees. Someone goes as a bell buoy to a deep-sea party, someone else must be a newspaper—which means sending crisp white taffeta to the press of a morning journal and having it run through until it comes out so clearly that one may read the day's news.

There are movie-character balls, color balls—black and white, red and gold, and so on—Colonial parties, advertising parties, affairs where women come dressed as their husbands' businesses, pirate balls, back-to-childhood and animal balls—anything and everything you can think of, and the costumer must meet each emergency with equanimity.

Designs are submitted by the staff of artists, so that the finished costume may be seen, but an effort is made not to distract the renter by too many choices.

In the case of a large subscription ball, costumes get scarce and prices rise according to the most approved economic principles. This happens, too, at the height of the costume-party season—starting in October and working up to a climax through January and February until the beginning of Lent.

Once upon a time the costume business was one of wistful waiting. Now it uses all modern methods of advertising and circulation. As guests write in for tickets to the large subscription balls the costumers get the names from the committees and send out a form letter. With private parties they show no less enterprise. Through society columns or chance information they discover that a woman is going to give a party, and ask her for a list of guests. In most cases the hostess is glad to coöperate with a single costumer, for if he is intelligent it means that her party will be coherently and successfully dressed.

The Taboo on Masks

Hot on the heels of the invitation the guest is likely to receive some such letter as this:

"*My dear Mr.* ——: We have been advised you will attend a fancy-dress affair New Year's Eve, and by supplying the finest costumes offered for rental we hope to aid materially toward a wonderful evening.

"We shall be pleased to have you call here as early as possible to make your selection of the costume you will wear. We have a large collection of costumes for both men and women correct for this type of party.

"Should you require the costumes made to order, these can also be supplied from exclusive sketches, especially drawn.

"Yours very truly,

"Blank Costume Co."

To the evident and commercial delight of the costume business, its products are yearly growing more elaborate, more unusual. Perhaps this is because fancy-dress parties are now dependent on pictorial effects rather than mystery. The masquerade has, for the best parties, gone out of fashion. So out of favor is it that many costumers do not even carry masks in stock.

The uninvited guest, the crasher at the gate, is the reason for this. With robbery an organized industry itself, it is absolutely necessary to know who is present. A prominent masked member of the younger bandit set might come as Peter Pan and take all the jewels of the party with him back to the Never-Never Land.

"Prest-O-Lite is practical, dependable and economical"

LIT BROTHERS, Philadelphia

THE following statement from Lit Brothers, one of Philadelphia's largest department stores, is typical of the letters we are constantly receiving from fleet operators everywhere

"For many years we have been using Prest-O-Lite Gas on our trucks and have found it practical, dependable and economical."

A short statement, but think what it means "Practical" means that it provides trucks with the kind of light that makes night hauling *safe* and efficient.

"Dependable" means that Prest-O-Lite lighting equipment is proof against rough roads and rough weather.

"Economical" means that installation and operating costs are lower.

Prest-O-Lite equipment will give your trucks a longer working day. *It is legal everywhere*

And so convenient to maintain. Thirty-six big gas-producing plants serve thousands of Prest-O-Lite Gas Service Stations located all over the country. You can always get full tanks of Prest-O-Lite Gas for empty ones by paying a small amount for the gas only

As manufacturers of storage batteries for lighting trucks, as well as Prest-O-Lite Gas, we are in a position to tell you the lighting equipment that has proved most satisfactory in various types of service.

THE PREST-O-LITE CO., INC
INDIANAPOLIS, IND

New York San Francisco

In Canada: Prest-O-Lite Company of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario

Prest-O-Lite Gas

The sign of a thrifty truck owner

THE DELMAR

Correct in shape, correct in fit, as all Walk-Overs must be, this custom-grade Walk-Over has the distinctive appearance of the aristocrat it is. Walk-Over's leading prices are $7, $8.50, $10 and $12 according to grade.

This style in this grade

$10

This heel mark *is the* hall mark of the aristocrat of shoes

WHAT makes a shoe a Walk-Over is matchless fit, made possible by the personal fitting Walk-Over shapes, and made better by the exclusive Walk-Over pear-shaped heel. That matchless fit is built into quality shoes, with the air of aristocratic smartness that these shoes have, and every shoe must have, before it can be stamped in the heel with this trade-mark, *Walk-Over*.

GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY, CAMPELLO, BROCKTON, MASS.

The diagram at the left shows, in black, the empty space left in ordinary shoe heels. This is why shoes gape at the top and heel. At the right, the diagram shows how the exclusive Walk-Over pear-shaped heel fits and clings

Walk-Over Shoes

for men and women

© 1926 G E K Co

DADDY'S NONDETACHABLE CUFFS

(Continued from Page 46)

chain him to a hitching post in the Sahara Desert and he'd still be watching for the rainy day.

The kid was smart enough to realize that he couldn't always knock over a salary that was meant to be carried around in a wheelbarrow. He had a thought now and then for his old age and he was also thinking how perfectly lovely it would be to have a wife that preferred a home to standing on the curb of West Forty-seventh Street and Seventh Avenue, telling a lot of other I'm-throughs what a wow she used to be.

Bing-Bang had saved and he had fattened up his little pile by smart investments. One day it would be a little killing in American Hairpin Preferred, and the next day a little profit on United Sleighbells Common or Acme Birdseed 4's. It all mounted up.

Once when Bing-Bang took five big bends to a weepy-eyed audience after he had pumped a sobber into them, I said to him, "Kid, you've peddled this skit for seven years and it's as good today as it was the first time you ever tried it."

"Maybe it's good for a couple of more seasons," he answered; "but I'm looking ahead to the day when I'm classed with last summer's straw hat. Anyways, Buddy, I'm tired of catching midnight trains, fighting bell boys to get back all my laundry—only last week in Duluth I missed a pair of socks; those green silks with the white clock, if you remember—and hoping that some day the meal I order in a restaurant won't have to be eaten with a do-or-die spirit."

"So you're going to retire from the stage and devote your time to shooting marbles and making lace curtains, I suppose."

"No, I'm going to settle down to being a gentleman farmer. I figure I can make almost as much at that racket as I can in vaudeville—and live."

"That's a lot of nickel-plated hooey, Bing-Bang. Plenty of farms right now are covered with experts at starving to death. What chance has a amateur like you got?"

"Hooey nothing! Look at eggs! They're bringing grocers from thirty-five to fifty cents a dozen off and on, and the grocers don't guarantee you that you and the eggs can be pals after they're opened. Now then, with my strictly fresh eggs I can get fat off that there item alone."

"Yeah, but you forget," I reminded this dizzy city farmer, "that chickens don't book themselves for fifty-two weeks solid a year. They lay eggs only a part of the time, and then they're at liberty same's us actors."

"That shows," he cracked back at me with a grin, "that you ain't been keeping abreast of the strides science is been making in agriculture. Now why did chickens used to—used to, I say—knock off egg laying certain times of the year, notably in winter, hey?"

"I'll bite, Mr. Bones. Why did chickens, and so forth, in winter?"

"Here's why: The days are shorter in winter. Chickens, you know, Buddy, are always eating, and they ——"

"That's where they differ from actors," I niftied, me always being on the alert that way for wise-cracking.

"—— and the nourishment a chicken takes into himself all goes for the first few hours of the day to build up his body. After that, all he eats goes into the egg. Now then, Buddy, in winter, when it starts to get dark about four in the afternoon, the chickens would all quit eating after the first few hours and nothing would be et for eggs."

"See!" I cackled at him. "That is a argument against you being papa to a flock of Plymouth Rocks."

"You're wrong. That's where science comes in and hangs up its hat. The scientific farmer of today, like I'm going to be, nowadays puts electric lights in all his henhouses. When it gets dark early in the winter afternoons, he snaps on the lights just as the chickens are about to call it a day. Then what happens?"

"Either they crank up the phonograph and dance," I said, sarcasticlike, "or else they sit up and embroider or read the evening papers while the little chicks do their mathematic lessons for the next day."

"No, but they ——"

"Don't kid a friend, Bing-Bang. What do chickens want with electric lights? I guess now you're going to tell me scientific chickens have tiled shower baths and take scalp treatments every Saturday afternoon."

"I ain't kidding nobody, Buddy. The chickens are so dumb that they mistake the electric light for daylight and they stay up, eating corn and stuff till they're ready to bust. The eggs pile up so fast that it keeps you busy gathering and crating them."

"Well, that's different," I admitted, a little grudgingly maybe. "I never knew you could make hens work in night shifts. Look out, Bing-Bang! About the time you get your lights all paid for the hens will be unionized or something and demanding a forty-eight-hour week or something."

"Apple cake! Then there's bees, too, Buddy. They feed and take care of their ownselves and ——"

"Without wanting pianos or a trip once a year to Palm Beach? Incredible!"

"—— all you got to do is gather their honey, get fancy dough for it and stuff your dough in the bank. Here's another thing, Buddy—I'm handy with tools. I make all my musical instruments for my act. Why, I can build myself, and save the money for labor, anything you have on a farm except maybe prickly heat and the calf's moo."

Here the lad stopped suddenly, as if somebody had borrowed his larynx, and stared into space for a long time, all dreamy-eyed. He was groping for words, it looked like if.

"Listen, Bing-Bang," I blurted out. "That's all very jacob. It's elegant. It's simply grand and stunning. You've spent lots of time thinking about your farm and bigger and bumblier bees, but you haven't paid no attention at all to what a gent hay shaker needs most of all. That ain't eggs or bees, my boy, but a wife.

"Maybe I'm talking out of turn, kid, but if you ask me I think Paula LaBonde is as tired of the two-a-day as you are. Quit being bashful, pal. Storm her. Pound your chest. Put up a good fast talk. Drag her out into the open spaces with you. Don't be afraid of her old man. Faint heart gathers no moss, you know. Grab her from under LaBonde's nose. That's the spirit that women like to see in a man."

Well, Billy, the little bimbo just blushed all over till you couldn't tell him apart from a bottle of catchup. He kicked one foot with the other and stared at the floor.

"She sure's a nice girl," was all he finally was able to say.

"No fooling?" asked I, I being a great kidder, and walked away, giving him a grin.

I hand myself all the credit, Joe, for having built a fire under Bing-Bang and bringing him to a boil. He started after Paula's heart that day and thereafter in earnest.

The only time that Bing-Bang could get in any heavy work with Paula was while her old man was closing his act. Then Paula would be in the wings for a minute or maybe two minutes while the old alligator was wiggling himself free of the handcuffs, shackles and logging chains that tied him to that screw eye in the floor. What a great lover Bing-Bang was! I've heard of guys winning maidens fair with poetry and by killing two-headed dragons and bringing home one of the hind legs for the dame to carry in her pocket for good luck; but he was absolutely the first I know of that got himself in solid with his dream princess by making her a mousetrap.

(Continued on Page 92)

Condemned to Siberia *for the winter*

...is this your family?

MANY a free-born American family today stands on the brink of Winter, condemned to the discomforts of cold radiators and shivery rooms. They will be cold because the heating system is not kept warm—not properly insulated. They will wear wraps and shiver when proper wraps on the heating system—pipe covering—should keep them comfortable.

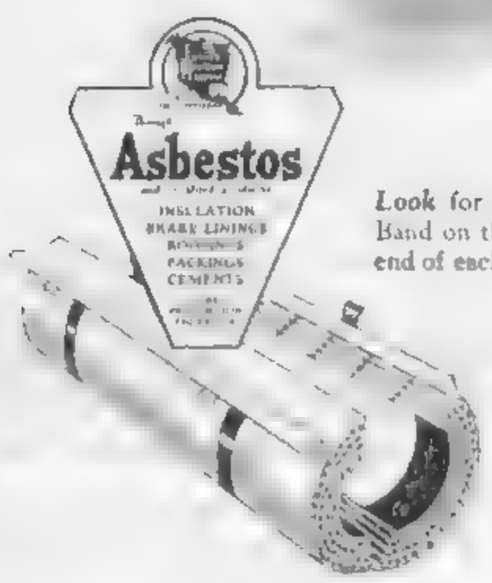
But it is not too late for a reprieve.

Your plumber or heating man can get it for you. He can cover your entire heating system with Johns-Manville Improved Asbestocel in a very short time—now—before Winter sets in.

Improved Asbestocel has become the standard heater pipe covering because of its high efficiency and low cost and because it nearly always pays for itself in a very short time. On your heating system it should be worth at least two or three tons of coal—any Winter.

Keep the rigors of Siberia outside your home. Phone your plumber now!

JOHNS-MANVILLE INC., 292 MADISON AVENUE AT 41ST STREET
NEW YORK CITY • • • BRANCHES IN ALL LARGE CITIES
FOR CANADA: CANADIAN JOHNS-MANVILLE CO., LTD., TORONTO



Look for the Red Band on the inside end of each length.

JOHNS-MANVILLE

Improved Asbestocel

SAVES FUEL

NOW to sail off to the Land o' Nod, and there must be a warm corner where Baby can change to his sleepytime clothes. There *will* be a warm corner *anywhere* if Mother has a Perfection Heater. Carry it to any chilly spot in the house and it radiates warmth in all directions—and at less than two cents an hour! Easy to handle. See it at any dealer's—today.

PERFECTION STOVE COMPANY • *Cleveland, Ohio*
In Canada, the Perfection Stove Co., Ltd., Sarnia, Ontario

Chases Chills from Cold Corners

PERFECTION
Oil Heaters

(Continued from Page 90)

Can't that panic you, Fred? Can't that roll you over, hey? You see, Jerry, mice just will get into the best of dressing rooms. Paula had the selfsame love for mice that she had for boa constrictors.

When she mentioned to Bing-Bang that a mouse came into her dressing room without waiting for a formal introduction, he got out his soldering iron and some springs and wires and odds and ends that I guess he was saving to make into a winnowing machine for his bee ranch, and didn't he make Paula a mousetrap? What a mousetrap! Bing-Bang further endeared hisself to the pretty by putting a new foot brake or something into her wrist watch when it broke, and by repairing the busted hinges on her wardrobe trunk and doing such odd jobs that a girl can always dig up for a guy she's mad for. Him and the boys that bolted the Mauretania together were equally handy with tools.

Then one Monday Bing-Bang waited until Paula had her daddy fastened to the screw eye and then whispered to her, "I love you."

That's all he got a chance to say, because by that time LaBonde had wriggled himself loose and bowed himself off the stage and into Paula's presence.

On Tuesday Bing-Bang managed to tell the pretty he loved her so much he couldn't live without her any more than he could live without a body between his chin and his hips.

On Wednesday he asked her if she loved him.

Thursday gave her a opportunity to tell him she did.

Friday Bing-Bang Burkett asked Paula LaBonde to marry him.

Well, Billy, on Saturday, while her old man was out in front waiting on the trade, she dropped her eyes, blushed and said she would.

That left Bing-Bang in a pickle up to the part in his hair. His problem then was to find a minister who had time to marry them a little bit at a time for several days or else get Paula away from LaBonde long enough to get hitched. Personally, I'd rather you asked me to take Gibraltar away from the British than try to take Paula away from that hawk-eyed old paw of hern.

"Gee, Buddy," Bing-Bang groaned at me, "I don't know what to do; can you think of anything?"

"The only thing that comes to my mind," I had to admit, "is to shoot LaBonde; but then that might start talk if Paula married the guy that cranked off her old man."

He finally hit on a plan that I wouldn't hesitate a second to class as double-distilled nonsense. He decided to ask LaBonde for Paula's hand.

"Why don't you first ask the soviets to lend you the Romanoff crown jewels so you can wear them and make a good impression on him?" I asked.

The dialogue between the kid and the old mutt, after the first few explosions were over, was something like this:

"Now listen, pop; I ain't such a bad guy like you think."

"Don't call me pop, you little bum! I wouldn't want you for a relation even if we had the same mother."

"Wait a minute; look at here. Paula and me have been making plans, pop, and we haven't left you out of them, either. I've made a nice little pile and I bought me a farm this week out in Oregon. We want you to come out there and retire and rest."

"No!"

"Think what you'd have out there—fresh air and fresh milk and fresh eggs."

"Yeah, and a fresh son-in-law. Nothing doing!"

"We've got a meadow full of fine luxurious alfalfa that you can see from your window, pop."

"I'm no heifer, you sap! I can't eat alfalfa. I wouldn't go out there if you had seven meadows filled with caviar."

"But you could take care of my bees and drink cold, sparkling water out of the well."

"You talk like a fool. I've always been able to afford hotels where there's circulating ice water in every room, and that's cold and sparkling enough for me. Now quit jabbering about your farm. You can't marry my little girl, even if she is willing. She hasn't got ripe sense yet. Bees! Alfalfa! Say, you ought to be sitting on some ventriloquist's knee."

There wasn't any use trying to talk Paula away from that old halibut. Why, John, the Atlantic Ocean might just as well try to get up out of its bed and walk across Europe and Asia to shake hands with its friend the China Sea.

It wasn't only a couple of days later that they tangled proper, Bing-Bang and LaBonde. It was on a train while the acts was jumping from Cleveland to Toledo. Antoine stepped out on the observation platform for a minute, and while he was there Bing-Bang tried to quick shovel out a load of sweet talk to Paula. LaBonde stepped inside suddenly, seen them and grabbed Bing-Bang. He drug the kid out onto the platform—we were just pulling into Toledo, Jake—and handcuffed him to the railing with a pair of cuffs he had been practicing with. Bing-Bang had to stay on that train till it finished its run in Chicago, where he was sawed loose.

The kid was kind of subdued for a week or two after that. He was awfully quiet. He didn't make the volume of noise that comes from rubber tires rolling over a street paved with molasses. I was afraid Antoine had him bluffed out of trying to marry Paula. He kept himself locked up pretty much in his hotel and dressing rooms. You probably see more of the Hungarian regent than I saw of Bing-Bang them days.

Then I took to noticing funny, squeaky noises of saws and files in his room; but only concluded the lad was building a locomotive or another mousetrap or something for Paula.

Nothing turned up till the week that we played Harristown. There, where Saturday night startled the scientific world by rolling around again, LaBonde was more important than the skin around a sausage. That was because every seat in the theater had been bought for that night by the Reorganized International Association of Police and Detective Sergeants, which was holding its convention in Harristown.

Handcuffs being as much a part of the life of a policeman as tired feet, Antoine didn't have any struggle at all convincing hisself that he would be the biggest thing on the bill to that audience. He had his act switched to the closing spot, so he could drag it out a couple of hours if the dicks seemed interested.

Like was his custom in every town that he played, Antoine had been down to police headquarters in Harristown, showing the flatties how good he was with their handcuffs, and there he had made the acquaintance of a cellar flat named Detective Sergeant Mulcahey. He had mystified this guy with his stunts. To judge from Mr. Mulcahey's forehead, everything in life should have mystified him, including what made anybody think he was a detective.

"I'm going to ask Detective Sergeant Mulcahey to step up here on the stage," LaBonde told the audience as soon as his act went on, "and serve as a witness in your behalf to see that my feats are what I represent them to be—feats of skill and not trickery, legerdemain or sleight of hand."

Mulcahey never just descended from a lower form of animal life. He ran down three steps at a time. He had the tough pan of a guy that thinks everybody is guilty of something. He wouldn't put the Wall Street bomb explosion past the winner of the first prize in a better-baby show. Mulcahey's shoulders grew into his head just under his ears, saving him the trouble of having a neck. "Le' me see them bracelets, LaBonde," he growled as soon as he stepped over the lights, bringing some of his own handcuffs along.

The big bruiser dropped his own cuffs on the floor and took the prof's from Paula

(Continued on Page 94)

WILLARD RADIO BATTERIES *and* POWER UNITS

Solution level always visible.
Colored balls show state of charge.
Selective (2-speed) charging.
Only four connections to make.
Charges Storage "B" Batteries, too.
Plug can be left permanently in the lighting socket.

The Willard "A" Power Unit *and* "B" Battery Charger

Enjoy the convenience of lamp socket operation of your radio set and obtain storage battery reception—steady, non-fluctuating radio power that makes the broadcast come in clear and round and helps to hold the distant stations on the loud speaker.

Two-speed selective charging. A trickle charge for ordinary use of your set. A 2-ampere emergency charge when you need it. You're sure of full "A" power all the time, even if you have a 10-tube set. Charges storage "B" batteries, too.

The Willard "B" Power Unit

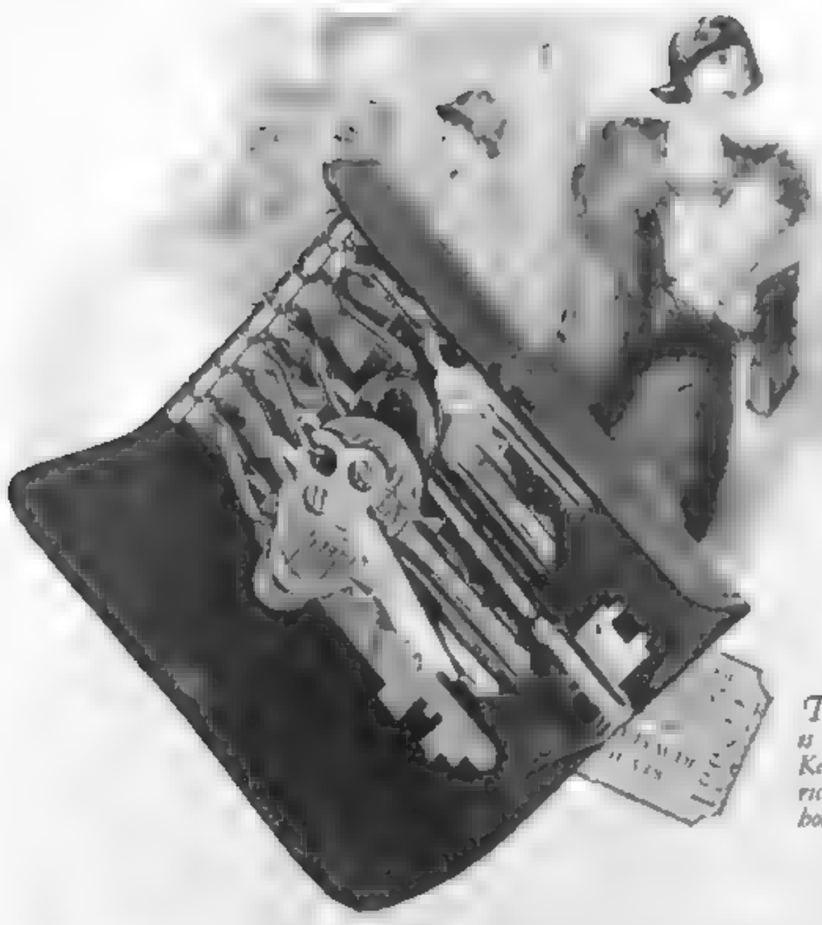
Used in connection with the Willard "A" Power Unit enables you to run the entire radio set direct from the house-lighting current. A perfected full-wave rectifier using a harmless non-corrosive solution. There are no tubes to replace.

Willard "A" and "B" Batteries

The same reliable batteries that are used by broadcasting stations and amateurs who wish the utmost in clear radio reception.

Willard Radio Batteries are easy to charge, easy to keep charged; they run for a long time on a single charge—and Willards last for years, making them the most economical batteries you can own.

For sale by the **Willard Battery** *men and authorized radio dealers*



The model above—No. 02-6 is the most popular of Buxton Keytainers—$1.00; made of rich brown cowhide, 6 swivel hooks; each hook holds two keys

"I lost my keys Monday —Friday they were returned to me"

All over the country the Buxton Keytainer protects millions from lost keys

MISSING OR LOST KEYS cause endless delays—irritation—expense!

The Buxton Keytainer has eliminated these annoyances for millions. All your keys perfectly organized—ready at your finger tips. And the famous Buxton Key Return Service always on guard to bring them back if lost.

No fumbling through a mass of tangled metal

Slim—flat—beautifully finished in fine leathers—the Buxton Keytainer keeps all your keys together—each on its own swivel hook—ready at your finger tips. The sharp edges of keys can't wear holes in pockets or handbags.

You can get a Buxton Keytainer for a dollar—made of rich brown cowhide—strong and serviceable. Other beautiful models in pigskin, morocco, pinseal, etc. to suit your personal taste at a wide range of prices.

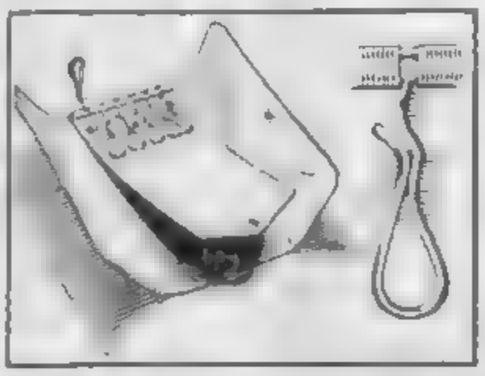
Leading jewelers, department, leather goods and stationery stores carry Buxton Keytainers. Drop in and examine them or let us send you free the "Book of Buxton Keytainers." BUXTON, Inc., 324 Main Street, Springfield, Mass. *Canadian Distributors—The Julian Sale Leather Goods Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada.*

How Buxton returns lost keys—

In most Buxton Keytainers you will find two cards that carry the same number. One you fill out with your name and address, and mail to Buxton. The other, without your name, but bearing your number stays in the Keytainer and offers a reward to finder for return of Keytainer to Buxton. Buxton locates the owner, returns the keys and rewards the finder. The owner avoids the real danger of having his name on his keys. Buxton offers this service free of charge.

"My wife lost her keys in Buffalo. Last Saturday they were delivered to her by mail. It certainly was a pleasant surprise."

"Thank you for your prompt service in returning my lost Keytainer. I first missed it on Monday and it reached me from you on Friday. That is wonderful service, indeed."



Pocket flap keeps Keytainer always in shape. Strong one piece hump lock revolving hooks. Do not break, bend or get out of order, cannot cross or tangle.

BUXTON KEY·TAINER

(Continued from Page 92)

and fell to examining them to see if they were made of pie dough or elastics.

"I was pleased to discover," LaBonde meanwhile went on telling the audience, "that Detective Sergeant Mulcahey is no novice in handcuffs himself, and so I've invited him to fasten me this evening with some instruments of unusual strength, durability and cunning of construction that he brought with him from headquarters."

Here Mulcahey stepped up to in front of the trench and indicated that he had a few words he'd like to say.

"Fella mem'ers of th' Reorganized International Association of P'lice and Detecative Sergeants and ladies," he began, standing with his right side toward the house and barking over his shoulder like as if he was addressing a raided saloon. "It ain't no trick for me to put on and take off my shoes in a hurry, because I'm used to them.

"I never myself claimed I was a handcuff shark; but if I was given some handcuffs and fooled around with them long enough, I know I'd get so used to them that it wouldn't be no trick to get out of them as easy as I get out of my shoes.

"Now, ladies and gent'm'n, if this guy ain't giving us the run-around, he ought to agree to let his own junk, which he's used to, alone and use nothing but our handcuffs. Am I right?"

"Right!" yelled all the law and order.

"How about it, Tony?" Mulcahey asked LaBonde.

"Certainly," said LaBonde, with an oily smile and wave of his hand.

The sergeant picked a pair of handcuffs up off the floor and held them high for everybody to see.

"Here's a pair of irons," he said, "that if this baby gets out of he's good. Only last week I used them when I had a tough one on my hands, Pudgy Price. I handcuffed Pudgy to me when I took him up to the pants factory to begin serving his jolt after they settled him for a little pennyweighting job that was cleared up by me and Detective Sergeant Tuholski.

"Pudgy ain't no common bindle stiff, neither, ladies and gent'm'n. He did a bit in Jefferson City for cracking gophers out among the Missouri scissor bills. Pudge broke out of there. Then they put a finger on him in a paper-hanging job in California and nearly pasted a yellow label on him. As it was, he got a long stretch in San Quentin, but he got out of there."

I would have said that that was enough to establish Pudgy Price as a tough tamale, but Mulcahey went on:

"Pudge was one of five guns that got away in a Kansas City crush-out after they fastened a pete-blowing onto him. Now, fella mem'ers, if a veteran like Pudge Price couldn't get out of this collar and tie, what chance has this dude got, hey? C'm' 'ere, p'fessor."

He snapped the handcuffs on LaBonde's wrists, grinned, winked at the pavement pounders and then watched Antoine.

LaBonde bent over, steadied his wrists between his knees, narrowed his hands and slid out of the cuffs like they were gloves. You could have stuffed a crate of canned tomatoes in Mulcahey's mouth, it was open that wide.

"That guy's a red-hot, Mully," yelled some policeman in the rear. A few of them clapped.

"I'll be —— Hey, c'mere!" Mulcahey picked up another pair of handcuffs of slightly different pattern and snapped them on the wrists of the grinning and happy LaBonde. "There's a pair that'll laugh at him," said Mulcahey to the audience. "We used them Wednesday night to chain Snake Ladue to the bars of his cell when he got violent. In addition to being a expert poke snatcher, as you all know, ladies and gent'm'n, Snake's a light artilleryman—a unfortunate victim of the traffic in habit-forming drugs, you might say. Well, somebody sneaked a couple of happy-dust decks to Snake in his cell and he went batty. Snake nearly pulled them bars loose, but he couldn't pull out of the cuffs, and this fella here ——"

"Hey! He's out again, Mully!" yelled a voice.

Sure enough, there was LaBonde, handing him back his handcuffs wearing a smile big enough to break his face. The neckless sleuth was mad. He felt that the honor of the department was at stake before the visiting dicks. Most of the coppers, particular those from out of town, began razzing Mulcahey.

The sergeant tried everything he had on LaBonde, but he couldn't keep his handcuffs on Antoine any more than he could have kept a dozen beers on ice intact at a German picnic. Finally he wiped his face and said he gave up.

"Now then," said LaBonde happily, beckoning to Paula, "I'm going to show you, my friends, that it is not alone dexterity of the arms, hands and wrists that I possess, but of the body as well."

With Mulcahey helping her and seeing that the crossroads were absolutely sanitary as far as any dirty work was concerned, Paula started to bind the old goat up in his chains and things for his climax stunt. Then LaBonde suddenly got a idea.

"Instead of handcuffing myself to this screw eye in the floor," he announced, "I shall alter the usual procedure—with Sergeant Mulcahey's kind indulgence—and in addition to the handcuffs on both my wrists I shall have my daughter here handcuff my right wrist with a second pair to the sergeant's left wrist, just as he did with Mr. Pudgy Price when he took that noted lawbreaker to the penitentiary. Then I shall endeavor to show you how Mr. Pudgy Price might have given the good sergeant the slip, had he been skilled as I am."

"Sure; make it easy f' y'self," invited Mulcahey, still hoping he could make a bum of the prof.

Paula handcuffed the two together and then slipped into the wings, as she always did, to give the professor the stage and the glory to hiself. Still smiling affably, LaBonde started to tug at the handcuffs. They didn't slide around as easy as I had seen them do hundreds of times.

"Hey! Have a care, you!" growled Mulcahey. "You're cutting my wrist."

Then I noticed that the confident grin had faded off LaBonde's phiz and that he'd make grimaces from time to time like he was in pain.

He got impatient, feeling he ought to be extra speedy before such a expert and critical audience, and began pulling and jerking the handcuffs.

"Say," warned Mulcahey, doubling up a fist which, no fooling, is automatically a concealed weapon whenever he puts his hands in his pockets, "if you cut my wrist once more I bet you I crack you so hard you'll fly loose from this hardware without you trying."

LaBonde looked at the handcuffs linking him to the dick.

"Where did you get these irons?" he asked suspiciously.

Mulcahey inspected them.

"Them ain't ourn," he said.

"They must be," LaBonde insisted. "They ain't mine."

"I never saw them before, I tell you. Hurry up, Tony; I don't want to spend the night chained to you."

LaBonde temporarily laid aside the mystery of where the handcuffs came from and made more strenuous efforts to get out. Five minutes of hard work left him still secure and with a red face that was moist, and not moist with *parfum de jasmin* or ginger ale either. Lady, lady, how he was perspiring!

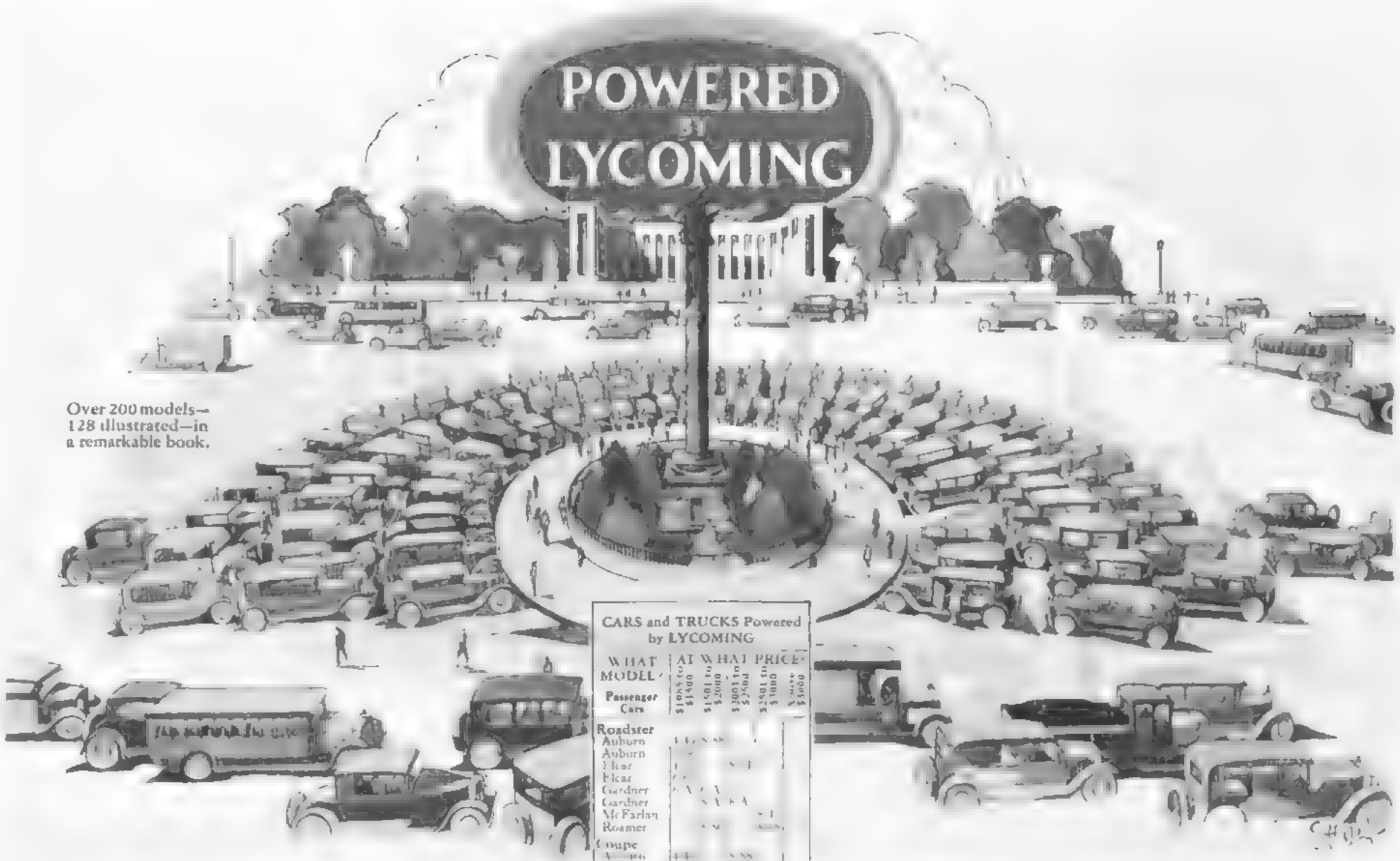
The policemen in the house got jubilant and began razzing Antoine.

"You got him sewed up, Mully!" somebody yelled.

"I know it—and I'm sewed with him," that party yelled back unpleasantly.

"Pinch him for obtaining money under false pretenses, Mully!" another wit howled.

"Get some blasting powder," a guy suggested. (Continued on Page 97)



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Gardner	6-A / 8-A
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Roamer	8-88
Coupe	
Auburn	4-44 / 8-88
Auburn	6-66
Elcar	4-55 / 8-91
Elcar	6-65
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Gardner	6-A / 8-A
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Roamer	8-80
Brougham	
Auburn	6-66 / 8-88
Gardner	6-A
Gardner	6-A
McFarlan	8-74
McFarlan	8-75
Roamer	8-88
Touring	
Auburn	4-44 / 8-88
Auburn	6-66
Elcar	4-55 / 8-91
Elcar	6-65
Gardner	6-A / 8-A
McFarlan	8-45
McFarlan	8-47
Roamer	8-88 / 8-88
Sedan	
Auburn	4-44
Auburn	
Elcar	
Gardner	6-A / 8-A
McFarlan	
McFarlan	
McFarlan	
Roamer	8-80

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Atterbury	1½				
				2½	
		2	2		
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International	Bus				
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This beautiful new Six-90 sedan is easily the outstanding car value of the year.

And it is offered to you as the best Six ever made by Peerless.

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(Continued from Page 94)

"Where's he taking you, Mully, and for how long?" a fourth demanded.

"Aw-w-w, shut up, y'se guys!" shouted the sergeant, glaring over the footlights. He was impatience itself by then.

"These cuffs have been tampered with," Antoine protested to the audience. "They ain't regulation cuffs."

He looked around him, kind of puzzled, and then into the wings. What he saw not only made his hair stand on end but nearly jump halfway out of his scalp. It was Bing-Bang leading Paula, not in costume, but dressed for the street, to the stage door.

"Hey! Where you taking my daughter?" yelled LaBonde at Bing-Bang, forgetting his public out front.

"We're going to get married, pop," yelled Bing-Bang. "I got a minister sitting up in his nightie waiting for us."

"Yes, you are!" cried Antoine, making a jump for the wings.

"Ouch!" barked Mulcahey as the cuff cut his wrist again. "Say, you big pretzel, where do you think you're dragging me to?"

He all but jerked LaBonde off his feet.

"I got to stop them!"

"You stand still, you old faker," the dick told him, "and get me out of this handcuff."

Bing-Bang was grinning all over.

"Come along and be a witness for me, Buddy," he invited.

"Sure," said I.

As we made for the door, LaBonde made another lurch in our direction, nearly upsetting Mr. Mulcahey, who by now was a bad guy to upset.

"Stand still!" the sergeant screeched. "What's gnawing you?"

"Sorry, sarge, but I can't bother with that handcuff now. You'll have to come along with me. I'm going to stop that bum. I won't have him marrying my daughter."

Mulcahey pulled him back.

"Nothing doing, Tony. You ain't going to drag me to no altar against my will. I can't go to no weddings or chase no bridegrooms tonight. I'm chairman of the Convention Entertainment Committee and they're waiting for me now up on the roof of the Hotel Magnificence, where the association is pitching a dance tonight after the show. I'm late now."

"You got to come," says LaBonde, starting to drag him off the stage.

Mulcahey got a lead-and-leather billy out of a hip pocket and shook it under Antoine's nose.

"Now just you try to drag me somewheres where I don't want to go," he threatened him, "and I bet I bring this down on your conk so hard you'll be wearing your belt around your forehead."

Bing-Bang and Paula went out ahead of me and got into a taxicab he had waiting at the curb. As I closed the door behind me I heard something go "Plop!" It was the dick's billy on Antoine's dome.

"You switched handcuffs on the old man, didn't you?" I said to Bing-Bang and Paula as soon as I was in the cab with them.

"Yeah," Bing-Bang explained. "I doctored a pair and had Paula smuggle them onto her daddy and the detective fellow."

"What did you do to them? I thought the handcuffs the prof couldn't get out of weren't made."

"That's what he thought," said Bing-Bang. "But then, you know, Bud, I'm handy with tools. Well, I bought a pair just like his. I took out part of the lock, so the ratchets would tighten, but not give. Then I filed a couple of more teeth into each ratchet bar so they could be tightened to the limit.

"And in addition, Buddy, I filed knife-like edges into the smooth surface inside the cuff that grips the wrist. These I ground and sharpened till the edges were like razors. The more Mr. LaBonde and that detective tugged, the deeper the blades cut their wrists and the tighter the cuffs gripped them. Mr. LaBonde gave me the idea on the day he chained me to that train platform."

Simple, ain't it, Joe? So is the radio, now that we've been showed how.

"Gosh!" sighed Bing-Bang. "Mr. LaBonde will kill me for this!"

"He don't know it was you who did it," I told him. "He blames that Mulcahey mutt. I heard them arguing over it."

Bing-Bang had the license waiting with the minister, who, with his wife for the other witness, was waiting to marry the kids. The ceremony was short and snappy—it would run just about fourteen minutes in the two-spot—and went off without a hitch.

"—— whom God hath joined together," the minister finished, "let no man put asunder."

With that Bing-Bang got a pair of LaBonde's handcuffs out of his pockets and snapped one cuff to his wrist, the other to Paula's. Then he gave me the key to keep.

"Now let me see pop put us asunder," he said, kissing the happy Paula.

When the three of us got back to the theater, we found LaBonde and Mulcahey still handcuffed together, but some guys that had been called from police headquarters taking off the bracelets with hacksaws. Antoine was stretched on the floor, semiconscience from that sock on the head the dick had given him with the leather billy. It wasn't enough to hurt him seriously—just cooled him off. The old totem pole was talking, a little deliriously, it sounded like if.

"They framed me, Paula," he said. "They framed me, Buddy. They framed me, Bing-Bang."

"Who framed you, Mr. LaBonde?" I asked him.

"The coppers framed me. This Mulcahey framed me."

"You're talking out of your mind," grumbled Mulcahey, as the cuffs were sawed off the both of them finally.

"It was professional jealousy," Antoine went on. "They couldn't stand seeing anybody whip them at their own game, these dicks couldn't. So they slipped in a pair of handcuffs that weren't handcuffs at all. They were a trap, like you'd use on a mouse or a rat. Look at them!

"They've gone and ruined my reputation, the coppers have. I won't have the crust to ever appear on a stage again all my life."

"Never mind, pop; you ain't the first innocent man that is been framed," said Bing-Bang, patting the old turnip's shoulder. "Never mind about your lousy old reputation. You just come out on the farm with me and Paula and rest."

LaBonde looked up at him softly, even kindly. He shook the kid's hand.

"It's mighty white of you, son," Antoine said, sheepishlike, "after the way I done you."

"Does that mean," asked Mulcahey, "that you're going to have this tough old tomato around you all the time?"

"Yeah," Bing-Bang answered.

Mulcahey gave Antoine a sour look, like he was thinking of throwing him in the scraper as a suspicious character. Then he got a automatic .45 out of his hip pocket and handed it to Bing-Bang.

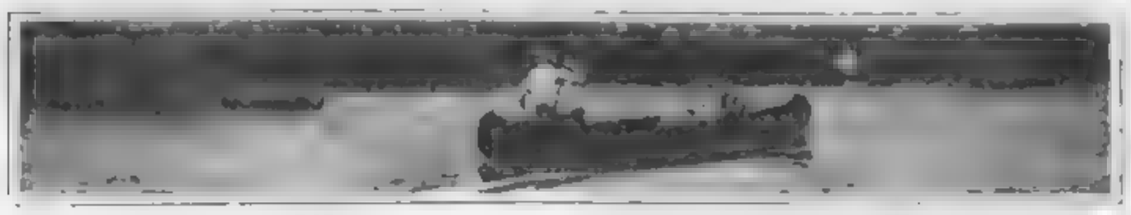
"Take this along, youngster," he said. "You may need it."

Paula still was handcuffed to Bing-Bang, you remember.

I picked up a pair of irons from those on the floor and handcuffed her free wrist to one of LaBonde's.

"Bless you, my children," said I.

And that proves my point, Eddie, that love will find a way, even if it's lost in a tunnel and with both eyes full of cinders.



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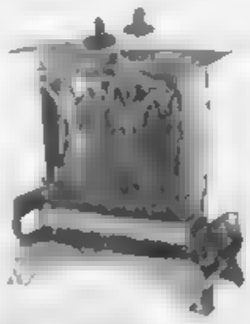

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*WHAT ARE COMEDONES? (pronounced Cŏm'ĕ-dōnes)

Dictionary definition A small plug or mass occluding the excretory duct of a sebaceous gland, occurring frequently upon the face, especially the nose, and consisting of retained semi-liquid glandular secretion or sebum. The outer end is often dark or black, due to accumulation of dust and dirt; hence it is often called blackhead.

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How it Feels to Have a Double—By Richard Connell

ONE day, awhile ago, I was sitting on the porch of my house in Green's Farms, Connecticut—pop. 219—listening to the corn grow and watching a caterpillar whiz along a stone wall. Here in these bucolic surroundings I had been anchored for many quiet months, devoting myself to the writing of fiction, and to attempts to impart top spin to a tennis ball without knocking it over the fence into Neighbor Tompkins' bean patch. Once a month, perhaps, I had ventured into New York City, tarrying there only long enough to get a haircut, and returning as soon as possible to my rustic retreat.

I have never traveled much in the United States. Once, just after the war, I spent a day in Minneapolis. The fertile steppes of Iowa, the rugged Ozarks, the beauties of the Montana buttes, the charms of Omaha, the far-flung pampas of Texas are unknown to me, save by reputation, and my desire to gaze on them is well under control. I do not plan, in the present century, because of lack of time, ever to roam to a more westerly point than Poughkeepsie, New York. The idea I am trying to convey is that I am no rolling stone, but rather a moss-covered bucket hanging in a peaceful New England well, some fifty miles from Columbus Circle as the flivver flies.

My wife brought the mail from the village post office. A letter from Texas. Whom did I know in Texas?

I was surprised, even dazed, when I read the letter.

"When," its writer asked, "do you intend to take over your circus?"

I stared at the words. My circus? I reread the letter. It was from the proprietor of a small one-ring circus, playing tiny towns through the Southwest. He reminded me that I had joined his circus in Arkansas, saying I wished to steep myself in the local color of the sawdust ring and secure material for stories for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. His show had wild men and tattooed ladies, but no authors, so he took me along and entertained me for a week. I then informed him that a great desire had been born in me to own a circus. Generously he offered to sell me half of his. I accepted. Terms were agreed on. It happened that I did not have the price of half a circus in my pocket. My money, I said, was in Washington, D. C. The circus man seemed to gather from my remarks that I owned the mint. Oddly enough, my cash had run low. Would my future partner loan me the fare to Washington, so I could go there and fill my bags with gold, and return to invest it in clowns and elephants? He did. I never came back. So the circus man, after a time, wrote to me in care of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, the address I had given him. So it was that I first became aware that I had a double.

The Long Arm of the Law

I wrote to the circus man that he had been the victim of a touch-and-go artist, and that I, personally, had practically no use for half a circus, or even a quarter of a circus. I decided that my impersonator was simply a brazen panhandler who had borrowed my name temporarily while he performed a minor financial operation on the trusting circus man, and that I'd hear no more of him. But I did.

A few days later a telegram came to me.

"Where are you? Wire your whereabouts."

It was signed by the sheriff of a Kansas county. I made a hasty survey of my life, but could unearth no reason why the sheriff should be interested in my whereabouts. Mystified, I replied to him that at the moment his telegram reached me I was in the back lot watching the social life of a family of woodchucks, that I had been at my home for months, and that I was not guilty anyhow.

The sheriff wrote me, presently, that a young man with pleasant manners and good clothes had appeared in Elkhart, Kansas, and had announced that he was I. He told the editor of the local paper that he wanted to get material for some stories about the art and mystery of Kansas journalism, and would like a job. He got the job. He worked for some weeks, discoursed to the citizens learnedly of literary matters, and, in the words of the sheriff, "considerable of a fuss was made over him."

But the sheriff was a doubting Thomas. What my impersonator did to arouse the sheriff's suspicion I have never been able to find out. Anyhow the sheriff sent his query about my whereabouts, and my double, sensing, no doubt, the misgivings in the mind of the sheriff, abruptly left the scene of his researches.

From the sheriff I secured a description of my double, and learned that in a general way he resembled me. An alarming thought struck me. My double had worked for a very small salary. He had not, apparently, tried to profit financially by his impersonation of me. Could it be that he was not merely playing a rôle? Could it be he actually thought he was I?

A Vicarious Visit

Soon after the Kansas episode, I heard of my double again. This time he bobbed up in Gary, Indiana. An obliging secretary of the Y. M. C. A. there cashed a check for ten dollars for him, drawn on a bank in Fayetteville, Arkansas, and signed with my name. The check was rubber. It bounced right back. The aggrieved secretary wrote to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, which my double had used as a reference.

The next chapter is entitled Strange Doings on a Turkey Farm.

A most friendly letter came to me one day from a lady who runs a turkey farm in Kentucky. She said she had greatly enjoyed my visit to her farm. When would I come again? Why didn't I write to her? How was I progressing with the story I told her I was on the point of writing—a story to be called The Magic Key That Oped the Chamber Door?

I hastily notified her that I was sorry but I had never visited her, her turkey farm, or even Kentucky.

She wrote me the story of my double's visit to her. He must be a talented and romantic person. He turned up at the turkey farm one evening while she was away in Louisville. He presented himself to the husband of the turkey-farming lady, a former sheriff. My double had a copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST containing a story of mine, and this he showed by way of credentials. Seemingly, writers are uncommon in that part of Kentucky. Anyhow my double was given his dinner and put to bed in the guest room.

When the wife returned that night, the husband said, "What do you think we have upstairs?"

The lady could not guess.

"An author," said the husband.

"That," wrote the lady, "took my eye."

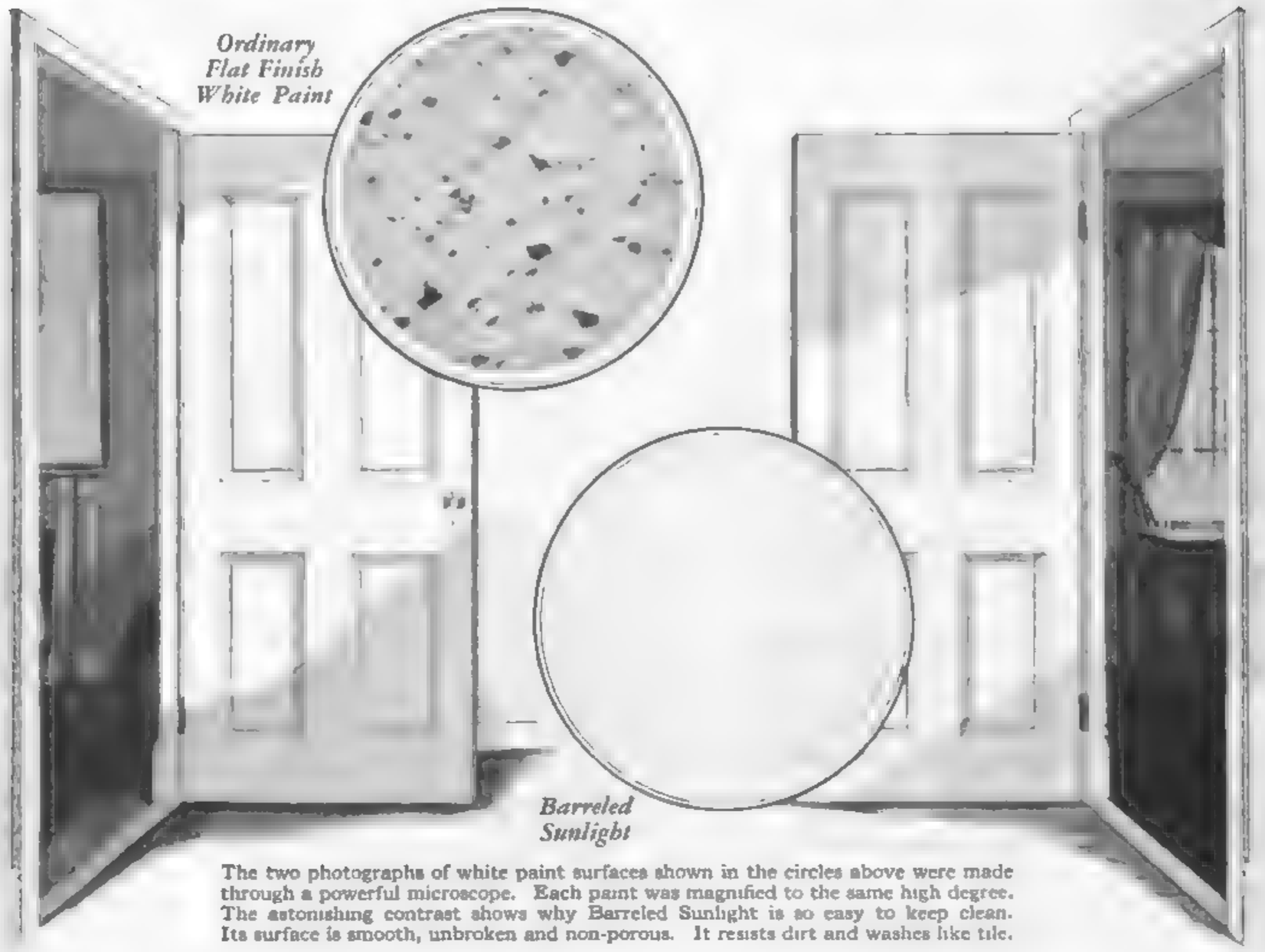
"What is he like?" she questioned.

"He looks," said the husband, "like a fool."

Nevertheless, the next day my double scored a complete social success. He had, so the turkey lady wrote me, "elegant manners" and wore "the widest and prettiest belt I ever did see on a man." Furthermore, he played the piano well—classical music and everything. He recited with feeling the poems of Robert Burns.

(Continued on Page 100)

What the Microscope Reveals . .



The two photographs of white paint surfaces shown in the circles above were made through a powerful microscope. Each paint was magnified to the same high degree. The astonishing contrast shows why Barreled Sunlight is so easy to keep clean. Its surface is smooth, unbroken and non-porous. It resists dirt and washes like tile.

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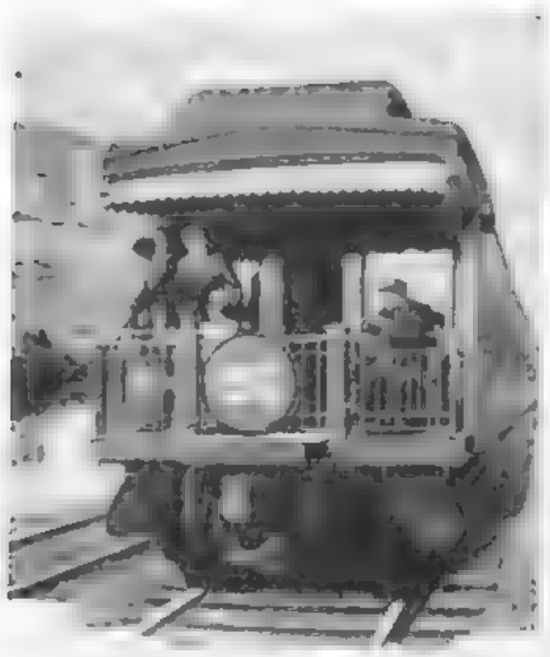

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Sunset Route

SOUTHERN PACIFIC LINES

(Continued from Page 98)

He talked much and entertainingly of books and people, and let it be known that he was rich, and a direct descendant of Mary Queen of Scots, which I am not. He exhibited a scrapbook of clippings from newspapers in small towns in Texas, Arkansas, Missouri, Kansas, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, Virginia and Florida, all dealing with his activities while posing as I.

Writer Gives Piano Recital—Connell Lectures on Education—headlines like that. For months, it seems, he had been going from place to place giving piano recitals and lectures in my name. I don't lecture and I can't play a note.

Most astonishing and disturbing fact of all—he looks very much like me. The turkey lady secured a picture of mine, and the resemblance between my double and me was strong enough to convince her that he and I are the same man. I have no brothers and if anybody, up till now, has looked like me, they have kept quiet, hoping it would not be noticed. When I read the turkey lady's letter I began to wonder if I were a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

Then one Sunday morning while at breakfast I ran across a headline in a New York newspaper: Writer Wins Wager by Unwonted Work.

An Author Who Worked

I glanced casually at the story. Anything about a writer working unnecessarily is calculated to interest me. Imagine my surprise when I discovered that I was the writer referred to. It was almost like coming across my own obituary in print. I learned that I—my double, of course—had worked for a month in a factory in Edgerton, Wisconsin, to win a bet of a thousand dollars.

Then he had given out the story to the newspapers!

The very next day a fresh exploit of his was forcibly brought to my attention. Flushed with his success as a factory worker, my double arrived in Milwaukee, and gained the friendship of a lady of that city.

What did the gallant fellow do then but present her with an expensive automobile! He told the automobile dealer that he was I, and that the editor of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST would vouch for him. The dealer delivered the gift car to the lady one Saturday afternoon, and my double gave him a check for twelve hundred dollars as a first payment. Of course my double signed my name to the check. Since I had no account in that bank, the check came back the following Monday bearing the saddest words a check can bear—No Good. The bamboozled automobile dealer retrieved his car from the equally bamboozled lady—but my double had flown. Where? I wish I knew.

I sit here wondering what else he may have done in my name that I have not heard about. Also, what will he do next? I picture the imaginative fellow swimming the English Channel, running for the United States Senate, or even committing matrimony in my name. If he does, I wonder if I shall be a bigamist. Here is a man who has stolen my identity. For more than a year now he has been I. Maybe, for all I know, there is a law that if he can be I for seven years, he will have a right to my identity, and I shall have to become someone else.

An alienist tells me that there is a not uncommon form of delusional insanity in which the victim firmly believes himself to be Nero, Cleopatra, Henry the Fourth, or The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo.

Maybe that is what is the matter with my double. I can think of no other reason why he should want to be me. Certainly he is no ordinary grafter. He plays his rôle so well that he must be convinced that he is Richard Connell. If he keeps at it, I may have a hard job proving that he isn't, and that I am.

When I told the story of my double and his doings to a wise old lady of my acquaintance, she thought awhile, and then said, "Do you know what I'd do? I'd put a stop to it."

An admirable suggestion, I thought. But how? Somewhere in this broad and populous land is the other I, going about and doing heaven knows what in his borrowed personality. He is like a drop of quicksilver—here, there, everywhere. How am I to find him? Must I start out on a hunt for myself?

I reported his activities to the Authors' League of America. It developed that scores of writers and other people who now and then get their names into print have had experiences with impostors. Most of them are just plain fakers.

When You Meet Napoleon

It is fairly common for a glib swindler to appear at some hotel, let us say, introduce himself as Mr. Blunk, the writer, and state that he has been commissioned by the editor of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST to write an article about the particularly succulent succotash served in that particular hotel.

If the hotel keeper is gullible enough to believe that—and it is astonishing how well the sucker birth rate keeps up—the impostor enjoys briefly free bed and board, and then decamps with the hotel's pillowcases.

But no case of masquerading has been brought forward in which the impostor so completely gave himself to the job of doubling as mine. I hope I meet him some day. Meantime I sit quietly at home, and open my mail with nervous fingers, and reflect that it is bad enough for a man to have to bear the responsibility for his own acts, without having to shoulder the sins of his other self.

With the noted philosopher I say, "Trust everybody—but cut the cards." So, if a plausible stranger, with a pretty and wide belt and a talent for piano playing and apple sauce, comes to your door some day and lets it be known that he is Napoleon, or Mussolini, or I, be polite to him, but make him prove it.

Mother: "Willie, Didn't I Tell You Not to Play With That Croquet Set?"
Willie: "Aw, Gee, Ma, Can't You See I'm Playin' Polo?"

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THIS Studebaker Custom Sedan gives you the pride of custom lines at the price of a conventional car! It offers you the coveted symmetry of a low-swung custom body—the rich gleaming surface of a duo-tone lacquer finish—the luxury of fine Chase mohair upholstery—together with four-wheel brakes, disc wheels, and a ventilating windshield (exclusively Studebaker) which insures fresh air without drafts or moisture.
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No-draft ventilating windshield, exclusively Studebaker; bumper and bumperettes; engine heat indicator and gasoline gauge on the dash; coincidental lock, oil filter and air purifier, automatic windshield cleaner, rear vision mirror, 4-wheel brakes, full-size balloon tires and two beam acorn headlights, controlled from steering-wheel
STUDEBAKER

TRÈS SHEIK

(Continued from Page 21)

"You speak English?" he inquired.

"Of certain," responded Mr. Akba proudly. "I speak English good."

"Sure. Sure you do. Now, listen, Bu—how would you like to make some money? Lots of money?" Florian's voice dropped to an impressive whisper. He spoke the words which are like magic throughout Europe and Northern Africa. "American dollars!"

Bu gesticulated beneath his sheet. His one eye closed, imparting a weird expression to his scarred countenance. Florian interpreted his wiggles as assent.

And then Florian began to talk. He spoke slowly, softly and persuasively. He told something—enough of his troubles. He spoke frequently of gold dollars. He assured Bu Akba of large, luscious profits. Within twenty minutes Mr. Florian Slappey, of Birmingham, Alabama, and Mr. Bu Akba, of Biskra, were allies.

Then Florian made inquiry as to what Midnight was doing. Bu was rather vague on this, but by dint of constant and clever questioning Florian ascertained several things—all of them of vast importance. The chief and outstanding fact was that Midnight was about to make a desert picture which would require the services of numerous Algerians disguised as Bedouins, a few camels, many horses and a desert camp. Bu imparted this information with gestures and passion. Florian's face took on a far-away, speculative expression. His nimble brain was functioning. For a moment he forgot Mr. Akba, the noisome little restaurant, the odors of the stygian street, his loneliness in a foreign land. He forgot everything save that a scheme was occurring to him.

Perhaps four minutes slipped by before Florian amazed Mr. Akba by slapping an enthusiastic hand against a slender thigh and ejaculating: "Hot ziggity dam!"

Bu shook his head in puzzlement.

"*Quel est* zeegity?" he inquired.

"It means," explained Florian eagerly, "that I is about to git even with that low-down tripe of a Orifice Latimer which th'owed me down an' let me lay. That feller, Bu, ain't got no heart. F'rall he'd care, I could starve to death an' git sick of exposure in this heah desert. Dawg-gone his ornery hide! Ise gwine show him. Now listen, brother—how about I an' you goin' partners on a li'l' deal?"

"Is it? *Oui! Non?*"

"Huh?"

Bu made vague motions. "M'sieu speak many fast. He should more slow the explanation make."

"Ah-h-h, *oui!*" agreed Florian.

The ill-assorted conspirators adjourned to the magnificent oasis which skirts the Oued Biskra for a distance of nearly three miles.

They found a comfortable spot in a grove of stately palms. Far off they could see the city itself, gleaming ghostlike in the moonlight, and all around them were the sounds and smells of other and smaller towns which abut the oasis.

They talked far into the chilly night. The passing of each minute crystallized Florian's plan. Each detail now stood forth clearly, and, bit by bit, Bu Akba saw that the scheme was an excellent one. In fact, in the darkness Mr. Akba's single serviceable eye glowed like the dimmed headlight of an old automobile. He fancied that he heard the clink of gold—and there were few things that Bu would not do for gold.

It was early morning before the final plan had been laid. They rose and started for the Village Negre, where Florian concluded to spend the night. But even the narrow, black, evil streets of that hopelessly benighted section failed to daunt the valiant Florian. He was treading on air and living on prospects. Vengeance was brewing; a gorgeous vengeance whereby President Orifice R. Latimer would be unglorified and humbled.

"I find *demain* the movies peoples they is going to do what," explained Bu. And the next day he held lengthy converse with President Orifice R. Latimer, Director J. Cæsar Clump and the portly and pompous Lawyer Evans Chew, who was the official legal adviser of the touring organization.

Those in charge of Midnight destinies were delighted with Northern Africa. Algiers, with its narrow, winding, climbing streets, its white-clad sheiks and ladies, its congested native quarter, its picturesque waterfront, had impressed them all with the possibility of picture taking. And as for Biskra and the desert and the luscious oasis, there seemed no limit to the amount of slapstick comedy which could be made ere the company returned again to European shores.

Forcep Swain, their official author, claimed that he was inspired. Sixteen hours a day, since the company arrived in Biskra, Forcep had been laboring. He negotiated several brief trips into the desert, he prospected around the white town, he walked long distances along the Oued. Once he mounted the top side of a thin camel and tried the desert. He reported smilingly to President Latimer.

"A swell hunch," he announced, "has done busted me right in the brain. But it's gwine cos' money."

"What is it?" queried the canny president.

Forcep spoke. He spoke well and fervently. Before he finished his audience was rubbing hands gleefully.

"Shuh! Forcep, does us git a pitcher half as good as you promulgates, it's gwine be wuth it. Besides, us takes milliums of shots while we has got that camp an' them Bedwums, an' we works 'em into other pitchers later, after we has paid all them atmospheres off."

And so Bu Akba was called into conference and furnished with an itemized statement of the company's requirements. This typewritten list read as follows:

One (1) camp in desert of Six (6) tents.
One (1) swell tent with flags.
Fifteen (15) Bedwums with burnoozes (sheets).
One (1) big sheik in fancy clothes.
Three (3) camels (big).
Ten (10) horses for Bedwums to ride.
One (1) Throme for Bedwum chief.
Guns, sords, daggers, and so on, and so fourth.

Bu Akba gazed wide-eyed at the list. This was, indeed, a tremendous commission. He recalled every vivid detail of his conversation with the estimable Mr. Slappey the previous night, and he did a great deal of figuring on the face of a bit of paper.

"How much?" inquired President Latimer.

Bu Akba timidly stated a price precisely four hundred dollars—American—greater than actual cost.

Orifice's face lighted. It was patent that he was overjoyed at what he considered a very great bargain, and instantly Bu experienced qualms. He cursed himself roundly for having failed to make his estimate even higher. But what was done was done. Even so, Bu Akba revised his estimate of the company. If they could speak of money in such large terms, if they could assume such obligations without the turn of a hair or the sign of bargaining, then they promised much in the way of income. But Mr. Akba had started to think for himself.

The company busied itself with preliminary shots for this comedy epic of the desert. Opus Randall capered with elephantine grace through several hilarious scenes, with the skinny and droll Welford Potts as foil. They were both incased in branas and turbans. Others of the company were clad similarly, and Sicily Clump, feminine star, was a young not in her native costume.

They excited amazement in the breasts of such Biskraites as saw them, and the tourists came in droves from the city's more pretentious and cleaner hotels to watch this queer American motion-picture company perform its extraordinary antics.

Bu Akba was dismissed for the day. And Bu disappeared posthaste into the very vilest and most evil of the native quarters, there to hold frantic conversation with various disreputable characters.

The news which Mr. Akba brought was electrifying. It seemed to have a highly sanitary effect on certain gentlemen who had been, until this moment, without visible means of support. Under the chaperonage of Mr. Akba they purchased new and fairly clean sheets and gleaming turbans. Certain of them did other errands with, and for, Bu.

The next day something happened in the Sahara.

Under the single eye of Bu Akba a Bedouin camp was created. It wasn't much of a camp as to size, but it was large enough to fill the eye of the camera. At one end blossomed the tent of the sheik, a stately and magnificent thing decorated with flags and tassels. Spread out fanwise before this tent were six smaller and more modest ones where the Bedouins themselves were supposed to be residing.

Latimer, Clump, Exotic Hines, the cameraman, and Forcep Swain, the author, collaborated in the laying out of the camp. They marked a parking place for horses and camels; they moved the tents this way and that to assure beautiful shots. And eventually they decided that all was finished and that on the morrow shooting would commence. It was then that Bu Akba gave warning regarding the regal personality they were to encounter.

He assured them that Arab tribesmen were not in the habit of motion-picture acting and that this particular band had been secured only by reason of his enormous personal influence with a *très grand sheik*—Ghul Faija. He explained to President Latimer that Mr. Faija was the sheikest thing that ever wore a burnoose, and that he was to be treated with the utmost deference, lest his royal ire be excited.

"Where Mistuh Faija is at?" inquired the president, much impressed.

Bu made a gesture of horror. "M'sieu would not think of with him speaking?"

"Showly. Ain't we payin' him a lump sum to act fo' us?"

Mr. Akba fairly groveled. He made it quite clear that there were to be no social contacts between members of the Midnight troupe and Ghul Faija. Of course, for a consideration, Ghul was willing to be snapped in a few scenes—swirling across the desert at the head of his tribesmen, seated in regal splendor on the Bedouin throne, moving majestically down the tented street. But beyond that point Ghul was touted as being a decidedly aloof and somewhat persnickety person.

The negro company from Birmingham, Alabama, was duly impressed. This at last was the real thing. For the first time since landing in Africa they were to establish contact with a genuine sheik; one who, perhaps, would not even be tippable. They thanked Bu Akba profusely for his kind offices in securing the redoubtable Mr. Faija, and retired to congratulate themselves on the low market quotation of sheiks in general.

As for the scheming Bu, he found Florian Slappey and made his report.

According to his story, everything was excellently fixed. The company would not cause Florian any worry; he had firmly implanted the seeds of due respect. At the conclusion of the picture the money for the tribesmen was to be paid to Ghul Faija in a lump sum. This sum was precisely four hundred dollars more than the entire cost of camp, camels, horses and Bedouins, and was to be divided equally between Florian and Bu. Mr. Slappey nodded his agreement and Bu made a low bow.

"Ghul Faija," he announced, "I salute thee!"

"Hot diggity dawg! Think of me bein' a reg'lar sheik. An' when Orifice R. Latimer fin's out! Sweet mamma, sprinkle me with bay rum!"

Early the following morning Bu Akba presented himself at the extremely humble lodgings of Mr. Slappey. He brought with him a wardrobe which had made sad inroads on Florian's limited cash capital. For perhaps twenty minutes he worked with Mr. Slappey, then stood back and proudly surveyed the handiwork which had transformed the sheik of Eighteenth Street into an eighteen-carat article.

Florian was little short of a miracle. A turban of many shades was wrapped about his noble brow. Beneath it was a white incasement which concealed all of his face except the piercing black eyes. From shoulders to sandaled feet was a robe of white shot through with gold and silver and purple thread. He carried a long and impressive stick.

But the things which made greatest appeal to Florian were the wickedly curved scimitar which Bu had purchased for thirty francs at the bazaar and a highly nickeled revolver which he loaned Mr. Slappey for this particular occasion. Florian was particularly fond of the scimitar, but he also snapped the trigger of the gun a few times.

Then, after looking at the gentlemen whom he was supposed to rule, he secretly acquired five cartridges to fit the chambers of the revolver.

"Reckon it woul'n't be no good against such murd'rers as them," he reflected, "but I guess it would anyhow perform a fine suicide."

Florian's henchmen were certainly impressive. They were small men, ratty of eye and somewhat muddy as to complexion. They moved swiftly, quietly and evilly in their flat, bare feet, and Mr. Slappey decided that perhaps his friend, Bu, had been a trifle careless in his selection.

"Golla, Mistuh Akba, them is the evilest lookin' fellers I ever did see."

"Bad mans," agreed Bu cheerfully. "But for francs anything they will do."

"O-o-o-e-e! Ev'y time I sees one lookin' at me I gits the smell of lilies."

At ten o'clock twenty members of The Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., of Birmingham, Alabama, assembled in front of their hotel and were joined by Bu Akba. Bu smiled his crooked smile, winked knowingly with his one eye, and informed them that everything was ready. Whereupon the company—actors attired in their distorted idea of native dress—piled into a few dilapidated cars suspiciously like a popular American make and started for the desert and the particular oasis beside which camp had been pitched.

They were all tense with excitement. They were about to meet a real sheik while he was sheiking. Ghul Faija! A name to conjure with! Much debate occurred on the way through the narrow, white-walled streets of Biskra.

"How you call him, Bu? Sheik?"

"Prince," informed Mr. Akba.

"Sufferin' tripe! A real prince?"

Bu nodded. Director J. Cæsar Clump pinched the arm of his wife, Sicily. "Listen at that, gal. Ise gwine direck me a prince."

"Yeh! An' Ise gwine git kidnaped by him. Reckon when I tells the cullud ladies of Bumminham ——"

President Latimer chuckled.

"Guess Mistuh Florian Slappey would think somethin' could he see us consortin' aroun' with royalty."

The camp itself, as they swung around a large conical sand dune and came within sight of it, was indeed impressive. There was a wide street, sentineled by six tents—three to a side. In the center was the

(Continued on Page 107)

A TRAINER to keep your CAR in trim

PAINTED BY DONALD GARDNER

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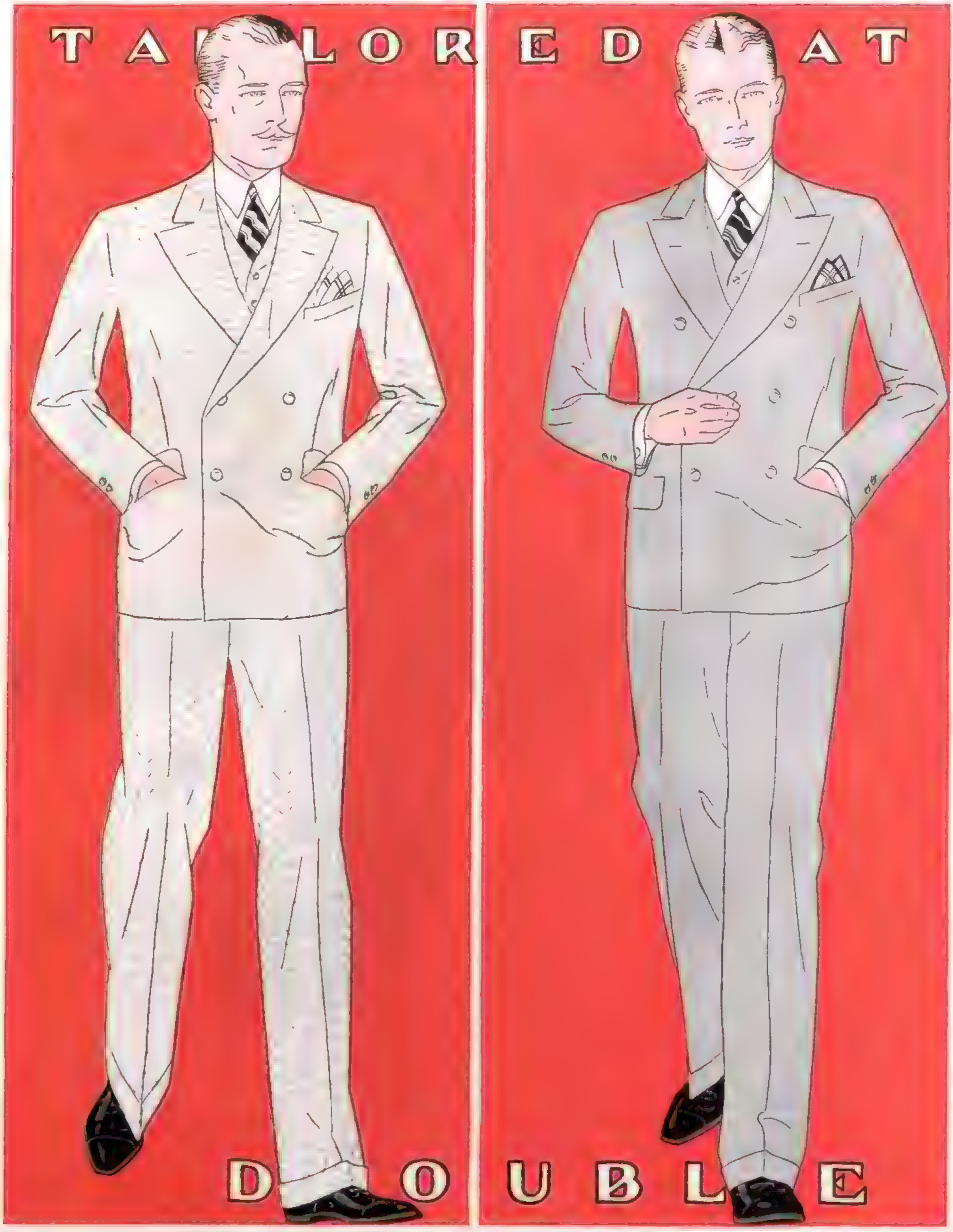

801

FASHION PARK
BREASTED
Sketched from life at Fashion Park by Ray Walsh

One of life's darkest moments

YOU FEEL for the child as she strikes the wrong note. "She must be self-conscious," you explain in a whisper. *But perhaps the LIGHT is to blame!* Use plenty of light properly placed—light without glare or unnecessary shadows. It costs so little.

Bring your lighting up to standard with the *new* Edison MAZDA Lamps. They mean more and better light per penny's worth of electricity—already the least expensive item in your budget.

Ask your nearest Edison MAZDA Lamp Agent to show you the new lamps. He will gladly help you select the right sizes for every fixture in your home. He displays the emblem shown below at the right.

In shape and finish the *new* Edison MAZDA Lamps have been likened to a pearl. They are frosted on the *inside* to help protect your eyes, but let the light come through better than any other diffusing lamps. They are stronger and collect less dust. Their few sizes fill practically every home lighting requirement.

They have all the advantages of the old types of outside frosted lamps and more, but they sell for much less.

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

A GENERAL ELECTRIC PRODUCT

(Continued from Page 102)

temporary headquarters of Ghul Faija; a big, square-shaped canvas edifice fluttering gay banners. To the right rose the sand dunes; grotesquely twisted and misshapen, but oddly picturesque. On the left stretched the flat expanse of desert and immediately abaft the tent of the sheik was the oasis—a quiet little stream purling gently through lush verdure. High palms grew here, and some undergrowth, and the camp gave the impression of a white jewel in a setting of emerald and burnished gold.

The company gasped with delight. Bu puckered his lips and blew shrilly. Instantly the six tents disgorged humanity. Bedouins in white which, at this distance, looked actually white. The company was yet sufficiently far away to retain the impression of romance, to forget all that they had learned actually about these persons who raimented themselves so carelessly. Bu made inquiry of the president.

"M'sieu is please?"

"Oh, man! Ise plumb fermented with joy!"

The cavalcade pressed forward to within a hundred yards of the camp. Then Latimer's artistic sense asserted itself and he demanded that the flivvers be parked in a grove of palms while the troupe proceeded on foot to pay its respects to Sheik Ghul Faija. A real sheik ——

Just at the moment Mr. Ghul Faija—*né* Florian Slappey—was preparing to have the time of his eventful life. He had peeped through the tent flap and satisfied himself that all were there—particularly President Orifice R. Latimer. Then, when he saw them park their cars and start forward, Florian returned to the princely divan, made certain that his face was concealed, and reclined at full length.

He raised his eyes to the figure of the bewitching Algerian damsel who stood immediately behind him, having in her custody a large fan.

"Lady," instructed Florian languidly, "commence!"

The young colored female smiled with her big eyes. "*Oui, m'sieu!*" said she, and started a slow, rhythmic waving of the feathery weapon. Florian closed his eyes deliciously.

"An' just to think," he soliloquized, "Orifice Latimer is payin' me a profit fo' doin' this!"

Outside the tent an awed company halted. Bu Akba, playing his part magnificently, entered and bowed, speaking many words in Arabic. Florian winked broadly.

Headed by President Latimer, the troupe entered. They were stunned by the magnificence which confronted them. Gayly colored silk, banners, ribbons—and on the dais a noble sheik reclining in state beneath the fan waves of a beauteous lady slave.

As chief executive of Midnight, Orifice advanced in the wake of Bu Akba. Bu salaamed and Orifice made an elephantine attempt to do likewise. A series of unintelligible remarks issued from the lips of Mr. Slappey. Bu, well coached in advance, translated. He explained to Orifice that the sheik was displeased; he wished a little more salaam.

"M'sieu must be low-down," said Bu.

Orifice bent almost double—and groaned. Florian swished his scimitar from its sheath and waved it. Orifice uttered a howl and started back. But Bu informed him that this was merely the royal method of signifying approval.

Then, one by one, the members of the troupe advanced and made low obeisance to the potentate, and over the head of each Mr. Slappey waved his sword.

Florian was enjoying himself hugely. This, indeed, was worth all the misery he had suffered since parting company with Orifice the day after the arrival in Biskra. He contemplated the future—a solitary interview with Orifice at which Florian intended to unmask. Orifice would rave, and Florian would drive a bargain with him—a return to the fold as the price of silence. Otherwise the story was to be told to every member of the company and eventually be bruited about Birmingham, with the result that Mr. Latimer would be laughed at. And Orifice was not at all fond of being a butt for ridicule.

Presentation formalities completed, Director J. Cæsar Clump and Cameraman Exotic Hines got busy. Working rapidly and efficiently with the help of Mr. Akba, a dozen camp scenes were shot—views of the tents, of the Arabs lolling around, of water-carrying activities, of Ghul Faija himself walking in majestic splendor while his subjects kissed the sand with their foreheads.

Florian was little short of superb. "More I does this thing," he reflected, "the mo' convinced I gits to be that I should of been born a king."

He particularly singled out President Latimer as the target for his attentions. He insisted that Orifice salaam whenever he came within range—and Orifice, instead of being angry at this, felt peculiarly honored. It was, indeed, a delight, he explained to Bu, to be permitted to bow before such a personage. He fairly dusted the desert—until his flabby muscles began to shriek. Besides, Orifice had inspected the other members of the tribe and now doubly craved to stand in with their ruler.

They were unquestionably a hard-boiled lot—squint-eyed and evil-visaged. They moved swiftly and silently. They carried scimitars and bad expressions. Mr. Latimer entertained the hunch that a twenty-franc note would be sufficient inducement to incite any one of them to a throat-slitting carnival. It was great stuff, of course, and magnificent picture material, but one could not do better than acquire the friendship of the sheik who controlled these dusky gentlemen.

For five days the picture-taking progressed at the tiny camp on the borderline of oasis and desert. The men were tractable, Sheik Ghul Faija himself was not above acting a heroic rôle. More than one magnificent shot was taken of Florian Slappey sweeping into the canvas village at the head of his warriors. Florian rode well, and sight of him breezing across the Sahara with colored robes snapping in the air and his men behind him was indeed inspiring.

But somehow the sheik would not mount a camel. Director Clump was keenly disappointed, until Bu Akba explained that camels were not for kings. Forcep Swain altered his scenario a trifle.

Florian was willing enough to watch the sufferings of others as they attempted to master the art of navigating the desert ships. They held wildly to saddle bows while their mounts were in the process of elevating themselves from the ground to standing postures. They swayed and swung when the camels moved. Their faces registered a terror so genuine as to be excellent camera food.

The picture itself progressed with amazing speed and fluency. Opus Randall and Welford Potts, the male leads, and Sicily Clump and Glorious Fizz, who played the principal female parts, were better than ever before. A spirit of high adventure pervaded the troupe, and each actor threw himself into his part with abandon.

Clump was delirious with happiness. He sought to make much hay while the sun of coöperation was shining, and to that end impressed Eddie Fizz, second director, into service. A new story was concocted on the spur of the moment, and the one company worked simultaneously on two pictures.

It was a glorious, adventuresome ten days. Ten days of camel-swaying, horseback-riding, sand-battling, side-splitting motion-picture activity. Opus fell into the oued a dozen times and was rescued under the watchful eye of the camera. Welford Potts was pitched and tossed about. Sicily Clump and Glorious Fizz were kidnaped until it became a habit with them. Two of the actors fought a mock duel with scimitars. Hokum, straight comedy, sheer slapstick—all held sway in that camp for the week and a half that footage was made at a delicious rate.

Through it all Mr. Florian Slappey kept a watchful eye on Orifice Latimer. He bestowed upon the president of Midnight all of his doubtful royal patronage.

He passed Latimer on every possible occasion, and each time he did so he demanded a salute. Latimer became positively supple in legs and back from constant salaaming. Long and loudly he boasted of having won the favor of the great silent sheik.

"Boy! They ain't gwine b'lieve me when I tells 'em in Bumminham how frien'ly I was with this feller."

"Nos-suh," agreed Clump, "they showly ain't. But don't you git tired bowin' all the time, Orifice?"

"Not me. It's a pleasure obeising to a real prince."

Cæsar's eyes grew wide. "You reckon he's a real, honest-to-Gawd prince?"

"Showly. I can tell."

"How?"

"Just by lookin' at him. Way he struts his stuff. Takes somebody to do that. No bum could git away with all that dignity."

Florian Slappey, standing well within earshot, turned away to conceal the grin that sat on his face beneath the linen mask. He feared that his eyes might betray mockery and laughter. What a fall Orifice was riding to! The magnificent moment of revelation! Small chance that Orifice would refuse to buy Florian's silence at the modest price of a job.

Mr. Slappey keenly regretted that this thing was not genuine. He felt that at last he had found himself. Kinging was his true sphere. He moved moodily about the camp, speaking to no one, disdaining the common herd, accepting the pop-eyed homage of his one-time friends. And he never relaxed his efforts to make life miserable for Orifice Latimer. The fact that Mr. Latimer liked it only made the contemplation of the final reckoning more delicious.

Finally the finishing shots were taken. J. Cæsar Clump reported that they were through and that he believed he had made two of the finest and funniest pictures ever turned out by Midnight.

"When these things gits to the States, Orifice, the pub.ic is gwine eat 'em up. They is riots!"

That was when Bu Akba cornered President Latimer and suggested that the money agreed upon be paid over immediately to Sheik Ghul Faija. Latimer shook his head apologetically.

"Us di'n't espect to finish until tomorrow," said he, "an' so I di'n't arrange to cash our letter of credick. S'posin' Prince Ghul Faija comes into Biskra in the mawnin' ——"

Bu made a gesture of horror. He explained in a medley of English, French and Arabic that sheiks weren't in the habit of chasing payment. They were willing to wait in regal state, and to accept all that was due—and perhaps a bit more for lagniappe. But as for coming into Biskra —— "M'sieu will himself bring perhaps it out? M'sieu will have perhaps tea with Sheik Ghul Faija?"

President Latimer swelled like a toad. "Just I an' him?"

"*Oui, m'sieu.*"

"Hot dam! I assepts."

Bu Akba consulted Florian, and Mr. Slappey agreed to take tea with his one-time chief. "An' I has gotten me a swell idea, Bu. I esplains it after they has gone."

Later, in the royal tent, Mr. Florian Slappey and Mr. Bu Akba discussed ways and means.

Florian outlined the essentials of a glorious scheme. He did not go into details regarding all of his reasons, but the plan as a whole had been maturing for some time.

On the morrow, President Orifice R. Latimer was to visit the camp in person and alone. So far as he knew, Ghul Faija was a genuine chieftain . . . and what Florian planned was to impress upon Orifice his entire genuineness.

Briefly then, he determined that when Orifice arrived in camp and paid over the money he was to be made prisoner. He was

(Continued on Page 109)

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—DECIDEDLY BETTER—

(Continued from Page 107)

to be bound and brought into the presence of the mighty Ghul Faija and there made to suffer various ignominies. After which Florian intended to unmask and strike a bargain with the discomfited Orifice. Mr. Slappey was positive that his president would pay any price within reason to keep the story from drifting back to Birmingham.

Bu's single eye winked with enthusiasm. He said that he thought it was a very excellent scheme. It was, in fact, a tremendous joke, and Mr. Akba considered himself possessed of a keen sense of humor. He agreed to do his share and to see that his Bedouins did theirs. He bade Florian a fervent good night.

But Mr. Akba did not immediately seek his favorite haunts in Biskra. Instead, he strolled to the banks of the oued, seated himself beneath a palm tree, gazed at the sunset and permitted himself to do a bit of thinking.

Bu Akba was a broad-minded gentleman. He had theories of his own, and his code of ethics proclaimed that anything was all right provided it paid a profit and did not cause one to run foul of the police.

Bu was concluding an eminently satisfactory engagement with Midnight. In addition to his luscious wages, he stood to pocket an additional profit of two hundred dollars on his partnership deal with Florian Slappey.

But Mr. Akba could not tolerate the thought that perhaps there was more to be earned than he had yet suspected.

At first Mr. Akba had rather frowned upon acting as guide and interpreter for these people. They were of his own color, and he did not credit them with possessing any great amount of money. But in the course of his work they had displayed a plenitude of ready cash. They had accepted without a murmur his estimate of Bedouin cost, plus four hundred dollars. And four hundred dollars was to Bu Akba a trifle more than ten thousand francs—a sum to conjure with.

If, then, this company was so rich, it behooved Mr. Akba, as a conscienceless and acquisitive gentleman, to appropriate some of it. And Florian Slappey had all unwittingly supplied the idea.

On the day following, Mr. Slappey planned to kidnap Orifice Latimer. Bu and his men were to act under orders from Florian. They were to seize Orifice and bind him. He was their prisoner—and in the event of police interference Bu intended to claim that he was merely a hireling of Florian's, and believed that this was all part of the queer antics which these people had been performing during the past fortnight.

Meanwhile, he jolly well intended that Orifice should be terrorized. There would be a bit of bargaining and a fat ransom. He dismissed the prospect of interference from Florian. In the first place, Bu Akba regarded Florian as an ally, one on whom he could count for any sort of villainy. And if Florian felt inclined to make trouble—Mr. Akba's lips twisted into an evil grin as he thought back over the speckled pasts of his men.

It was a most wonderful scheme from the standpoint of Bu Akba. He intended to promise his men a slight money reward. No danger. No trouble. Plenty of cash—and Florian himself would shoulder all blame by engineering the kidnaping.

And so, through the night, Bu held whispered conversation with certain bathless and trusted henchmen and plotted to inject a bit of genuine realism into Midnight's desert comedy. Florian Slappey, subsisting frugally on the pitiful remains of his never-too-stout pocketbook, smiled into the starry heavens and thought of the coming day.

Tomorrow night he would return to the fold. He would be the intimate friend and confidant of President Latimer. He would, in brief, have that dignitary under the very ball of his thumb. "Sweet pig knuckles!" he mused. "What a happy time Li'l' Florian is gwine have fum now hencefor'rd."

Morning arrived in due course; a morning which brought with it brilliant sun in a fleckless sky. Scarcely a breath of air was stirring. The palm trees were silent; the coughing of flivvers along the roads leading from Biskra to various oases and the steady thrum of big busses engaged in transporting tourists between Biskra and Timgad, Tuggurt, Bou Saada, Constantine and even Tunis, were the only sounds to be heard from the camp on the oued—the photoplay camp of Sheik Ghul Faija.

The stage was set with all the scrupulous care which had been used on the preceding days. True there was a tension in the air which had been absent before. But Florian Slappey, in all his sheikly raiment, was too happy at the prospects of his immediate future to notice that there was no carefree abandon among the insouciant assassins who had been acting as his subjects.

At eleven o'clock in the morning a small, asthmatic car appeared from the direction of Biskra. In it were Orifice R. Latimer and the lop-faced Bu Akba. They left their tin steed a few rods away from the camp and proceeded on foot toward the main tent.

Orifice was formally introduced. He bowed low and exuded a small bit of oratory in which he explained that he felt honored at having been invited to be the guest of so noble a person as Ghul Faija. He expressed his heartfelt gratitude to the sheik for consenting to lower himself so far as to act in a Midnight picture, and he wound up by paying over to Florian Slappey the full sum of money agreed upon.

Then Mr. Latimer stood about uncertainly, wondering what one usually did next when one was to take morning tea with a Bedouin prince.

Bu Akba solved his problem. Mr. Akba winked at Florian, Florian waved his scimitar, and Latimer was asked to retire for a few minutes. Then Bu returned and he and Florian divided between them a sum slightly in excess of ten thousand francs. The balance Mr. Akba took with him and paid to the delighted warriors outside.

That formality attended to, and Florian now in the possession of the two hundred dollars that Midnight owed him in the matter of back pay, arrangements were made for the real drama. Florian watched delightedly through a slit in the tent.

He saw Orifice standing proudly in the sandy pathway. He saw a dozen burnoosed figures move slowly and unostentatiously into the vicinity of the proud and portly man. He saw Bu Akba signal!

There was a rush of white figures; a grunt, a howl of terror, a brief struggle and a cascade of sincere Birmingham profanity. When it was all over and the dust had settled again, President Latimer was captive.

Thongs bound his arms and he stared in wild-eyed terror at the gentlemen who had, until the previous evening, been actors in his picture.

Orifice was terrified. He realized quite suddenly that these persons were far from prepossessing in appearance. He knew that this was serious. Bu Akba made that quite plain.

They dragged Orifice before Sheik Ghul Faija. Florian assumed his most royal manner. He did no talking, but he exuded grandiloquence. Eventually Mr. Akba dragged Orifice from the royal tent and deposited him in a smaller one adjoining. Then he returned to consult with Florian.

Mr. Slappey had doffed the veil which concealed the lower segment of his countenance and he was grinning broadly. He greeted his prime minister with a gesture of joy.

"Sweet-pickled gherkins!" exclaimed Mr. Slappey. "That feller showly is scared!"

"Ah-h-h, *oui!* M'sieu Lateemer should be fright'."

"I reckon he is, all right. Befo' us lets him go ——"

"—— he pays much francs."

"Yeh. . . ." Florian frowned. "Says which?"

"M'sieu Lateemer weel pay to M'sieu Slappey and to Bu Akba *vingt mille francs*."

Florian laughed. "Twenty thousan' francs. Golla! Woul'n't he die was you to git suggestive that he do so."

Bu spoke with a quiet, impressive insistence. "*Vingt mille francs*," he repeated. "So much M'sieu Lateemer will pay if he live."

The laughter expired on Mr. Slappey's lips. He looked more closely at his companion. He saw afresh that Mr. Akba did not appear to be the very soul of honor. He discerned traces, even, of villainy. And he understood with sickening clarity that Mr. Bu Akba was very much in earnest.

"Wh-what you mean, Bu?"

Mr. Akba spoke softly, but positively. He explained that he could very well use twenty thousand francs, and he felt that Orifice could quite easily raise that sum if his own safety hung in the balance.

Florian was trembling all over. This was indeed considerably more than he bargained for. Here was Bu Akba turning a practical joke into a genuine kidnaping. He intended holding Orifice Latimer for ransom.

Mr. Slappey realized that his position was decidedly unenviable. Mr. Akba's single orb was focused upon the face of the erstwhile sheik in evil and speculative fashion. He flashed warning. Florian understood that he could either become a party to this thing, or else join Orifice.

Never in his life had Mr. Slappey known more genuine terror. It was a cold, clammy fear which settled over his heart like a damp washcloth. He blinked rapidly, then conscripted a pallid smile and plastered it on his face.

"What I git out of it, Bu?"

Mr. Akba's single eye lighted. This was what he had expected—frank alliance with M'sieu Slappey.

"*Cinq mille francs*," he proclaimed.

"Five thousand?"

"It is mooch. M'sieu accepts?"

Florian was himself again. Every brain cell was functioning at top speed. He waved his hand regally. "Reckon you got somethin' comin' to you, cullud boy. I takes the five thousan'."

That was indeed excellent. It never occurred to Mr. Akba that Florian might be double-crossing him. Mr. Slappey had engineered this thing from the first and it seemed quite natural to the Algerian gentleman that Florian would not be averse to extracting whatever cash was obtainable from the Midnight coffers. They seated themselves and indulged in conversation.

They lunched while they talked. A meager meal was sent to the terrified Latimer. He left it untouched. Less than an hour later he was confronted by the sinister figure of Bu Akba and the regal form of Sheik Ghul Faija. Ghul posed with arms folded while Bu drove a bargain.

Orifice writhed. He begged and pleaded for freedom. He urged Mr. Akba to leave his jugular vein intact. Bu made weird gestures and promised dire things. He eventually mentioned twenty thousand francs as the price of Orifice's freedom. Orifice agreed instantly.

Bu and Florian left the tent. The former was exultant. Florian, however, was depressed.

Florian knew that this was a serious business. He slipped his hand beneath the gay robe he wore, and sensitive fingers quested for the loaded revolver which he had acquired originally as a mere matter of ostentation. The cool butt of the gun reassured him somewhat. Not much, but a trifle.

He was acting magnificently. Frightened as he was, his brain never worked more smoothly. He had forgotten his feud with President Latimer. He possessed a single ambition: to save himself and his friend.

He agreed to act as messenger between Bu Akba and Midnight, claiming that he had been accosted by Bu with the information of Latimer's abduction by the redoubtable Sheik Ghul Faija. In this work he was to be merely Florian Slappey and he was to exhort his friends not to report the matter to the Biskra police. If they did so, he was

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to notify Bu Akba immediately. It was a very excellent scheme.

"But they cain't git that much money until tomorrow," explained Florian.

Mr. Akba nodded. He was quite willing to keep Orifice captive overnight. He decided to move two of the tents and their prisoner. And so, after an interminable afternoon, two canvas structures were moved far out into the Sahara. With them went a pop-eyed Orifice. Florian rode at the head of the cavalcade, eyes straight to the front, heart pounding with fear.

"Things ain't never so bad," he reflected, "that they cain't git terribly worse."

Mr. Slappey was supposed to visit Biskra the following morning for an interview with J. Cæsar Clump and Lawyer Evans Chew regarding the twenty-thousand-franc ransom for Orifice. Meanwhile he sat in frightened and solitary state before his tent and gazed up at the moon which smiled benignly upon the continent of Africa.

Algeria was becoming highly unpopular with Mr. Slappey. He liked it less with the passing of each minute. But, without conscious heroism, it never occurred to him to desert Orifice, or to play him false. He was turning over in his mind a plan for rescue and, since that plan involved holding the full confidence of Bu Akba, Florian made it a point to speak frequently to that gentleman by way of assuring him of enthusiastic coöperation.

The evening wore slowly on. Orifice, the bonds which bound his legs cutting into the flesh, and his arms tight against his sides, waited for the end. He, too, felt that the visit to Algeria was a mistake. Art was one thing, physical danger was quite something else again.

He was in a sad predicament, and knew it. He cursed himself roundly for having trusted so evil-appearing a person as Bu Akba. He insulted himself for having so readily fallen into Ghul Faija's trap. "Might of knowed no prince wanted me to drink tea with him!" He shook his head mournfully. "I gits slit open an' left on the desert. No good fun'ral n'r nothin'. An' me with dues all paid up in the Over the River Buryin' Sassiety."

He closed his eyes as though to shut out the horrid vision. He wondered if the boys and girls in Biskra were missing him. They might come out to the oasis to hunt—but he was there no longer. There would be nothing but silent palms and mute sands to reward the hunters.

Ghul Faija sauntered toward the tent where President Latimer was held captive. The guard, a squinty person with broad shoulders and bare feet, eyed him askance.

Florian paid no attention to the guard. Instead, he inserted himself through the tent flap, drew his scimitar and swished it about the head of Mr. Latimer. Orifice gave vent to a terrified shriek.

"Oh, lawsy, Mistuh Faija! Fo' Law's sake, spare me!"

Swish! Florian's scimitar again. The guard grinned evilly. He had no reason to doubt that this queer dusky American was even more than an ally.

Florian's eyes focused upon the wide-open orbs of his one-time boss. And quite deliberately Ghul Faija winked!

Orifice momentarily ceased trembling. He looked, and Florian winked again. Then, assuring himself that the guard was not watching, Florian bent swiftly and with his scimitar cut the bonds which held Orifice. At the same moment he made a wordless gesture which impressed Orifice with the necessity of keeping this trifling operation a secret.

Florian strutted from the tent. He nodded toward the Arab guard, then seated himself by the side of the tent.

Perhaps fifty yards away the other Bedouins were partaking of their evening meal. Florian gestured toward the repast with his eyebrows and gave the guard a gesture of dismissal, indicating that he would remain on duty meanwhile. The guard, hungry, rose and departed.

Florian rose and paced up and down before the tent. Each journey was a trifle longer than the last. Eventually he found himself behind the tent, out of sight of the diners.

He acted swiftly. The tent flap was raised and the sheikly head inserted. One finger to lips, the other hand gestured Orifice that the hour for escape had come. And poor Mr. Latimer, not knowing what kind of fire he was choosing in place of the frying pan, obeyed the summons. After all, here he was shaking hands with the Angel Gabriel. Nothing could be worse, and certainly one captor would be better than twenty.

Out of the rear of the tent stepped Florian and Orifice. They moved swiftly and silently. Mr. Slappey's heart was pounding like a trip hammer. Suppose Bu Akba and his friends should discover their flight? Suppose—oh, any one of a number of things!

But there was a sense of relief in definite action. They made their way unnoticed to a grove of palms where a half dozen horses were tethered. Florian selected one and motioned Orifice to do likewise. Then each man led his horse, so as not to alarm those who were eating by the camp fire. They moved softly into the oasis, crossed the oued and came eventually to a good stretch of sand.

Florian flung himself into the saddle. Orifice, with amazing agility, followed suit. They fled across the desert toward the spot where Biskra gleamed whitely in the moonlight.

It was a perfect night; clear and still and more than a trifle cold. Ahead lay Biskra and beyond that the grim mountains. To the rear were the oasis and the desert. All about the flying riders was sand; the ground a picturesque conformation of grotesquely twisted dunes with here and there a palm tree.

Florian was grateful for the dunes. They led the way into little valleys and through miniature ravines, each barely deep enough to conceal them from the miserable creatures who had been their captors. It was so much better than a flat, open stretch. In and out they rode, scurrying from the shelter of one sand dune to another, and eventually they came to a straight stretch which seemed to lead direct to Biskra.

Orifice rode earnestly. He wondered what it was all about. And, queerly enough, it never occurred to him that he was being rescued.

The result of his thinking was this: That Ghul Faija was averse to sharing the ransom money with his followers, and had therefore rekidnaped him in order to keep the twenty thousand francs exclusively for himself.

But even so, a single man was more likely to be amenable to reason than a score of bandits. And action was, in itself, a relief. In one way Ghul Faija was ally as well as captor.

They were a queer pair as they thudded on toward Biskra, horses' hoofs making little noise on the sandy roadway. Sheik Ghul Faija rode easily and gracefully. "These nachel-born Arabs showly kin ride swell," reflected Orifice admiringly. Orifice's Gargantuan bulk was hunched into the smallest possible space on the back of his mount. The unaccustomed motion jarred and jolted him, but he was exalted by the knowledge that every surge carried him farther and farther away from the villainous Bu Akba.

On and on they went. Beneath his sheikish mask Florian Slappey was grinning. He had an idea, and the idea was very good. It was, perhaps, better than any idea he had entertained since the commencement of this grim comedy.

To the right stretched a line of sand dunes, generally conical in shape, like so many huge hazards on a Brobdingnagian golf course. Quite suddenly Florian reined in his horse. Orifice followed suit, terror striking at his heart. Florian sat motionless; a stark white figure astride a giant stallion. He listened.

He whirled to confront the cringing, frightened Orifice. He made a fierce gesture which Orifice understood clearly as a signal to remain where he was. Mr. Latimer nodded.

Then, with the speed and directness of an arrow, Ghul Faija touched his horse with his heels. He drove straight and swift toward a sand dune. A wild Arabian battle cry issued from the royal lips.

"O-o-o-e-e-e!" howled Ghul Faija. "O-o-o-e-e-e!"

For an instant Orifice contemplated flight on his own hook. But second and wiser thought deterred him. How could he hope to outride an Arab? He knew he dared not try; for an unsuccessful attempt undoubtedly would precipitate a sudden and complete extermination, with himself as exterminatee. He watched spellbound.

Sheik Ghul Faija disappeared around the sand dune. Orifice watched him go, white robes streaming in the moonlight. He passed out of sight.

There came the sound of a shot! Of a second shot!

"Oh, golla!" Orifice was terrified "Somethin' else is happenin'."

Behind the sand dune a queer thing was occurring. Once effectually concealed from the sight of President Latimer, Sheik Ghul Faija pulled out his revolver and fired two shots into the air. Then he reined in his horse, dismounted swiftly, and shed his princely garments.

Burnoose and turban fell to the sand; and there emerged from the habiliments of a Bedouin sheik the slender and immaculate figure of Mr. Florian Slappey, of Birmingham, Alabama. True, it was a tense, worried little Florian; a warlike one, clutching a smoking revolver, and gazing with a grimace of distaste upon the late royal raiment.

Leaving the remains of Ghul Faija lying on the desert, Florian Slappey mounted the sheik's horse. He dug heels into ribs, uttered a wild shriek·

"Hol' still, Orifice! Ise comin'!"

Mr. Latimer stood stock-still. His jaw sagged. That voice! Those words! It sounded like—but that was impossible! Not Florian Slappey! Not here! Not risking his life in rescue!

From behind the sand dune came a yelling, exultant figure. The man rode like a centaur, bending low and clutching a gleaming weapon in his hand. Orifice's heart bounded with thanksgiving.

"Florian Slappey!" he howled.

Florian did not pause. He spurred on in the general direction of Biskra and motioned Orifice to follow. And under the African moon, all unmindful of the African chill, two Birmingham colored folks rode blindly for the squat white city on the desert edge.

And as they rode President Latimer scourged himself. He visualized the battle behind the sand dune; the lethal conflict between this little negro and the great warrior, Ghul Faija.

Orifice's eyes filled with tears at thought of his own cruelty toward Florian. He rode faster and turned pleading eyes to Mr. Slappey.

"Florian," he begged, "is you ever gwine forgive me?"

Florian masked his smile. "Golla! Orifice, I never thought 'bout nothin' 'cept that we was boun' to be frien's again."

"How noble you is! Is you willin' to assept yo' job back with Midnight?"

"I reckon, Orifice. If you craves to have me."

"I raises yo' sal'ry ——"

"Shuh! Brother, money don't matter 'tween I an' you. Ise always glad to be of service."

President Latimer was overcome by the other's magnanimity. "Florian, how did you know what was happenin'? How did you git to be where you was at tonight?"

Florian smiled in superior fashion. "I figgered you might git into trouble, foolin' with these Algeriers. I sort of snooped aroun' an' watched. I wasn't cravin' to have my good friend all cut up into li'l' pieces by no Arabs."

"Hero what you is! Oh! Brother Slappey, you sho don't know what I has been through."

Florian answered with significant tenseness.

"The hell I don't!" said he.

And later, as they passed within the town limits of Biskra and pulled into a walk on the broad, palm-lined reaches of the Rue Cazenave, President Latimer's curiosity forced a question:

"Brother Slappey," he inquired affectionately, "what happened behind that sand dune back yonder?"

Florian made a modest gesture.

"Don't you go askin' me no questions, Orifice," he said softly. "I hates to boast about myse'f. But this much I will tell you ——"

He pulled his horse close to that of President Latimer. He leaned over and smiled into the other's eyes. He gave a portentous wink.

"Mistuh Ghul Faija is one sheik," he announced, "who ain't gonna reign no mo'."

East Vidette and Deerhorn Mountains from Bullfrog Lake, California

The Newest Product of CHRYSLER STANDARDIZED QUALITY

FINEST OF FOURS

$750

F.O.B. DETROIT

Chrysler Standardized Quality, which is a fixed and inflexible quality standard enforcing the same scrupulously close limits—the same rigid rule of engineering exactness—the same absolute accuracy and precision of alignment and assemblage—in the measurement, the machining and the manufacturing of every part, practice and process in four lines of Chrysler cars "50", "60", "70" and Imperial "80"—puts into the new Chrysler "50" a value heretofore unapproached at such price.

A full-sized car, with room and comfort for all family needs; speed ability of 50 miles and more per hour; pick-up of 5 to 25 miles in 8 seconds; economy of 25 miles to the gallon, the new Chrysler "50" is easily singled out as the Finest of Fours.

Chrysler dealers everywhere now have the "50". Go to the dealer nearest you. Examine the new Chrysler "50". Ride in it. Its greater value will amaze you.

Coupe $750 - - Coach $780 - - Sedan $830

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax

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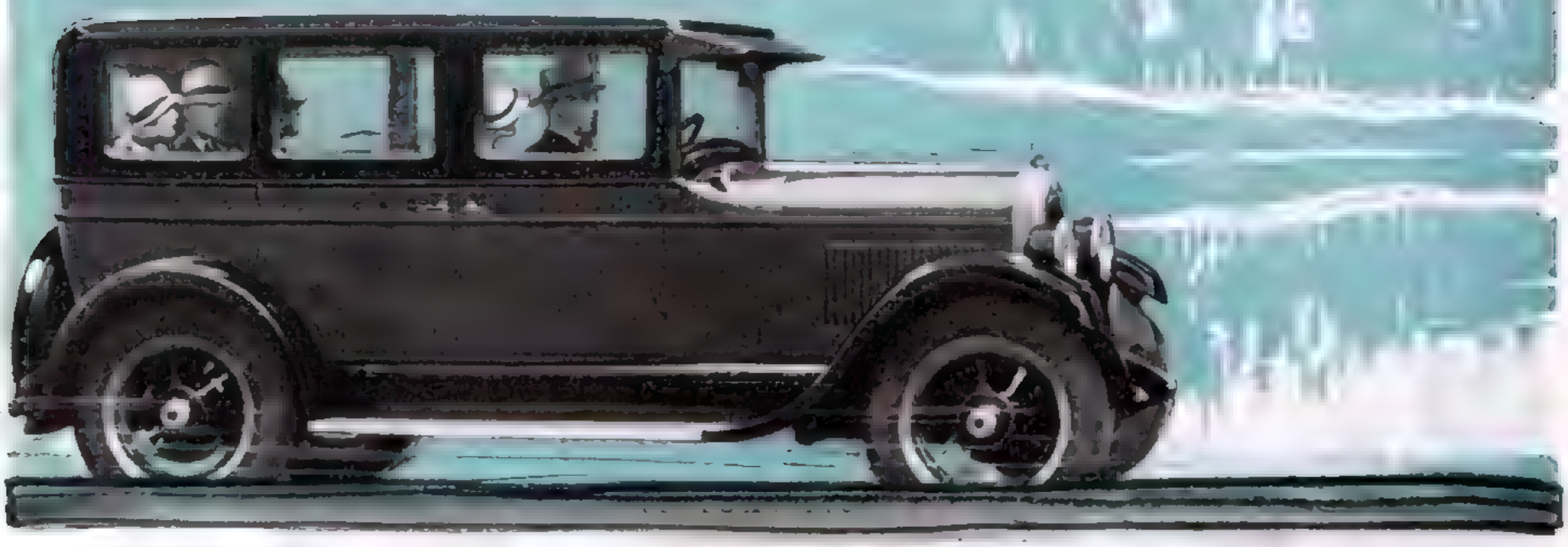

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BUILT AS ONLY CHRYSLER BUILDS

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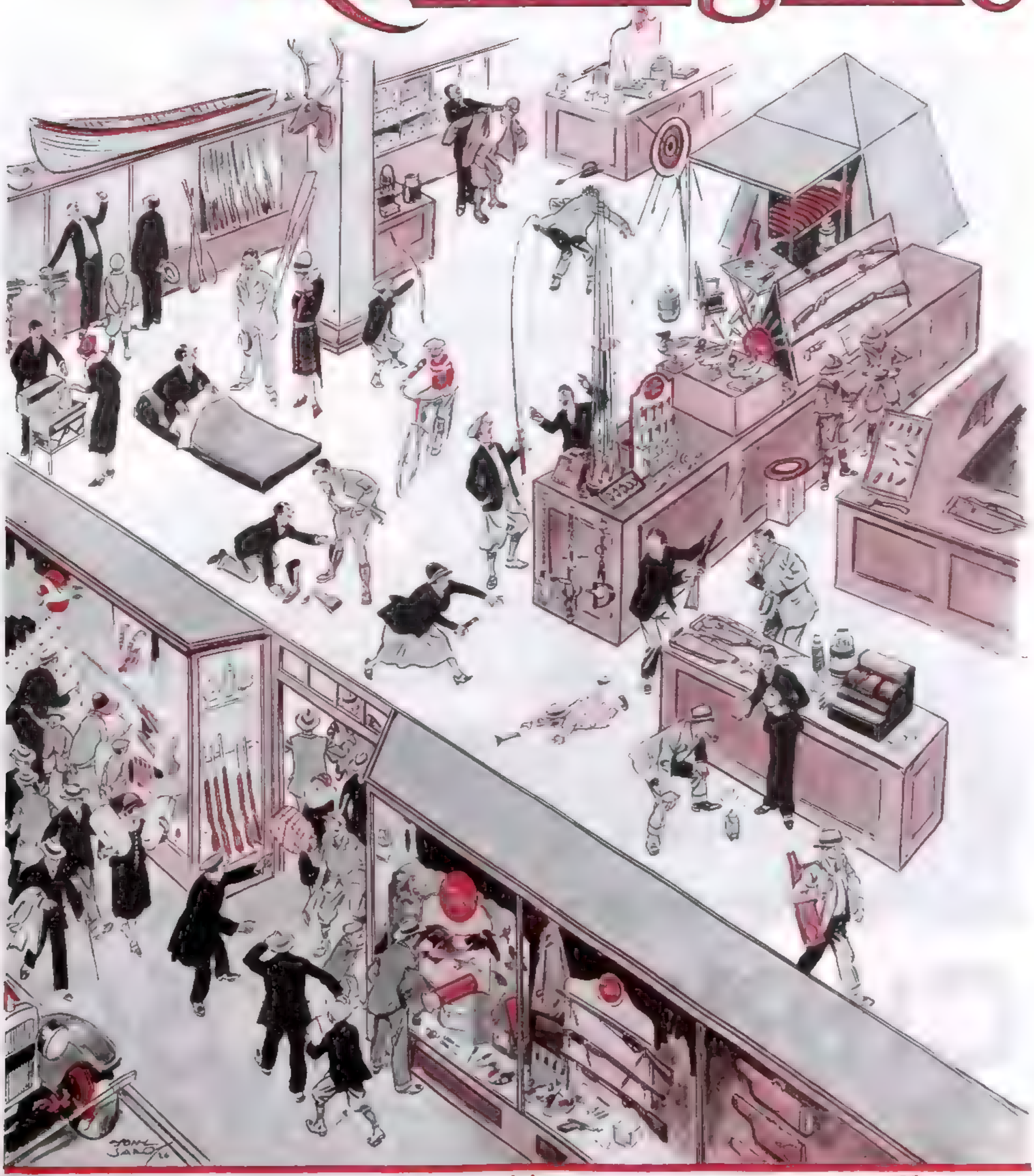


Rifles Ammunition Shotguns

SPORTSMEN'S WEEK

Hail, You Outdoor Men and Women!

an eye-feast awaits you in your own home town

DO YOU thrill to the whistle of ducks' wings, or the whirr of a rising grouse? Do you love to watch a ribbon-road wind up beneath your car? Is a snowshoe's crunch as it breaks the crust sweet music to your ears?

Then there's a treat prepared for you, for this is Sportsmen's Week.

Go to your hardware or sporting goods dealer and see his exhibits of all that's new in equipment to add comfort, pleasure, and success to your next trip—hunting, trapping, camping, or auto-touring.

Equipping is half the fun of any outing. Now's the time to replenish the kit—there are always a few items lacking—or if you need a whole new outfit, get it while the most up-to-date stock is complete and on display.

Among the goods featured you will find Remington Nitro Express Loads, a recent development that has increased the range of the shotgun. With Nitro Express Loads you will be able this Fall to bring down ducks, geese or other game that were heretofore hopelessly out of range. These loads will outshoot, shell for shell, any make or brand of long range shells on the market, because they are the only shells loaded to a uniform standard of velocity, pattern and penetration.

To delight the duck shooter there is also the new Model 11 Autoloading Shotgun, now with finely checkered fore-end and pistol grip. The old favorite, Remington Model 10 Slide Action Repeating Shotgun, will be there with a complete line of Remington rifles and Metallic Ammunition.

You'll find, too, the new Remington Model 30 bolt-action Express Rifle that big game hunters have been awaiting eagerly.

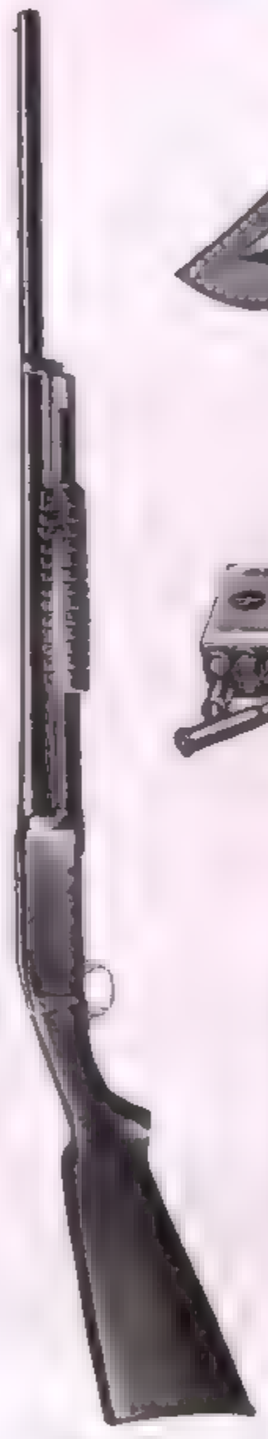
While in the store look at the Remington Outdoor Sheath Knives and the other Remington Knives for hunters, trappers, campers, fishermen, and auto-tourists. Every one was designed by men who know sportsmen's needs at first hand.

Remington is co-operating with dealers and other manufacturers throughout the country to make this year's Sportsmen's Week an outstanding success. Your dealer will appreciate it if you will visit his store and examine the fine assortment of hunting and outdoor equipment that he has assembled for your choice. Don't fail to see his exhibits.

REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, Inc.
Established 1816
25 Broadway New York City

Remington Outdoor Knives with Sheaths
(No. RH35 Illustrated)
Remington Sheath Knives are especially designed to meet the requirements of all outdoor men who demand quality, correctly shaped blades with durable, keen-cutting edges and sturdy construction. They are beautifully finished and perfectly balanced. The sheaths are of extra heavy leather, stitched and riveted with lock-tite clasps. Furnished in various styles and lengths. No. RH114 has 5-inch Stainless Steel Blade, blood rustless, and sells at a slightly higher price.

Hi-Speed and Express Cartridges
Remington Express Cartridges give more speed to the heaviest mushrooming bullets. They are especially recommended for moose, grizzly, and other large game. Remington Hi-Speed Cartridges are the fastest long range mushrooming cartridges made. Recommended for fast-moving game and open shooting. They modernize your old rifle, giving greater velocity, greater energy, and lower trajectory than the old-style ammunition.



Model 10 Remington Pump-Gun, 12-Gauge Six-Shot Repeater
Smooth operation, beauty of design, perfect balance, natural pointing and hard shooting qualities have made this America's favorite pump-gun. Receiver is one solid piece and shells are inserted and ejected at the bottom, which gives full protection to the shooter. All the popular barrel-lengths; full choke, modified choke or cylinder bore.

Nitro Express Loads
The new Remington Nitro Express Loads have the longest range ever developed within the limits of safe breech pressure. They are the lowest priced shells containing the maximum powder and shot charges. They are loaded with the best American progressive burning powder to a uniform velocity in excess of that obtainable with 3¼ drams of bulk smokeless in the 12-gauge but with moderate recoil. A wide variety of shot sizes, in 12, 16, and 20 gauge, makes them suitable for all kinds of birds or other small game.

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Game Loads **Cutlery** **Cash Registers**

AT the moment of ignition-flash your motor is loaded with power. It will deliver as much of this power to the rear wheels as it can. You help it along. Or you hinder it. According to the oil you use.

Here are the facts: An imperfect oil seal at the piston head kills a percentage of power before it even gets started. And faulty lubrication pilfers some more. A surprising proportion of the cars you see on the road are running around on three power legs and paying for four.

60,000 Wasson Motor Check tests proved Havoline a power builder. Average cars showed power gains of 10% to 30% with Havoline in the crank case.

What is such an increase worth? Just this: Apart from giving you the thrill of full power, it adds to your gasoline mileage and eliminates the cause of many repairs.

Have your crank case filled with Havoline. Clean, smooth, thoroughbred Havoline. Let it work in. Then watch your motor perform over the hills and on the straightaway. You can actually feel the difference.

Oil is more than oil — it is power

If your car is listed below, an individual Guide to Power will gladly be furnished by any Havoline dealer; or mailed you upon request.

AJAX BUICK
CADILLAC
CHEVROLET
DODGE ESSEX
FORD HUDSON
NASH OAKLAND
OVERLAND
PACKARD
PONTIAC REO
STUDEBAKER STAR
WILLYS-KNIGHT

Havoline is sold from bulk or in one and five gallon cans. Also 30 and 50 gallon drums for home garage use.

INDIAN REFINING COMPANY
Incorporated
Lawrenceville, Ill.

PIEPOWDER COURT

(Continued from Page 15)

"This soldier says you dropped your purse down by the corral."

Captain Costello looked at me and nervously shook his head. He said in his hoarse, musical voice, "Why, no, corporal. I don't carry no—any purse."

"But this has the captain's name on it."

He gingerly took the square of green leather and looked at his own name stamped on it, but he shook his head once more and said, "No, that ain't mine. Thanks for lookin' after it, corporal, but it's not mine."

Colonel Marivaux shot out a brown hand and then held the green square in his fingers while he scowled at it. After a moment he said, "Chinese leather, too. . . . I bet ——" And deliberately unfolded the square, the watered silk of its inner side flashing in the sunlight which covered his hands. He grunted, in the satisfaction of knowing himself right: "Hm-m-m! Yes. Yung Chu's. San Francisco," and tapped the name gilded in minute letters on the margin of the lining.

For a second I thought how jolly it would be to be out of baking Texas and back in Yung Chu's scented shop on Jackson Street, under the bulbous lanterns; and then I had to be wooden, military, taking the purse as Col. Philip Marivaux tossed it into my hands.

"Go report it to the sergeant major, corporal, and see if there's a soldier named Martin Costello in this regiment."

"Very good, s——"

I don't know how to describe what happened, because nothing happened, visibly; and nothing happened visibly that would mean much if it were described. Only the colonel's eyeglass fell the length of its black cord and I stopped speaking my mechanical acceptance of the order. A sort of wave passed over Capt. Martin Costello, as if the sunlight burned him into rags. And yet he did nothing. He simply stood, one hand on a hip and his face quite composed.

"Very good, sir."

"That'll do."

I walked off into the rear entrance of the headquarters building and found the sergeant major writing a letter on a rickety typewriter, with a cold pipe in his teeth. It was probably a difficult love letter—he was a handsome young thug—because he was cross at being disturbed and simply shoved the regimental roster at me, saying, "Look yourself."

"Just why should I do your work, O'Day?"

"Aw, go to ——" he politely snarled, and began to run a finger down the typed names of the pamphlet. "Costello. . . . There's a John in C Battery. . . . Naw! The only Martin Costello we got is that pickled tripe that runs F Battery."

"Where's he from, O'Day?"

The sergeant major mentioned a low and unprintable part of Hades and then snapped open a copy book in the top drawer of his desk. He read out: "Born, Maurice, Pennsy, 1870. . . . Looks younger'n that. . . . Enlisted U. S. Marine Corps, May sixt', '96. . . . 'Lo! He was on sea duty in Admiral Dewey's fleet. . . . Honorably discharged New York, January, 1900. Appointed second lieutenant F. A. June three, 1916. . . . He was in my old outfit down on the border. . . . Nearest relative, wife, R. F. D. somethin' or other, Maurice, Pennsy. . . . He's a fine sketch, anyhow!"

"Nobody seems to love him," I yawned.

"His wife does," O'Day thought; "gets a letter every mornin' mail. You can dope out all his life, can't you? Hayseed kid, he was. Enlists in the leathernecks an' does his string. Goes home an' marries some farmer's girl. Gets tired milkin' the chickens an' gets him a commission for the Mex'can scrap.

"And now we got the pleasure of his society in this outfit. . . . The colonel don't like him for sour beans. He ——"

The colonel observed from the inside of the doorway: "You seem to be talking a good deal, sergeant major!" His voice here reminded me of that Lieutenant Marivaux who spoke so softly in his pretty Louisianian drawl to ladies while he handed teacups in a drawing-room of Officers' Row at West Point in 1896. However, the voice did not soothe Sergeant Major O'Day or me that afternoon in Leon Springs Military Reservation.

"Have you found a soldier named Martin Costello?"

"No, sir."

"Give me that purse, corporal."

We stood in iced stiffness and watched the colonel's fingers turning out the insides of the green leather square on the desk. It struck me suddenly that he was much taller than he seemed on casual glances, or that his dignity wasn't the mere play-acting of a clever military commander who must, stranger, be a little of an actor to maintain the artifices of the military machine. He counted over four yellow bills and pursed his lips, fingering some smaller certificates. Then he looked in a folded paper and I could see his eyes contract as he studied the scrawled red Chinese characters. One of his spurs jangled a trifle on the floor. Then he turned the paper over and remarked: "Ha! That saves you some trouble. . . . Private M. Costello, Company B, Ninety —— Orderly!"

His headquarters were perfectly served. An orderly shot in from the veranda and rigidly stood gazing at Colonel Marivaux.

"Take this over to the adjutant of the infantry brigade. My compliments. Tell him it was picked up down at the corral here by —— What's your name, corporal? . . . All right. Tell him that, and get a receipt. There is one hundred and fifty-five dollars in the purse exactly. . . . That'll do. Give the sergeant major the receipt. Run along."

The boy shot out and the feet of his horse made a prompt noise, while Colonel Marivaux looked at Sergeant Major O'Day with the eyeglass poised in his fingers. He looked and permitted his white mustaches to wriggle vilely. I don't know how he managed the movement, but it was horridly suggestive of a tiger's meditation over the lambkin, and O'Day's face reddened.

"A good many bright young sergeants major have lost their jobs, O'Day, because they talked too much."

"Yes, sir," the lamb bleated.

"I didn't tell you to speak," the tiger observed. Then he strolled out of the office into the sunlight of the grassy space behind the building, and the lamb remained speechless for thirty seconds at least.

"Your job," I said, "is problematical."

"Aw, he's a good guy, though," O'Day coughed, sitting down; "but I gotta be Percy with the lollipop 'round here now for a couple of weeks. Ain't it hell how quiet some men can walk?"

Some men could even in boots with spurs, and some men couldn't in the heaviness of military shoes. Retreat was over when G. D. cavorted into the supply office, where I was bandaging my infected foot afresh, and the boy's heels shook the floor so that I spilled lotion all over my ankle.

"Guy lookin' for you!"

"Bring the guy in if he isn't a colonel or some such beast."

"Oh, it's just 'at doughboy was talkin' wiv us 'safternoon."

"Let him in then. . . . Oh!"

The dark infantryman was one of the light walkers. He stood smiling through the smoke of a cigarette in his tanned fingers, and said very civilly, "Thank you for getting my wallet back to me so fast, corporal. Didn't even know I'd dropped it."

I mumbled something or other. My mind had simply departed out of Texas and had planted me in Yung Chu's scented shop on the height of Jackson Street in cool San Francisco. I was there, standing with some gilded, intricate carved toy in my hands below a sign lettered in silver enigmas on the heavy blue of its paper, and old women in green jackets led gay yellow babies through my head. I could wonder about this dislocation, but I could not bring myself back to the cubical, naked office in Texas while this dark infantryman stood civilly smiling at me from under his trim wide hat with its fading turquoise cord.

"Y-you're from San Francisco, Mr. Costello?"

"Yes—more or less. Been at college in Washington. A lot of Californians go to the university, y'know, at Seattle."

"Really," I said.

My mind came hobbling back from San Francisco. He sat down on his heels and gravely considered my blistered foot in the basin of medicated water. He took off his hat, and I even noted that his black hair had vague, sparse patches of curl in its dense smoothness. He looked up with the round blue eyes that did not belong in his dark face and remarked "That must be pretty damn painful" in his amiable American voice. But all this while I had to hold my mind from clothing him in a jade silk jacket buttoned to the throat, and from shoving his handsome big feet into embroidered shoes and white socks. He was talking about blisters and infections; he knew something about them, because he'd had an infected foot at his university by way of a football shoe that didn't fit. We chattered, and yet all the time I had to keep telling my mind to behave itself. His name was Martin Costello, not Fu Chee or Yung Chu. But inside the opened buttons of his olive shirt naked flesh of his breast showed hard and hairless as some dull old porcelain on shelves of Yung Chu's shop in Chinatown, not quite yellow and yet not wholly white, below his tanned throat.

"Ain't it funny," G. D. yawned, dangling his legs from my desk, "'at your name's same as Captain Costello's is?"

"Is it? Martin Costello?"

"Yes," I said. "I took your wallet up to headquarters to give it to him. Only the colonel found your address in it."

The dark doughboy lighted another cigarette, having tossed one to G. D., and asked, "That was the big officer who bawled us out this afternoon? The old marine sergeant?"

"Yes. He was on duty in Admiral Dewey's fleet at Manilla. Then he was discharged back in 1900, and then he got himself a commission last year."

"He's a big fellow," said the infantryman, and blew a circle of smoke. It went circling around his head as though incense blew softly from a brazier around the impassive head of a seated god on a teakwood pedestal in the shop of Yung Chu. Meanwhile this boy simply sat on his heels, his heavy chest forced by the posture between his double knees, and amiably watched his own smoke coiling in the air. Sunset entered the window and the screened doorway of the office in a sleepy stream of rich pink light.

"Must be three-four thousand off'cers in this army useda be sergeants," G. D. chirped.

"I suppose so. Where you from, kid?"

"Persis, Mississippi," the terrible child declared. "An' I wisht I was home, 'cause we certainly oughta get us anuvver cook in my outfit. The chow was all burnt up foh supper. . . . Oh, mamma can cook!"

"D'you look like your mamma, G. D.?"

"Yeh; only some like daddy. He's yella-headed. Only I look more like my grandfather on daddy's side, exceptin' he wears whiskers. He's a nice fella. He thrashed me oncet for gettin' stewed on lemon extrac' outa —— Want me to answer?"

"Go ahead," I said.

G. D. took the buzzing little field telephone from the wall and assured its mouthpiece: "Yeh, this is the supply office. . . .

Is your bathroom *ready for guests?*

OR DO you wish, perhaps, that the toilet seat were a little more up-to-date? It is a fact, surprising as it may seem, that a great improvement can be made in the appearance of the bathroom by replacing the old, dark-colored, cracked or otherwise unsightly toilet seat with a modern, all-white Church Toilet Seat.

Bathroom luxury everyone can afford

A HANDSOME, smooth, white seat lends an air of refinement and luxury to the bathroom such as you find in the bathrooms of luxurious hotels and apartments. Yet its price brings it within reach of all.

You do not have to make the bathroom entirely over. This simple change adds new beauty. The toilet seat is the one fixture which guests are sure to criticise just as they would criticise bad manners. It means a lot to any hostess to know that the bathroom is a room she can be proud to have guests use.

The "Church" Toilet Seat is all-white and stays white permanently—a sanitary seat that washes as easily as porcelain. Its white surface is neither paint, varnish nor enamel, but a durable sheathing as handsome as ivory. It won't crack, splinter, chip, wear off or stain. Fits any toilet. You can install it yourself if you wish, it goes on so easily. Obtainable at any plumber's. Think what a difference it would make!

Send for free book

THAT you may see just what this Seat really is, send coupon below for Mrs. Mildred Stevens' sixteen page book entitled, "An Easy Way to Make a Bathroom More Attractive," together with a free sample of sani-white sheathing. No obligation. Address C. F. Church Mfg. Co., Dept. F10, Holyoke, Mass.

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LOOK FOR THIS NAME ON UNDER-SIDE OF SEAT

C. F. CHURCH MFG. CO., Dept. F10
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With no obligation on my part, please send a free copy of your book, "An Easy Way to Make a Bathroom More Attractive," together with free sample of Sani-white Sheathing to

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A FARBERWARE PRODUCT
BAKES OUT PAIN

Adjusto-Ray is the improved therapeutic lamp. Wonderful for relieving rheumatism, neuritis, neuralgia, lumbago, headaches, nervousness and many other ailments. Its sun-like rays quickly soothe the affected parts, penetrate to the seat of the trouble, ease pain and help to *remove the cause*. Recommended by physicians everywhere.

Adjustable to any position

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clamps—stands—hangs

Adjusto-Ray is simple, convenient and safe. No assistance needed—just clamp Adjusto-Ray on your bed or chair—or stand it on a table—or hang it up—and attach to any electric light socket.

Adjusto-Ray is built on scientific principles. It throws a parallel ray and has no focal point. Complete with 260-watt bulb. Comes in three styles—hand model: $6.50; clamp model (as illustrated): $9.00; floor model $13.50. Sold by all leading dealers.

Manufactured by
S.W. Farber, Inc., 141-151 So. 5th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Yeh, lootenant, this is Brown. . . . Yeh, he's here, lootenant, sir. . . . It's the chaplain, corporal. He wants you to come up an' give him a French lesson. . . . Yeh, he'll come, lootenant, sir. . . . You got any more of 'ose marshmallows? . . . Thank you kindly," the stray cherub said, "I'll come up. An' you gotta give me a new book to learn me moh readin' outa, 'cause this one you gived me ain't good for nuffin. . . . G'-by."

"I love the way you treat a commissioned officer, G. D.!"

"G'on!" G. D. sniffed, hanging up the telephone. "Chaplains isn't real officers, fella! Are they, doughboy?"

Only there was no doughboy left in the office. We both sat examining the spot where Private Martin Costello had been sitting on his heels with smoke oozing out of his flat face, and for about one minute neither of us said anything. The dark doughboy had merely vanished, and my mind informed me that he had returned to some room filled with teakwood stands and slumbering golden dragons in the midst of San Francisco's many sounds.

"He lef' wivout sayin' good-by or nuffin!"

"Obviously," I said.

Perhaps it was just as I made this stupid and obvious answer that Erasmus Conkling was distracted from the business of soaping his head in the raised shower baths behind the cantonments. Water warmed in the thin pipes all afternoon and you could get a really hot shower about sunset if too many men didn't think of this sanitary idea at the same time. Erasmus was standing in the open end of the makeshift bathroom, soaping his head, when he heard somebody running madly but regularly on the damp clay that stretched for yards around the baths. He pried suds off his eyelids and briefly saw a tall soldier whose long legs lifted him in superb strides from the ground. He ran as men trained to the business run, and the blue cord on his hat fairly clicked away from Erasmus, floating across the barren meadows toward a palisade of woods which hid our camp from the rest of the mighty reservation, this plateau pushing up twenty thousand lives and that many secrets to the sky above Texas.

Erasmus wondered whether the next year's track team at Harvard would amount to much, and then soap slid into his eyes and hurt him. But this runner passed on and on, it seems, and presently came into the telegraph office at the great central camp of the reservation. You can imagine his dark hands spilling sweat on a yellow blank and the civilian clerk drawling, "Look like you been runnin', bud," and some lieutenant, busily composing a telegram to a girl in San Antonio, pausing to look at this tanned, rather ugly lad from his regiment. Wasn't it the boy they called Frisco who had shone a good deal in the exhibition drill last Saturday for the general? On the other hand, possibly nobody saw him come into the telegraph office. He gave in his telegram and sat down, perhaps, on the doorstep of the place to await an answer from San Francisco. Time passed.

At seven o'clock the enlisted men, lounging up the slope of our regimental street, got to their feet and watched a spectacle. Down from the headquarters came Col. Philip Marivaux, starched to the knees and below that gleaming with polish, astride a black pony named Diomed. Behind this portent came the regimental adjutant and the colonel's orderly; and behind that couple came all the officers of the regiment on their varying horses, except the chaplain, who had no interest in the sham battle of the training school beside the central camp, two miles away.

This pageant could have started from the headquarters through the woods, but Marivaux headed the group downhill and the regiment had the benefit of red sunset glittering on the colonel's eyeglass and of Captain Costello's tawny silk shirt flapping against his lean sides. We were much gratified by the sight and, in particular, by the second lieutenant of C Battery's efforts at unconsciousness of the audience. He was just out of West Point and his nose was sunburned. The sun, humbled by this exhibition of the military caste, now set at once and armadillos on branches of the pin oaks furled themselves for the night, sure that nobody would skin them and send them to friends elsewhere to be used as fern baskets.

The night caressed the plateau with shadows and a faint, immediate chill. Soldiers went streaming in long rivers through the woods to see the student officers commit a sham battle, and for a time G. D. wavered mentally between the thought of a battle in the dark and the marshmallows in the chaplain's room at headquarters. But his supper had been a failure and the marshmallows won. He escorted me to Lieutenant the Reverend Arthur Weaver's square cell and began a prolonged dessert, sitting in a corner with successive cigarettes in one hand and the tin box of white candies between his knees. Shortly after taps sounded through the half-empty camp, G. D. had achieved a full victory over the marshmallows and was stickily asleep, with his yellow head against the end of the chaplain's bed and his mouth ringed in sugar.

"Parfoom," said the chaplain.

"No, sir. Parfum. Try not to sound the *m* at all and make the *u* rather flatter."

"Parfwuh," the good man said.

He would look at a word and then slowly, painstakingly and heavily mispronounce it. I've often wondered what the peasantry of France made of this honest gentleman's version of their language. But his meditations went on so long over each word that my mind could take vacations. Presently the first volleys of rifle play from the student officers distracted me, an indescribable, remote rattling of joined noises.

"Maund," said the chaplain.

"No, sir. *Monde*. Pronounce the *o* as nearly as possibly like a *u* without doing it."

"Mhund," he said, and dashed drops from his nose. Texas was removing ounces from him daily, and his struggle with the French idiom helped the process. The lamp on the table between us smoked gently and smelled terribly in the confines of the square room, and its light, cast outward through the screen of the door, showed a newspaper motionless on the grass under the tree.

After a little some shadow hid that newspaper. A slow voice spoke: "I beg your pardon, sir."

"What is it?" the chaplain asked.

"Could the lieutenant tell me which is Captain Costello's room?"

"Second from this, to the right. But he's over at the sham battle just now. Anything I can do for you?"

"No, sir," the shadow said in the voice of Private Martin Costello. "Thank you."

There was no longer anybody in the night outside the door. But after one puff of his pipe the chaplain got up, and I was glad of it. He said "That lad was in some kind of trouble, corporal," and took his fat body briskly through the doorway. G. D. muttered something in his sleep, as if an uneasiness passed from the waking world into his released mind. A trouble plucked his rosy forehead into a frown, and he was still frowning when the chaplain came back.

"Gone. Did you know who he was, corporal?"

"Yes, sir. He's a soldier named Costello from one of the infantry regiments."

"Costello?"

I said nothing. It was no duty of mine to say anything, but I wanted to know what the chaplain thought of that voice outside the screen, in its cold monotony of wrath. I had once heard a famous German actor use that voice in the lines of Hamlet watching King Claudius at prayers.

"Corporal, didn't that boy sound—sound horribly angry to you?"

"Yes, sir."

The chaplain wiped water from his face and sat down again. He broke out sharply: "Just what is it about Captain Costello that makes him so—so impossible, corporal? Personally I've found him very civil and—and not offensive. But he rasps one somehow. And I know his men dislike him."

This was wholly irregular and broke the rules of the military machine. An officer cannot consult his inferiors on his own rank.

"I think the captain's simply an obvious thug," I said, as irregularly.

"Oh, but ——" said the chaplain, and drummed his fingers on a French grammar.

We sat in the strangest way, saying nothing, and both of us worried by that voice beyond the screen of the doorway. My mind took me off again to San Francisco and brought me back before another voice spoke at the screen: "Ha! How's your French getting on, Weaver?"

"Oh!"

"Scared you?" the colonel chuckled.

"Yes, sir. How was the sham battle?"

"Very stupid. They're no good, you know. But it gives the boys something to do," Colonel Marivaux yawned. His monocle was a round silver blot in the light and seemed opaque. His clothes, faded almost white, were ghostly and dramatic in the shadow, and he spoke amiably, in the ghost of his official manner: "Found any more purses, corporal?"

"No, sir."

"That doughboy was lucky," the overlord drawled, "to get his back. I suppose he got it?"

"Yes, sir. He came over and thanked me."

"Ha!"

He was silent. He wanted to ask me something, and I, standing stiffly, wanted to tell him something; but an enlisted man cannot gossip with his regimental commander. The machinery does not permit that.

"What kind of fellow was he, corporal?"

"Very pleasant, sir. From San Francisco. Seemed to be an educated man."

"Must be. That letter that had his name on it," the colonel drawled, "was in Chinese."

I probably jumped. The colonel walked on, his spurs tinkling on the narrow platform which made a veranda for these cells. The chaplain looked at me miserably and this thing we didn't understand pressed down on us.

"That's the boy who was looking for Captain Costello just now."

"I think I —— Do you think I'd better tell the colonel, corporal? This ——" He wiped his face and then shook his head nervously as some pair of feet thumped the boards and other spurs rang.

"I'd tell someone, sir."

"I think I'd better, really, because —— Oh, captain, is that you?"

Outside the door Costello said "Yeh" and paused. Because he was smoking, his face showed more plainly, damp with heat and reddish. He kicked the screen open bluntly and stepped into the room with a kind of truculent shyness.

"Pretty dull show they gave us over at the camp. I came home."

"Yes. . . . There was a soldier named Costello looking for you about ten minutes ago. He's out of one of the infantry regiments. Th-that was his purse the corporal here found this afternoon."

Captain Costello did not move, I think, for twenty seconds. Then he shook some ash from the cigar in his fingers and, oddly, looked at the tattooed badge of the Marine Corps on his right hand's back, or down to his powdered boots.

"Yeh? I've got plenty of relations named Costello. . . . Well, g'night."

"The boy seemed very much upset about something, Costello."

"He did? . . . Well, g'night."

The screen closed. I had the common nervous revolt and wanted to laugh in my relief. The image of a deadly fright had passed out of the room, and I hoped that I wasn't pale from watching the tall captain's face stiffen in the game of secrecy. Something had opened under him.

"Heavens!" said the chaplain.

"Yes, sir."

(Continued on Page 119)

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The Fisk Tire Company, Inc., Chicopee Falls, Mass.

The first fragrant whiff won *me!*

TO a pipe-hungry man, there's no aroma in the world to compare to that of good old Prince Albert. Just fling back the hinged lid on the tidy red tin, close your eyes, and breathe in! That's *tobacco*, Men . . . every cubic inch of it. It won *me!*

And when you tamp a load into the business-end of your old jimmy-pipe and light up, you know that P. A. more than makes good on its aromatic promise. Cool as the old-fashioned spare-room. Sweet as a raise in pay. Fragrant as a woodland trail.

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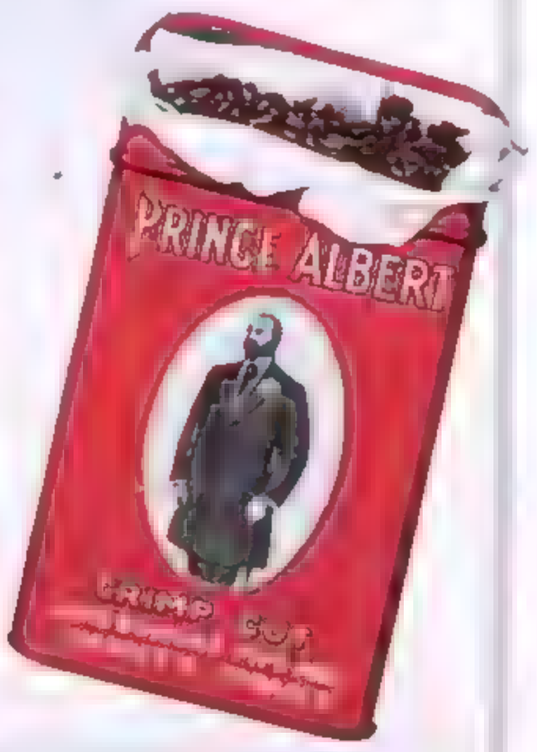

PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

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(Continued from Page 116)

He picked up the French grammar and spun its green binding in one hand. It took him a little time to make up his mind and then he said, "Stay here, please! I'm going to speak to the colonel about this. It—it worries me, somehow, and ——"

G. D.'s body bounced on the planks in the first crash of the shock. The boy said "Oh!" asleep, and then woke with a quick yelp. A jar shook the lamp on the naked table and it fairly tottered in a second jolt. This shell of thin woodwork was shaken by some force as though a great hammer struck the walls. I heard spurs. The colonel's eyeglass flashed.

"What's that, Weaver?"

"I can't say, s—— Oh, let's look in Costello's room!"

They had both thought in the same breath and faster than I could think. It was the heaving of some struggle in one of the rooms that jarred the lamp here and made the box emptied of marshmallows tinkle on the floor. Costello had walked into an enemy in his dark room. I saw brown hands in the air above the shaking lamp. I saw dark fingers fastened on the captain's throat so plainly that I was staring at them when an appalling voice yelled "'Tenshun!" and I froze at the order given outside.

The machine closed on me and brought G. D. standing upright with a sharp gasp of dread. There was no more noise. In the captain's room something clattered on the floor.

"Well?" Colonel Marivaux asked in the voice of parade grounds.

"This fella was in here, sir! He jumped at me!"

"Ha! Come out here! Come here!"

A match crackled. I could see nothing past the chaplain's bulk blocking the door, and then he stumbled backward and walked into me. We both said emptily "Oh, excuse me!" and stood so, side by side, watching the colonel enter the room. He entered and G. D. recoiled one pace from the sight of the eyeglass and the faded shirt with its eagle shimmering on the collar. Behind him Captain Costello came, trying to pluck his ripped shirt together, with a jewel of blood on his mouth, and odious fear came with his face. The third was his enemy.

"What's your name?"

The dark infantryman said, "Private Costello, sir, B Company ——"

"Your full name?"

"Martin Costello, Jr."

He sagged against the wall beside the doorway and his dusty feet seemed made of gold, they were so crusted from his running in the soft lanes. Then he straightened up and looked at the little colonel, who sat down astride a chair as though it were a horse.

"Give him some water, corporal."

I went limping and filled a glass from the tin pitcher on the chaplain's washstand. His mouth left a curve of scum on the round of the tumbler when he handed it back to me. The military machinery spun me off to the washstand and there I stayed. G. D. licked sugar of the marshmallows from his lips and blinked at the lord riding the chair.

"You were trying to kill Captain Costello?"

"I—don't know, sir."

"Ha!" said the colonel. He lifted one boot and considered the cylinder of bright leather around his lean calf for a while. "Where are you from, young man?"

"San Francisco, sir."

"How old?"

"Nineteen, sir," the dark image said, looking beyond all of us at the wall.

"Mother living?"

"No, sir."

"How long's she been dead?"

"Ten years, s——" the voice slurred.

"And who was she?"

"The daughter of Mr. Yung Chu," said Private Costello.

"I see. . . . I knew Mr. Yung Chu," the colonel mentioned, "when I was on duty at the Presidio. Is he still living?"

"Yes, sir."

The colonel rested his chin on his wrists crossed easily on the back of the chair, and drawled, "Glad to hear it. Give him my regards next time you write to him. . . . When were you on duty in San Francisco, captain?"

"In 1897, sir."

"Ha! You were a private in the Marines then?"

"Yes, sir. . . . I was a kid then."

"Really?" the lord drawled. "Answer my questions, please, and nothing else. You married the daughter of Mr. Yung Chu?"

"A Chink marriage ain't legal, colonel."

The chaplain made some sound. Colonel Marivaux lifted his eyeglass back to an eye and looked through it at the tall captain without any expression.

"You married the daughter of Mr. Yung Chu?"

"Yes, sir," said Captain Costello presently, and wiped his mouth on a wrist.

"And then, captain?"

"Well, then the fleet—Admiral Dewey's fleet—went round the world, sir. An' I got my discharge in New York an' went home."

"Where's that?"

"Maurice, Pennsylvania, sir."

"Ha! Ever see Mr. Yung Chu's daughter again?"

I flinched. We were in a steaming bath of ugliness. The chaplain's face was gray up to the eyes. G. D.'s mouth had opened a little and his pink nose worked.

"Yeh. She came East an'—an' made a fuss. That's ten years back. . . . A Chinese weddin' ain't legal, colonel!"

"That'll do! . . . What did your mother die of, son?"

"Killed herself, sir," said the dark image.

"A Chinese weddin' ain't legal," the tall captain croaked. "An' I'm married—and got a fam'ly!"

Colonel Marivaux dropped his eyeglass and sat looking at a boot.

"Oh," said G. D. in a kind of insane squeak, "y' low, dirty dawg!"

Captain Costello partly wheeled at the boy's yell and his arms shook, but he faced back and stared at Colonel Marivaux with the dead eyes of his terror.

I think that half a minute went over us, and the lamp began to sink its torturing light. Some officer walked whistling past the doorway and didn't glance in at us. The machine held us fixed in our places and degrees.

"You knew Captain Costello by sight, son?"

"No, sir. They told me he'd been in Dewey's fleet. I t-telegraphed Mr. Yung Chu to find out what th-this man looked like."

I was looking at a woman in stiff silks who lay dead in a bed of teakwood in some room filled with gilding and scented toys, in her father's balconied house above Jackson Street.

The man did not matter, or how he came to know her. This woman lay dead, in ceremony, and a child howled somewhere in my mind. When I got my mind back to the room in Texas where the lamp smoked, the colonel was speaking:

"—— make out your leave in the morning, captain. Kindly start home at once. I think the War Department will send you your papers before your leave expires. I don't advise you to make any objection. . . . That'll do. You're dismissed."

"Sir ——" said the captain, and went out of the room.

G. D. moved. The colonel looked at him politely and then fixed the glass in his eye before he spoke to Martin Costello in a slow drawl that moved very gently from his lips.

"It won't do you any good to go on with this, son. There's no use in it, and revenge is a—a momentary kind of thing. Just drop it. You know that anyone would sympathize with you. Better try to forget as much of it as you can. . . . Won't you?"

"Yes, sir. . . . I'm sorry."

"Of course. Do you feel able to walk back to your regiment? . . . I don't think you'd better. Weaver, you can drive a car? Good! Get my machine and drive him over there. Get hold of Colonel Humphries and ask him to telephone me at once. Better take a furlough, sonny, and go home and see Mr. Yung Chu. You'll feel better. Give Mr. Yung Chu my regards. . . . That'll do."

The screen shut. Outside, the chaplain said "Better take my arm," and the dusty feet passed off into the grass.

Above the sham battle they were sending up rockets, and bubbles of flame exploded noiselessly, far away, vain things that blazed and were sparks swiftly descending to nothingness.

"What's your name, boy?"

"Private Brown, sir. F Battery," G. D. uttered after a gulp.

"Ha! Who told you to speak just now?"

"Oh, colonel, sir," the child said, wriggling before the monocle, "I couldn't kinda help it, sir!"

"Humph! And what was it you called Captain Costello?"

"A dirty, low dawg, sir. But ——"

"Don't try to improve it, Brown! . . . D'you know what happens to little boys who don't know when to keep their mouths shut?"

G. D. stared at the officer and flushed. His eyes watered suddenly and he said in the voice of a hurt baby, "Oh, colonel, sir, do you think I ain't a gentleman?"

The colonel dismounted from his chair and stopped being a great lord who sat in judgment. He said gravely, "I beg your pardon. But even gentlemen are indiscreet at times. It was unintentional, but please accept my apologies. Will you shake hands?"

"I don't mind," said G. D., and stuck out a paw.

"Thank you. . . . That'll do. Good night."

There were no lights in the cantonments as we came down the street, but some sergeants were sitting under the shelter of a ghostly kitchen's tent and the last of a fire in a range showed their faces very dimly. One of them began to sing in a whisper as we passed the group and his rough voice mellowed in the open air and the night:

"Ain't been the same world since mamma
went away from it;
Lord, I'm blue!
Ain't had no fun since they put her in the
graveyard,
Lord, I'm blue!
Ain't ——"

G. D. grabbed my arm and gabbled fearfully: "Corporal, I ain't heard from home since Sunday mail! Corporal, d'you fink if you wrote me a letter an' asked for some furlough I could get me ten days home? Corporal, I'm clean sick of the food they pass out in this army, an' mamma ——"

"Don't be scared, G. D. Your mother's all right."

"Oh, I ain't scared, corporal! It's just I wanta go home an'—an' see mamma some. An' you write me a letter in the mawnin', h'm?—so's I can mebbe get started home. You could gimme ten dollars?—t'morra night. You write me a letter to the adjutant an'—an' I can take it up to headquarters an' get it through. 'N' —— I ain't cryin'!"

"Who said you were, you little fool? . . . Here's my handkerchief."

"Don't want your damn handkerchief! . . . Gimme a cig'rette. . . . Thank you kindly. . . . The adjutant'll let me go h-home, won't he? 'N' you write me a letter. 'N' you better put in 'at mamma's kinda poorly, 'cause she did have her a sore froat las' week, an' you make it a good, stiff letter an' do it first thing in the mornin', corporal, or we ain't friends no more'"

A monstrous rocket flared in the sky and its trail of gilded dust fell slowly, changing to great tears that ran upon the night and faded, lonely things which live now only as memories of youth that come back in their fierceness and their pain.

"Yes, I stick to GLOVE-GRIPS! They suit my style and comfort both!"

THAT is the genuine kind of approval that comes from the women and men who turn to Arnold Glove-Grip Shoes—not for just one pair. But one pair after another.

For they soon discover how effective, how desirable, the special patented Glove-Grip Arch is! It makes comfort. The soft leather is pressureless about the instep. The sole is so flexible under the arch that it fairly leaps to follow every natural movement of your foot.

And style, too. That same arch, by its close, clinging fit, adds a becoming line of grace to your foot. That is why so many appreciate Glove-Grips. Why you, too, would find pleasure in seeing Glove-Grips on your foot. And feeling them. Let the Arnold Glove-Grip dealer who is nearest, fit you as you have never been fitted before. Let him show you how well your foot can look.

Write M. N. Arnold Shoe Company, North Abington, Mass., and have us introduce you to our dealer, if you do not already know him. Then you can have the pleasure of

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THOSE fine characteristics that forging adds to steel must necessarily be passed along to the products made from such steel—super-strength—more lasting finish—longer life.

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Isn't it well worth while to choose products that you can *know* are better—that the maker has insured through using *forged* steel sheets as a material?

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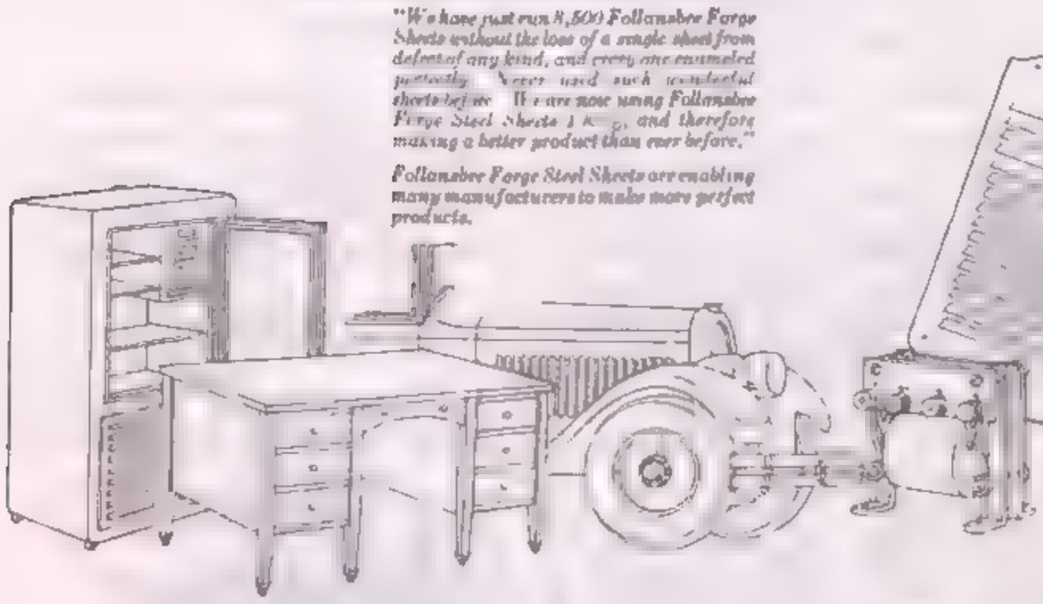

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Follansbee Forge HAMMER PROCESS Steel Sheets

REG US PAT. OFF

THE INSTINCT FOR QUALITY IS A PRICELESS INHERITANCE

OVERSELLING PARIS

(Continued from Page 19

It suited her temperament, her purposes and the weather.

She spent two weeks in England, buying sports apparel for her house, and wore the outfit almost daily. Arriving in Paris, she found the weather antagonistic to anything but practical clothes, so the same gray costume, by this time looked upon by its owner with more or less disdain as rather a worn-out rag, was trotted out again and appeared at teas at the Ritz and at Ciro's for luncheon, and on the first fine Sunday at the races at Longchamp.

To her immense surprise and amusement, her progress about the grounds was accompanied by the busy clicking of cameras. "Would madame be so kind as to stand still just one little minute? So! *Merci bien, madame.* Would madame be good enough to tell who the great couturier was who had made madame's so smart frock?" Obviously, madame would not.

The next day, madame, busy in the commissionaire's office, buying various novelties for her American firm, was shown photographs of the smart clothes worn the day before at Longchamp. There she saw herself in all the glory of her modest American outfit, the credit for which had been gratuitously bestowed by the canny photographer upon a noted couturier.

Hugely entertained, she ordered a few copies for her personal use, bought pictures of other costumes that she felt would be interesting for her firm, and thought no more about the incident.

A month later, glancing through the rotogravure section of an American newspaper at her hotel in Paris, she came across her picture, accompanied by an impressive paragraph saying: "The above is one of the smartest of the new French sports costumes sponsored for spring. It was worn on a recent Sunday at Longchamp by a couturier's manikin. Fashioned of gray mixed tweed in a small plaid design, it shows the trend of the Paris couturiers toward the hip-length cape effect. With the costume was worn a plaid silk ascot tie, a distinctly Parisienne touch, and a hat credited to Agnès, with a brim of novel cut and a very interesting new crushed crown."

Well, well! They had certainly done well by her. In May she returned to America, and one of the first things that struck her eye was the advertisement of a competing Fifth Avenue establishment in which was sketched an almost exact replica of her photograph and advertising that the ensemble illustrated was a copy of a French three-piece hip-length cape model much worn in Paris.

How Delightfully Parisian!

Within a few weeks the stylist was back in Paris again on urgent business, and in the showrooms of a small couturier she was shown and easily recognized a copy of her little gray outfit done this time in kasha. She asked diplomatically whence came the inspiration for the charming and unusual outfit. Was it by any chance a copy of a Grand Couture model? "*Mais oui, madame,*" and out was trotted her own photograph, happily quite unrecognizable because her hat was shading her face. She was vehemently assured that this particular creation had been a great success and that it had been worn at Longchamp only two weeks ago for the first time! "Madame can see for herself how quickly we get all the newest ideas, since in a so short time we already have it in our collection!"

"So far a little candle shed its beams!" she mused. "Halfway around the world and back again!"

What then would have happened had she told the photographer on that day at Longchamp three months ago that her frock was American made? He would have ceased in that moment to see anything in it worth photographing. Had it been presented to the Fifth Avenue firm that copied it without the prestige of its supposedly Parisian derivation, it would have been ignored; and had the little Paris manufacturer known where it came from he would not have been so eager to boast of its origin.

A rare and improbable occurrence? Not at all! That all this happened to a woman in the business of purveying clothes simply made the course of the candle's beam easier to follow. How clearly it showed the absurdity of the style hypnosis that is afflicting the world. When a really good style notion gets abroad in Paris, it is as manna from heaven for the overworked and too often uninspired designer of the French capital.

A Splendid Example of the Sophisticated French Type

We have been taught to regard the finished frock from a great couturier's showing as a work of art, each line of which was supposed to have been carefully thought out, and that to change any littlest detail would be to spoil the balance of the whole. To what ludicrous lengths of childish credulity we are willing to be led when once we let a fetish such as the sacredness of Parisian design take possession of our minds!

The other day, in the showrooms of a New York manufacturer, I listened to two buyers, a merchandise manager and a style adviser from a large retail store, go into raptures over a gown from one of the most impressive French couturiers. "What balance! What perfection of design! What painstaking attention to detail and what proportion!" raved the stylist, with the merchandise manager and the buyers echoing her ecstatic pæans of praise enthusiastically.

The manufacturer gave me a sly wink and agreed unctuously that it was certainly a work of art as the M. M. wrote out an order for a dozen pieces. Only a half hour before, the manufacturer had told me how, in order to avoid buying four dresses of X, all of which had their good points, he had had them take the sleeves of one model and combine them with the skirt of another, the collar of another and the embroidered trim of a fourth. The hodgepodge resulting was what was now eliciting the awed admiration of the group.

The great French dressmakers keep themselves sedulously apart from the gathering places of the smart world. They must maintain the fiction that they are uninfluenced by what women are wearing, by what is being produced by other dressmakers. They must be understood as working ceaselessly in their *cabinets de travail* on inspired creations. We see very little of them at the races, the restaurants and the night clubs. But do not imagine that they are not represented in the haunts of folly's fashionably frocked devotees. They are more definitely there than if they came in person, for their designers, the really important cogs in the smoothly working couturier machine, frequent the smart resorts.

American Inspiration

These obscure persons, whose names do not appear on the firm's letterheads, whose faces are unknown to the customers, go veiled in their obscurity, to drink what waters of inspiration are to be had at the fountains of chic, where the smart world forgathers. And where do these shy ones nestle down when they desire securely to survey the products of competitive houses? Always, my dears, believe me, she—it is generally "she" nowadays, since another quaint fiction, the notion that women cannot design clothes for women, was exploded—ensconces herself in some advantageous niche of a restaurant or night club where Americans of the, at least temporarily, leisured class congregate.

It will be Ciro's or the Ritz at noon, where a French face almost causes a panic, or Ciro's again at night, the Embassy or the Florida later on in the evening, or perhaps the Ambassadeurs, where Florence Mills has been drawing crowds of *élégantes.* On Sunday, if it is warm enough, it will be one of the smart *auberges* about sixty kilometers from Paris, where one dines out under the trees, with the softly rolling, beautifully tilled countryside stretching out around and below one. There the designer in search of the inspiration that is supposed to be visiting the head of the house will study the Americans who congregate in large numbers, noting carefully what they have selected from the offerings of rival houses and how they wear the clothes of their choice.

Why does the designer not seek out the chic Frenchwoman in her lair? Because she is quite well aware that Frenchwomen have suffered an eclipse; because it is the American opinion as to what constitutes chic that must be studied, since it must be served.

Let's pretend that you are lunching with me today at the Ritz in Paris. It's 1:30—that noisy, delightful, uncomfortable, crowded time when everyone is squeezing a way as best they may between tables set the full length of the long narrow hallway leading to the dining room, where it is considered smartest to have one's table so placed as to be directly in the line of traffic, and where guests hunting guests and waiters hunting food will be most certain to stumble over one. We will forge our way down that long strip of crowded carpet and claim the *petite table à deux* that Monsieur Olivier, the suave *maître d'hôtel*, has held for us against all rapacious comers. Or perhaps you are tired from your strenuous shopping of the morning and would prefer

Contentment in Every Draw—Cards or Tobacco

Pipe-smoking card-player finds his tobacco keeps him happy, winning or losing

A new slant on pipe-smoking contentment is brought to light by Mr. W. H. Doughty, a furniture dealer of Greeneville, Tenn.

A discovery made during a card game has evidently made him a life member of the Edgeworth Club.

Read what he writes:

Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.
My dear Sirs:

For twenty years I have been engaged in retailing furniture. On rainy days my partner and I call up some of our friends and invite them down to a little poker game.

In this melange of our selection there happened to be a fellow by the name of Austine—a tobacco dealer. This fellow Austine was a most consistent loser—but losing never seemed to affect his morale.

His conduct became a study with me. My winning and losing moods were reflected in my actions. When winning I was the good fellow. When losing I was the grouch. All this time I noticed Mr. Austine, the tobacco dealer, sitting back unperturbed, pulling away on his pipe—contented—at peace with the world—winning or losing.

Finally I put the matter up to Mr. Austine for a solution. He said, "Major (my poker title by brevet), there is no mystery to that—my contentment is due to the tobacco I smoke. When I need a friend in poker or business—Edgeworth has never failed me. It carries contentment in every draw—whether the cards run good or bad."

The next time I visited the Mason Corner Tobacco Shop I purchased some of this Edgeworth. It has made a new man out of me. I can look them in the face and smile—smile—smile whether they run good or bad.

If you ever indulge in poker or any other losing business, my advice is—fill up the old pipe on Edgeworth and as the delightful fragrance fills the air you will be at peace with the world.

Sincerely,
W. H. Doughty.

To those who have never tried Edgeworth, we make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 1-X S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth station. Wave length 256 meters.

to eat in only the semiconfusion of the inner dining room.

Very well! We tell Monsieur Olivier we are giving up our table in the hall and would prefer one inside. He bustles happily off to apprise a patiently waiting English duchess that he has, with the most Herculean efforts, procured her a coveted place and bustles back to tell us that our table inside is ready for us. We miss nothing of the fashion parade in making the duchess happy. We drink our cocktails in the hall, near the door, where all the who's who of Europe and America are likewise drinking theirs, while waiting for the who's who who have not yet arrived or who are perhaps lingering in the bar for just one more Alexandre. We sit at our leisure and watch the habitués and those who aren't habitués but who hope they look like it, drift in.

No place in the known world affords a more perfect view of cosmopolitan society's daytime modes than does the Ritz corridor when the season is right. There is presented to our eager eyes a hand-picked bouquet of feminine charm and loveliness. The crowd will include an Egyptian princess or so, a maharajah's exotic-looking daughter, a scattering of English peeresses, a generous proportion of the daughters, wives, mothers and sisters of various Spanish grandees, some of them beautiful, most of them smart. There will be a few Russians. That few will be arresting to look at, and a few, a very few, Frenchwomen; but there will be hordes of American women. It is the last who will be the cynosure of admiring and envious glances as they make their way through the chattering throng.

Having finished our heroically abstemious luncheon, we tell our garçon to procure us a table for coffee in the hall, where we so lately took our cocktails, so that we may watch the smart world again file by to scatter at the arched and sheltered driveway in pursuit of further smartness; and again we weigh the comparative merits of American chic as opposed to that of a dozen other nationalities, and the Americans win with unchallenged ease. It is palpable to even the most casual observer that the young Spanish women, the Italians, the Germans, the English and all the other races, are doing their best to wear their clothes as the American girl wears hers, to walk as she walks, to duplicate her manner as nearly as possible.

So Obviously Sport Models

At 5:30 we find ourselves sitting again in the long hallway: Our table is against the long windows that face the garden. Again a well-dressed throng has invaded the hospitable hall, this time for tea. But there is a difference, a marked difference, in the groups that gather about the infinitesimal tables. Very few of the same faces are here. This crowd is quite definitely French. Now certainly we shall see the smart Frenchwoman at her best, we assure ourselves, since she turns out here for tea in great numbers.

It is an extremely well-dressed crowd. There are just as many expensive mink coats; just as many obviously grand-couture frocks beneath them; far more diamond bracelets, rings and hat ornaments set with far, far larger stones than one sees worn by the women grouped around the luncheon tables, so it is obviously not a lack of funds, we decide, that makes this gathering seem less attractive to us. What can it be?

We decide that the women have a too sophisticated look, that they are older in their ways, more studied, mature. Too much given to osprey-trimmed hats. Pins too handsomely jeweled, stuck with too obvious a perkiness through felt hats intended to be *pour le sport*. There are any number of sports costumes worn by women who have the look of never having used them for anything but the tea table. The shoes accompanying these sports ensembles give them their final touch of incongruousness. Ultra-high Cuban heels put the last curse of silly uselessness on intricately strapped models of lizard and kid. The gloves of this assemblage incline to a fussiness of wrist, frowned upon by the noontime gathering.

Heaven knows our tourists commit many hideous atrocities on good taste in dress, but we are not comparing tourists in general with a corresponding class in Paris; we are setting against one another the people in both countries with the money and the time to cultivate what they conceive to be charm in costuming.

Sunday proves to be a lovely day, so we, still drawing our odious comparisons, dine at Moulin de Bicherel, on the edge of an amusing little mill pond set in the midst of a charming garden. Our table is near the entrance gate and we are early enough to watch the diners arrive. A large proportion of our neighbors at the little tables set along the graveled path bordering the pond are our old friends of the Ritz luncheon tables, although there is a larger proportion of French than usual.

And how do the latter strike us in this rural setting? They come through the rustic gateway, wearing a little too striking sports clothes, with just a little too much of a conscious swagger. The sports effect is studiedly sporty. Again there are too many diamond bracelets worn with open-motor-car costumes. There is too much heavy make-up on the eyes.

How to Make Women Jealous

Two young American girls breeze in, followed a few paces behind by their equally young American swains. We disapprove emphatically of the very slouchy way the men wear their otherwise well-made clothes.

Why, we ask each other, don't they get themselves some suspenders, such as all smart Englishmen wear, and keep their trousers up where they belong instead of allowing them to hang precariously to their negligible hips, rumpling untidily over their shoes and almost, if not quite, brushing the ground? But the girls are delectable. Both tall, both incredibly yet not unwholesomely slim, clean of skin, with white, beautifully cared-for teeth revealed in spontaneous easy laughter.

Their clothes are obviously grand couture, but they are as obviously designed with just the type of young women wearing them in the back of the designer's mind, and they are worn with an easy indifference to their costliness and an engaging unconcern as to how they look. They radiate, in their journey to the table reserved for them farther down the graveled path, the sense of fitness that no doubt possesses them. Their buoyant, lithe carriage and insouciant manner seem to say: "We are young, we are good to look at, we are strong, we are healthy, our clothes are good; they are appropriate, they express us, and therefore we ignore them. We know we awaken admiration, but we don't care a rap. We're indifferent to praise or censure, because we are having a marvelously good time with each other. We are happy. It's fun being alive!"

A group of Englishwomen watch their progress along the tables rather sourly, striving to maintain a manner of studied aloofness. We are quietly amused when they are provoked into murmuring sarcastic criticisms to one another about "these impossible Americans." "Much too well dressed, don't you think?" "Oh yes, much! Overdressed and underbred!"

We appraise these detractors of American womanhood. Dressed in a severely negligee manner, their very mannish and somewhat battered felt hats are terribly unkind to their colorless faces. The one standing beside the table could have been pretty. Her features were excellent. She is broad of shoulder. Evidently an active sportswoman, but her carriage is very bad. Her body sags. Her hands thrust in the pockets of a bunchy-looking tweed jacket drag it forward with an unsightly stricture across her hips. And the shoes of the whole group! Terrible! Not the neat brogues an American woman would have selected for rough sports wear, but pointed-toed, one-strap sandals of dingy lizard skin, with baby Louis heels sadly run down on the edges, decidedly the worse for much wear and badly in need of a cleaning.

The stockings? Worse than the shoes! Drab gray or too dark a beige of sleazy silk, speckled at the backs of the ankles with mud spots. Too bad of them, we agree, for they look intelligent and interesting, and we both admire the English type of beauty, even though it lacks the variety of the American and the virility of the French.

We go on to the races. The photographers are busy. We watch their choices of smartness with interest. Our two American girls of the Mill are snapped repeatedly as are dozens of other American women. We are confirmed triumphantly by the discriminating photographers, who have watched the disciples of chic passing and repassing before an all-seeing camera these many years. The proportion of American subjects selected for their next morning's collections of photographs of what the chic Parisienne is wearing at the races, which will be peddled to all the American commissionaires' offices and to the French couturiers, will rate high.

Two manikins from one of the big houses, dressed just alike, supposedly the better to accent a new mode, pass close to us. But they don't look smart. They merely look odd. Their frocks are different, to be sure. They express a new idea, but the idea, we decide, is a mighty poor one, and the girls themselves would ruin the idea anyway, as far as we are concerned. They are both many, many pounds too heavy and their obvious lack of corseting exceeds the bounds of good taste. They wabble. It is agreed that we're all for the uncorseted effect, but only for those who have had the good fortune to be endowed with the right kind of figure, or for those who have had the grit to achieve it. They swish their very short plaid skirts too much. Their hats are astonishingly high of crown, producing a matronly effect that consorts ill with the schoolgirlish quality of their frocks. Their shoes are too delicate and their legs are not attractive. They all but beg the photographers to snap them. Finally one less discriminating than the others satisfies their desire and they preen themselves for five minutes before they are ready for the ordeal.

Dressed Up in Diamonds

A famous French actress strolls by with a woman friend. She is regarded in Paris as a great beauty. Her face is hard, her eyes tired. Perhaps she is twenty-eight, but she looks forty, though her skin is good and her features regular. She has the reputation of being one of the best-dressed women in Europe. We recognize her dressmaker at once as one of the old school, who still designs her things chiefly for the luxurious Frenchwoman, and who is just beginning to turn her attention to "these odd foreigners who are invading our salons!" Yes, that ensemble is in her most characteristic manner. The frock is exquisite—a masterpiece. A web of the most marvelous embroidery. What intricacy! What richness! It must have cost quite 10,000 francs. And her jewels!

"Did you see that pin at her shoulder with the two great pear-shaped diamonds separated by the square emerald, and that oblong diamond on her left hand?"

"Yes, weren't they overpowering?"

But somehow she didn't look right either. Richness didn't make up for a lot of other qualities she seemed to lack. Her figure was lovely, but she moved with a lack of verve. Her feet were minute in their stilted, exquisitely fabricated pumps, but one felt sure that the pain of cruelly cramped toes was being bravely endured by the wearer and that it was contributing materially to her look of premature years.

The shifting of the crowds brings the two American girls of the Mill into momentary juxtaposition with the renowned French beauty. We see her appraise them quickly and draw away. The crowds close again between them, but that moment was revealing to us who were watching the little drama being enacted as if for our benefit. It was apparent that the famous beauty felt outclassed; that she had no wish to linger in the immediate neighborhood of these dominating creatures. Their smart simplicity made her magnificence seem tawdry. More revealing still were the glances of the bystanders. For the spectacular Frenchwoman, their gaze evinced curiosity and varying shades of astonishment at the costliness of her clothes and jewels. Their glances followed the American women with frank pleasure.

"I cannot understand why you so extremely well-dressed American women come to us for your styles!" said a perhaps all too honest Frenchwoman to me when I was last in Europe. She is a woman who numbers among her friends some of the smartest of our younger matrons. "What have we poor French people to offer you that you haven't got in abundance in your own fortunate country?" Faith in ourselves is what we lack.

It would be idle to decry the importance of Parisian design in women's wearing apparel today. France has held sway by right of superior merit over women's apparel for decades, but her dominion is being threatened, her rôle of dictator questioned.

A Call to Arms

The English began some two years ago to defy openly the dominance of Paris fashions. A concerted campaign was begun to foster design and manufacturing at home. They possess far fewer inner resources to give strength to their fight for independence than do we. Their country, being more purely Anglo-Saxon than ours, is much less rich in diversified racial contributions to design. Their manufacturing establishments have reached nowhere near the degree of organized perfection that ours have attained. Their climate is not so favorable to elegance and luxury in wearing apparel, and there is not the widespread clothes consciousness among Englishwomen that exists here, nor is it fostered with any degree of skill by the department stores, nor spread with the astonishing breadth that results from the wide dissemination of high-class fashion literature in America.

Yet despite these handicaps, England is making a brave and determined effort to support her own designers and manufacturers, with the temptation of Paris right at her doors, easy of access and far less costly of acquisition to her than to us, despite her new customs duties. She may fail to break the silken but evidently galling cords that bind her to Paris. She may be so lacking in inward resources as to render her attempt at independence merely a gesture, but at any rate she will have made a determined and praiseworthy effort; while we, with our far greater preparedness, our wider market for ideas, our better organized machines for purveying styles, our growing appreciation and discrimination in matters of dress, will have continued to walk in chains simply because we are either inherently slavish or indolent or both.

Mussolini, resenting in his pride of race the implication that only the French, who were barbarians when Italy was the center of culture and the arts, can produce worthy costume designs, issues a clarion call to the designers of his own country to compete for rewards in costume ideas that would approximate the Italian ideal of beauty in dress.

Radio sketches of the first prize-winning designs have just reached us. They demonstrate clearly the folly of arbitrary reform movements in women's clothes. The costumes selected are graceful and picturesque, but ludicrously unsuited to the needs of modern life. Reform bodies invariably evince a complete lack of understanding of the deep psychological causes underlying

(Continued on Page 127)

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"Somebody's Hurt!"

WHO'LL HELP? . . . WILL YOU BE ABLE TO RESPOND?

BE AS CAREFUL AS YOUR DOCTOR

PREVENT INFECTION . . . Have you ever noticed when an accident happens how the bystanders usually look helplessly on—*wanting* to help but not knowing what to do? For there is no richer satisfaction than that of lending a helping hand to the fellow in distress . . . To give First Aid effectively, two things are needed:—*First*, the knowledge of what to do . . . *Second*, the materials to use. For 35c you can get both at any drug store . . . 35c buys the SAFETY 4, containing a complete and compact First Aid Instruction Book and two ready-to-use First Aid dressings—prepared and sized for instant application to two minor wounds. The SAFETY 4 is a pocket packet—slip it in your grip, tuck it in your motor car, keep it in your desk or bathroom cabinet. Thus, at home, at work or on the highway you are equipped to act as a kindly minister to the fellow in distress. Bauer & Black, Chicago, New York and Toronto.

To BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA -*The new, official Boy Scouts' First Aid Kit, approved by Boy Scout Headquarters and prepared by Bauer & Black . . . at your druggist's.*

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These Great Engineerin

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Don't expect modern performance efficiency from an old-fashioned chassis. Don't look for present-day economies in an automobile designed 3 or 4 years ago. Study the modern trend if you seek the utmost for your money.

BLOCK TEST IN WILLYS-OVERLAND LABORATORIES REVEALS AMAZING EFFICIENCY O

To the average man "engineering" simply means a lot of technical graphs, charts and blueprints.

He never thinks of engineering in terms of performance, comfort and resale value.

That kind of thinking may cost you money. Don't do it.

Today, engineering is a subject very close to your pocketbook. To a large extent it determines the price you pay for a car, what it costs you to run it, and what you get when you sell it.

New engineering developments

Dramatic changes have recently taken place in automobile standards of design. Modern engineering science has developed a new type of motor car, different from anything you have ever known before.

Vastly improved performance. More power. Quicker starting. Quicker stopping. Plus greater operating efficiency . . . these are the brilliant achievements of modern design, today embodied in the new-type Overland Six.

It is new all through . . . designed and built as a unit . . . not an old-fashioned, reconstructed chassis.

To all outward appearances this car looks very much like conventional automobiles as you know them. Except that it is a great deal lower to the ground. And smartly European in appearance.

But hidden beneath the body are scores of vital engineering improvements that have practically revolutionized its performance standards . . . improved its riding qualities . . . cut operating costs to a minimum . . . and added immeasurably to its length of service.

This new car is built to meet modern traffic conditions.

You can drive it at road speeds of 40 to 55 miles an hour without excessive wear or strain on the engine.

Its "high-torque" super-efficient power plant has ample power to master the steepest hills in high. Gear shifting has been reduced to the minimum.

It has a low gravity center. An outstanding engineering feature due to these modern principles of design. This means safety. It means protection against sidesway and serious skidding.

And it means comfort such as you've never found in any car of this type before

Remember

—the performance, comfort and economy of any automobile are *first* determined on the drafting board. Long life starts with engineering.

What we did

It took 2 years to design and build the Overland Six. And in addition 12 months to test it. No car ever built received more careful study from the engineering standpoint.

It embodies the major advantages of 18 of Europe's and America's finest motor cars. Plus many other

g Discoveries

whole trend ile design

F OVERLAND SIX "HIGH-TORQUE" ENGINE

features our own engineering staff developed.

The Overland Six will turn in a 40-foot circle. Rear springs are underslung and 52 inches long. 141 square inches of braking surface provide an ample safety margin.

It is a car of outstanding comfort . . . with more inside space. More cubic feet capacity than the average automobile of this price.

The result is ample comfort for 5 full-size passengers . . . with plenty of room to step in or out . . . room to stretch your legs with the utmost ease.

The seats are wider, the windows larger, the doors much broader. All features you'll certainly appreciate when you inspect rival cars of this price.

The intrinsic value of any automobile is determined largely by the skill of the men who design it. Look for modern engineering in any car you buy today.

It is a strikingly beautiful automobile. Every line, every curve and contour is the result of painstaking study. A famous artist created it.

Upkeep troubles banished

Because of these new principles of design the upkeep cost of an Overland Six has been reduced to the minimum.

Gasoline expense is exceedingly low. So is oil consumption.

And due to its greater operating efficiency, repair costs have been brought to a remarkably low level.

There is no Six built today that offers greater value . . . no car made in which finer quality of material is used or better workmanship employed.

Top place in resale value. No thinking man need be told that this is one of the most important factors in any automobile purchase today.

YOU'VE probably heard of the National Used Car Blue Book. It's published for the guidance of automobile merchants all over the country to help them in purchasing used cars wisely. Hence it is universally conceded to be an accurate check on new car values.

Modern design gives improved riding comfort

A recent issue of this book gives first, second, fourth and fifth place in used car values among the 1925 models of 17 different automobiles, TO OVERLAND!

So you see that modern engineering counts in used car prices. It will mean a great deal to you when it's time to trade-in your automobile. That's something you should think of before buying any car today. You cannot afford to neglect it.

Do you wonder then that we urge you to see this wonderful new-type car—that we ask you to compare the values offered before making up your mind?

Don't buy blindfolded. See the Overland Six and find out how modern engineering has contributed to the safety, security and comfort of motoring.

The Willys Finance Plan means less money down, smaller monthly payments, and the lowest credit-cost in the industry. We reserve the right to change prices and specifications without notice.

NOTE: 4-wheel brakes are now furnished as optional equipment at slight extra cost. Other Overland Six prices include: Touring $825; Coupe $825; De Luxe Sedan $975. Prices f. o. b. factory.

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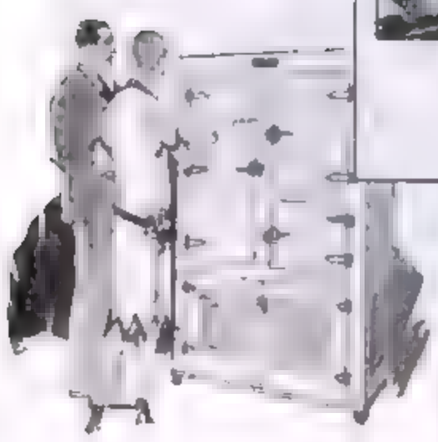
OVERLAND SIX $835

NOW COMES THE SEASON OF BACK-PORCH REFRIGERATION. WOMEN DARTING FROM HOT KITCHENS INTO CHILLING ENTRIES. MILK AND VEGETABLES FREEZING OUTSIDE. FRUITS AND MEATS SPOILING INSIDE. IS THIS SAVING?



Change this with an electric refrigerator.....

...and, note *which* uses the coldest refrigerant

Does back-porch refrigeration save? Tens of thousands of homes have decided "no". They have Servels—all year round.

Makeshift refrigeration is largely what makes food and meals such tyrants. With Servel, most courses are prepared by the day, instead of by meal. Desserts, salads and soups are made up twice a week. Instead of fresh food spoiling, even leftovers can be saved until used. A hundred economies and short-cuts replace a hundred wastes and drudgeries. Ask any Servel owner, and you, too, will see the point in having Servel, all year round.

Why Servel, particularly?

Three electric refrigerators have made over 90 per cent of all installations. Are there important differences between these three? Electric light and power companies think so; more of them sell Servel. Informed purchasers are beginning to think so; Servel's sales are increasing at a record-breaking rate.

Certainly, Servel must be showing definite superiorities.

And it is! Servel's refrigerant is the coldest in domestic use. Let your dealer show you how cold it is. Pour water on it—ice, instantly. Place a thermometer in it—10 below zero. Spray it on the floor—evaporation, immediately.

Naturally, Servel's motor starts and stops less often. Its entire system is simpler. Only 2½ pounds of this wonderful refrigerant are necessary to do the refrigerating for years.

Meanwhile, write for "Servel Coldery"—the first book which tells what really can be done with electric refrigeration. Send 10 cents in stamps to the Servel Corporation, 51 East 42nd St., New York. Branches in principal cities. London, England, Servel, Ltd.

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TEN DEGREES BELOW ZERO

SERVEL AUTOMATIC refrigeration

Sold and recommended by more Electric Light and Power Companies than any other electric refrigerator—also by franchised dealers everywhere

Trade Marks Reg. SERVEL U. S. Pat. Off.

D620 20

(Continued from Page 122

fashion in dress. No man is strong enough, not even an all-powerful dictator like Mussolini, to force undesired fashions into popular favor. He has a unique opportunity to foster native design, but he will only stifle it if he attempts to make it conform to his private, perhaps very mistaken, ideas of modesty, suitability and beauty.

We, ourselves, were not ready for style independence ten years ago. Many of us still have a painfully vivid picture in our memories of the horrors that were foisted on a helpless public during the war years, when very little was coming out of Paris by way of suggestions for glorifying womanhood. I attended, in the course of business, innumerable style shows during and just after the war years, at which were shown monstrosities of American design that fairly filled one with desolation.

Groups of American manufacturers seized upon the moment when Paris had her hands full of other matters to announce with much bravado that they had thrown off the foreign yoke and would henceforth sponsor only American designs. Like any other illy conceived and premature rebellion, their campaign ended in a rout. Thankful are we who saw the fruits of it that it did. Paris, as soon as she had time to attend to it, put us all in our places and resumed her own as style dictator of the world. But that was then and this is now. Times have changed and we with them. We've grown in the favor of the arts, if not in the favor of our fellow man. We've made phenomenal strides in understanding and in appreciation of beauty. We can do many things safely today that ten years ago we rendered ourselves ridiculous by attempting.

We would seem to be the last people in the world to nurse an inferiority complex. Yet cocky as we are about our qualities in every other possible respect, we have been thoroughly sold and we accept the idea that in the matter of designing women's clothes we are a hopelessly inferior lot.

Revolt of the Hats

It would be unfair to lay the entire blame for the careful fostering of this paralyzing humility complex at the door of the French dressmaker. We, ourselves, are vastly more guilty. Our department stores have found it extremely lucrative to disseminate the presentiment that without the prestige of Paris pretties our wardrobes would be a total loss. Purveying Paris has become a cult with many of us, but there are those who are beginning to pause and wonder if we aren't overdoing it a bit. We are beginning to ask ourselves if we aren't criminal accomplices in the doing to death of the creative impulse of our own people.

The chic Parisienne is wearing this or that or the other thing, we are told every day in the public press. Very often the chic Parisienne is not wearing anything of the kind. In fact, there are innumerable modes touted vigorously as Parisian that the Parisians never heard of. When the much-advertised mode is an authentic one, the chic Parisiennes, who are popularly supposed to be wearing it, will usually be discovered to be Americans stopping in Paris.

The average American woman is beginning to have a very shrewd suspicion that she is being sold a gold brick in this everlasting chic-Parisienne stuff. This average American woman travels much and reads more, and one of the subjects that most engages her attention is clothes, as witness the enormous circulation of the various magazines dealing either wholly or in part with the subject of dress and its appurtenances. She has learned from a study of places and people that there are climatic conditions and local customs that make certain types of wearing apparel suitable for Parisians and entirely unsuitable for her.

Even New York women not infrequently find themselves at odds with the dictates of Paris. We try valiantly to rise to the commands of an alien ruler of our modes and manners, when often it causes us acute discomfort, not to say real suffering, to do so. We have worn furs on blistering July days because certain Parisian manikins, shivering in their chiffon-lace gowns, have felt impelled to add the grateful warmth of a silver-fox pelt to their airily clad shoulders.

For several seasons we braved the glare of our summer's sun in snippy little felt hats with absurdities a half inch wide in the matter of brims. Our noses were scorched, the backs of our necks were burned and our eyes ached with the dazzle of July noondays; but Paris said small hats, so we believed that small hats had to be worn. That they had also to be felt served to aggravate our discomfort. Paris, because of her ordinarily much cooler summers, can use the felt hat to advantage all the year around, but in June, July and August it gets extremely irksome in our climate.

Last year we began to show a distinct line of cleavage with Paris in this matter of hats. While Frenchwomen continued to affect the almost brimless chapeau, only modifying it in the matter of a few new folds in the crown, American women boldly threw off the foreign yoke and unashamedly sported wide-brimmed straws of revolutionary proportions.

This spring again the moot question began early in March to agitate the breasts of millinery importers. Would or would not French milliners do anything for us in the matter of large hats; and if they did, would the chic Parisienne deign to wear the large models and so give what was still regarded as the needed *cachet* to induce American women to buy and wear them?

The Effect of Weather Reports

The French milliners did exactly what they had done the season before and the season before that. They made a few large models distinctly for the American trade; models made with the left hand, so to speak; uninspired and lacking in real merit, because the mind of the designers was not stimulated by the idea that a wide vogue would result from them. Their small models in felt, Panama or Milan continued excellent. They widened the brims a little and put some interesting new creases in the crowns, but American millinery manufacturers were drawing nearer and nearer to the hot-weather season with nary a wide-brimmed Paris hat that could lay any faintest claim to inspired designing.

I returned from Paris the twentieth of May with an assortment of the smartest hats from the best milliners in Paris, purchased for a New York manufacturer. It had been a cold rainy spring. Everything I'd purchased for my own use was eminently suited to the climate and the customs of the country I had just left. I had added to my personal collection two large hats that I had never worn in Paris, because no one in Paris was wearing large ones. I was, in fact, rather inclined to call myself hard names for having wasted money on them in what looked like another season of small hats.

After a wintry voyage home, we stepped from the steamer straight into one of New York's occasional sweltering May days. The pier was alive with color and movement. Filmily dressed welcomers fluttered in and out among arctically costumed welcomed. We, who had expected more or less to knock our friends on the pier dead with our Parisian elegance, looked decidedly sad and wilted. Instead of impressing the stay-at-homes with our grandeur, we had to endure the humiliation of having them pity us for the ineptitude of our costumes. Large hats abounded. My two that had seemed so preposterously wide of brim in Paris were shrinking to insignificant proportions in my mind's eye as I regarded a few of the largest specimens on the pier.

"But never mind!" I told myself. "This is not representative of American chic. The Ritz tomorrow at luncheon and the Colony Saturday will show me quite a different picture!"

But they didn't. It was the same picture, only exaggerated. My two large hats shrank to still smaller proportions. I wished—oh, how I wished, when I thought of the 1200 francs that navy blue had cost me and the 1500 I'd paid for that wine-red model, which even at a three-cent franc was a lot of money, not to mention the duty that was assessed on them—that I could, like Alice in Wonderland, nibble on a handy mushroom and make them grow to fit the picture. Within a week after my arrival home, I, in the interests of chic, as I was seeing it from the American angle, had to hie myself to the shops and buy myself a new aggregation of millinery.

"American modes to feel strongly the influence of the rainy Paris spring," announces an important style publication. Is it sensible that we should swelter through July, August and September in winter-weight clothes because Paris happened to have bad weather in April, May and June?

A people used to thinking freely and somewhat belligerently for themselves have in them a goodly measure of what Poe calls the Imp of the Perverse. Too much stressing of the Paris-decrees-so-and-so sort of thing is breeding a reaction.

"Why should Paris be forever deciding what Prides Crossing should wear?" the public is beginning to mutter. "There has been about enough of this Paris pap. Let's have a little America-decrees-thus-and-so for a change!"

The present willingness of our manufacturers to hand over the entire responsibility and all the rewards for creating new ideas in dress design is largely pure inertia. It is so much easier to copy than it is to originate. I know one manufacturer of high-grade women's dresses who started in business full of enthusiasm for creating his own designs, and he did create. Moreover, his undoubtedly original work met with success. He always included in his line some half dozen models from the best foreign dressmakers, not because he needed the stimulus of their design, but because he had to bow to the demands of certain of his clientele for copies of imports. Usually he would not even show them to buyers unless he was asked to do so.

So This is Paris

He had always sent his showroom manager, a discreet and clever woman, to Paris to buy these few models for him. One season she was ill and could not go, so he went in her stead. He was young, and Paris went rather badly to his head. Lots of his customers, the buyers from large department stores and smart specialty shops, were in Paris and he had a glorious time. He arranged with various buyers to pay half the cost of this model or that, on condition that a sizable order would be placed with him for its reproduction. He came home with forty models instead of the usual quota of six. Some of them were good. Most of them were not. But he built up his line again largely out of his own ideas.

When the next season rolled around it found him back in Paris having the time of his life, and this time he returned with about seventy-five models in his trunks. Tired out from a trip filled with strenuous entertaining, and busy with reproductions that had been contracted for, he contented himself with working out two or three ideas of his own that he had in mind—ideas, be it said, that could scarcely be called his own. He knew quite well that he had ceased to think for himself and that he was reproducing things he had seen in various French lines. Another season completely finished him as a designer. He is now frankly a copyist, without an original idea in his head.

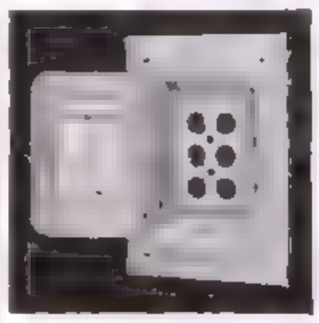
This pursuing of the line of least resistance has not brought him greater freedom from strain and worry, though he is successful enough. On the contrary, instead of the effort of originating, he is now the victim of a tiresome searching for designs among the French couturiers that are not the common

(Continued on Page 129

ESTABLISHED
1902

BULL DOG
SAFETY
ELECTRIC
PRODUCTS

Bull Dog Fusenters

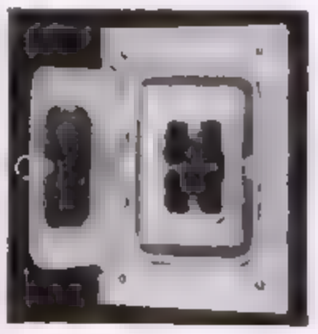


Cost less installed than old time fuse boxes. Fuses are dangerous in the cellar. Replace fuses as easily and safely as electric light bulbs with BULL DOG SAFETY FUSENTERS installed upstairs.

Bull Dog Safety Switch

Positive in action. Quick make—quick break. Luminized finish, visible in dimmest light. Sturdily built. Proven best by test and practical service. Protect your employees and your equipment with BULL DOG Safety Switches.

Bull Dog Saf-to-Fuse



The ideal switch for electric ranges. Simple to use. Positive in action. Provides maximum safety. A new principle in switch and cut-out design. Attractive Luminized finish.

Bull Dog Switchboards

Complete line of equipment for the safe and simple control of electricity. Put your problems up to BULL DOG engineers.

11,000 lbs. of copper used in manufacturing BULL DOG knife switches installed in this D. C. Switchboard (the largest in the world.)

MUTUAL ELECTRIC & MACHINE CO.
DETROIT, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.

I'll tell you the way to the best we have

YOU are promised, in these hotels, complete satisfaction.

You know that promise; our employees know it. You know that the management's intentions are of the best—but all the same there may come a time when you aren't getting what you want here.

I'll tell you what to do in such a case: just remind that employee of his permanent instructions—which are:

"Always fully satisfy the guest whom you are serving—or, if you can't satisfy him, get your superior to complete the transaction."

In other words, remember that the people in authority will see that you're satisfied, and your complaint will always be adjusted, if it goes high enough.

There was never a manufacturer, probably, whose product gave full satisfaction in every unit and to every buyer; nor a merchant whose employees pleased every customer; nor a hotel man who felt that every departing guest left with good will for the house. This simple rule of conduct, by which all our employees are governed, comes as nearly as anything we have been able to set up to making satisfaction automatic when customer and employee are at variance on a question of service.

Remember it, when you're in our houses. It will get you the best we have.

E. M. Statler

P.S. The experienced traveler plans to be in a Statler for his over-Sunday

Rates are unusually low, in comparison with those of other first-class hotels.

Rates are from $3 in Cleveland, Detroit and St. Louis; from $3.50 in Buffalo, and from $4 in New York. For two people, these rooms are $4.50 in Cleveland and St. Louis, $5 in Detroit, $5.50 in Buffalo, and $6 in New York.

Twin-bedrooms (for two) are from $5.50 in Cleveland, Detroit and St. Louis, from $6.50 in Buffalo, and from $7 in New York.

Boston's Hotel Statler is Building:

A new Hotel Statler is under construction in the uptown district of Boston—to be opened late this year, with 1300 rooms, 1300 baths.

And an Office Building:

Adjoining the hotel is the new Statler Office Building, with 200,000 square feet of highly desirable office space, in the heart of uptown Boston. Rental Managers, W. H. Ballard Co., 45 Milk St., Boston.

STATLER HOTELS

Buffalo~Cleveland~Detroit~St. Louis

And Statler-Operated Hotel Pennsylvania~New York

Values, Values!

EVERY room in these hotels, whatever its price, has private bath, circulating ice-water, bed-head reading lamp, full-length mirror, and other unusual conveniences. A morning paper is delivered free to every guest room. Club breakfasts—of à la carte excellence. Each hotel has a cafeteria, lunch counter, or both, besides its regular dining-rooms. All articles at news-stands are sold at street-store prices.

(Continued from Page 127)

property of every manufacturer and department store that sends representatives to Paris; the victim of the grueling competition of speeding one's purchases home, pushing one's employes to the limit to get copies of popular models made and on the market before the cheap-volume manufacturers have the same model at a price that ruins it for the more exclusive houses. The very buyers who coaxed him into the business of copying sell him out without conscience to any manufacturer who can turn out a desired model at a little lower cost

Another designer, a woman, the highly paid member of a leading manufacturing firm, refuses to go to the Paris openings. She told me she had gone a number of times at the behest of her firm's president and had been appalled at what the showings did to her own creative sense. This woman's models are purchased by the smartest specialty shops in the United States. Few of her dresses can be retailed under $150. Were you to see a half dozen of her frocks on display in the windows of a high-grade department store, you would without doubt say to yourself, "Here is Paris at its best, surely!" Yet for years she has not set foot in Paris. "But," you may say, clinging to the fetish that all that is lovely and smart in clothes must come out of Paris, "no doubt she is of French blood and still retains her genius for design." Not at all. She's a German Jewess, very beautiful and the most smartly turned-out woman I have ever met.

A Trick in the Fashion Game

An eminently successful manufacturer of sports apparel in New York, until a few years ago, never went to Europe to purchase models. He had a staff of able designers who understood his clientele and who had consistently turned out all the models he needed to satisfy his customers. Little by little the increasing pressure of the buyers' demands for copies of imports began to make itself seriously felt in his business. He did not dare to offer them a line unless it included an appreciable number of imports. He tried to compromise by buying a few pieces from model importers in New York, designing the rest in his own shop. Buyers gave him no quarter. They asked embarrassing questions:

"Are you going to be at the openings this season?"

"If you are not going yourself, whom are you sending?"

"Do you buy from So-and-So? I get most of my sports things there. I think you ought to have their models."

"How many models do you bring home? Only ten? I don't see how you can turn out a really good line with only that many."

"Did you see Racquette, the big success of the R—— collection? And you didn't buy it? Oh, I hoped you had, because I want some copies of it. G—— has it on his line at $29.50. I will have to get it from him."

So he was forced to go and buy heavily or find himself outclassed in the buyer's eyes. His designers copy what everyone else is copying and he says that season by season his line gets less and less individual and more and more the duplicate of every other sports-apparel line in New York. What else could be the result with every manufacturer drawing his ideas from the same source?

"Buyers Start Rush for Home," reads the caption of an article in a trade paper.

"Boat Trains Jammed with Returning Representatives of the Women's Wear Trades," reads another.

"Manufacturers Willing to Pay Big Premiums for Early Sailings!"

"Manufacturer Refuses to Purchase Any Model That Cannot be Taken Back with Him to America." And more of the like.

No wonder they are in such a desperate hurry. A delay of a few days may mean the disqualifying of half one's choicest purchases. One manufacturer told me of the way in which his painstakingly made copies are rendered useless before he is ready to show his first duplicates to customers. He purchased a certain frock from one of the big houses: It had, of course, been seen and purchased by other American firms on the opening day, among them a Fifth Avenue department store. He sailed for home on the same ship with the buyer of that store, who was not a customer of his because his line was too expensive for her trade. He did not know she had bought the dress, nor did she know that he had bought it. One does not discuss one's Paris purchases, if one is wise.

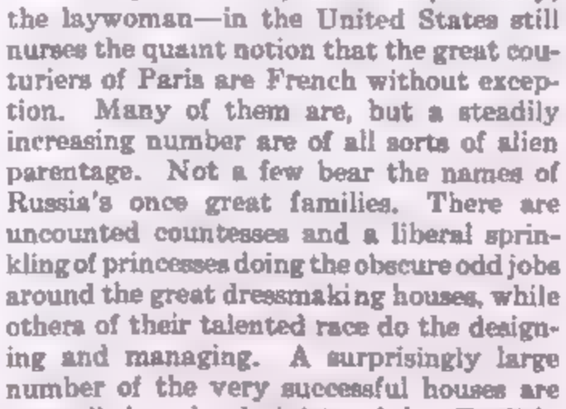
Three days after his return he was passing the store in question, and there in the window was the frock, flanked by a placard announcing that copies of this imported model were available at $39.50. The manufacturer couldn't believe it possible. No one could turn out a copy in so short a time. He had a woman from his staff shop on the gown. "No, madam, we haven't any of the copies in yet, but we expect them in in a day or two. The copies are identical. Wouldn't you leave an order for one?" No; but madam would return in a few days to see the copies. She waited a week and shopped again. The copies were not yet in, she was informed, but would be in shortly.

Meanwhile the original remained in the window with the damning $39.50 placard beside it. The manufacturer abandoned any attempt to copy the model, which had been a particularly good one, for his clientele. It was ruined for him by being rushed into publicity at a price so low that he could not hope to compete with it. This is but a mild instance of what happens when high-grade manufacturers, low-grade ones, department stores and specialty shops all must seek their material from a common source. Such developments do not hurt the low-grade manufacturer. It is the conscientious craftsman, who will not make compromises with botched workmanship, that suffers from the system.

What's In a Name

The layman—and, more importantly, the laywoman—in the United States still nurses the quaint notion that the great couturiers of Paris are French without exception. Many of them are, but a steadily increasing number are of all sorts of alien parentage. Not a few bear the names of Russia's once great families. There are uncounted countesses and a liberal sprinkling of princesses doing the obscure odd jobs around the great dressmaking houses, while others of their talented race do the designing and managing. A surprisingly large number of the very successful houses are controlled and administered by English. Usually the directing head, the person whose name appears over the door, is French. That is, of course, good policy; but often that name, as in the case of one Russian princess, a grand dame of the late ill-fated imperial régime, is merely a French spelling of the given—or, as the Russians call it, the little—name of the foreign proprietor. Since, then, it appears that it is not essential that one be French to be a successful couturier, it must follow that one need not necessarily live in Paris to display talent or even genius in design.

The gifted, the talented and the cultured of every nation in the world have been drawn to our shores because of the greater opportunities for reward of merit. They bring with them all the potentialities for creative work that they possessed in their own lands, added to a vastly more satisfactory *milieu* in which to develop them. How shortsighted of us then to fail to avail ourselves of whatever creative powers they have to offer us.



In sculpture, in painting, in literature, in music, in architecture, it is to America that the Old World has begun to look for healthy artistic growth. We hold up our heads with any nation, indeed a little bit higher than any of them in the recognized branches of the arts, yet even the youngest of us supposed-to-be grown-ups can remember the time when America was looked upon and indeed looked upon herself as incapable of producing a great singer, for example.

The technic of the great arts is far harder to master than the technic of clothes designing. Since we have the wit and the genius to overcome the infinitely more difficult tasks, why do we so supinely acquiesce when we are told that the lesser ones are quite beyond our powers?

We have brought ourselves to an absurd, not to say an extremely dangerous, pass when we find a whole industry waiting with breathless anticipation for the dictum of the Paris openings. Buying must cease, until we find out what color a man on the other side of the ocean is going to use to make up some half dozen of his season's models. Not the least tragically amusing part of it will be the discovery that his chosen color note is one of the variously named wine shades that had been played up the season before by no less than three other couturiers.

The Popularity of Short Skirts

We hang hopefully, fearfully, on the dictum of another man whom we in our silly way have ourselves made omnipotent, until it suits him to send forth from his Olympian heights the news as to whether the waistline shall be natural or shall continue to hug the hips. And what breath-taking news is this we hear when the decision of this so mighty one is finally given to a waiting world? What, indeed? Why, that the waistline will be where our more knowing young American flappers have been insouciantly, and with scant respect for Paris and her stodgy manifestoes, wearing it these many seasons—right around their slim and slinky little tummies.

We wait with hushed awe, while we abide the order from a group of alien and uncomprehending persons as to whether our skirts shall be shorter or longer. One would think we might be permitted to decide so personal a matter as that for ourselves. Do we not live lives that make the long or the tight skirt as badly out of place as an oyster in the ice cream? And do we not, one and all, love the short skirts, with the exception, perhaps, of a few jealous husbands? "But no!" we are told by a couturier who regards himself as the final arbiter of all that is perfect in his field. "No! You must yield your comfort, your youth and your freedom to what I conceive to be a greater elegance. My tender sensibilities have been outraged by the glimpses I have had of unsightly knees in my sacred salons, and it is my decision that in the interests of esthetic beauty you must henceforth cover them up!"

One might point out to this autocratic gentleman that probably the ugly knees were not American knees; and that since American knees are for the most part not unsightly it seems cruel to make us suffer for the malformations of other nations.

A staid, practical and eminently respectable business man, the father of several growing daughters, said to me the other day, naïvely imagining that because I wrote of clothes I might be able to do something about it, "Please, Mrs. Lawson, don't let our women wear long skirts again. Short skirts are so sensible; and, besides, American women have such lovely legs!" Must we, then, let a disgruntled foreigner rob us of our simple joys?

We are continually having things we don't want and can't use foisted on us by

Are you afraid to walk in front of him?

When the impromptu invitation comes along and catches you unawares, a pair of Brown & Sharpe clippers will tidy up your bob in no time. In restaurant or theatre — wherever the evening mode reveals the neck line—a well trimmed bob must be neat at the back. The discerning escort knows this and makes mental note accordingly.

Scan the bobbed haired rows in front of you in any theatre and note what a difference a little extra trimming makes. Nor do the men escape, for the sharp white line of their collars should be unbroken by straggling hairs. Well-groomed people are paying more attention to this little detail of having the back of the neck present a neat appearance at all times instead of for only a day or so after their trip to the barber's.

The superior quality of Brown & Sharpe clippers is evidenced by their popularity among barbers. An investigator who visited 17 of the largest cities in the United States found that Brown & Sharpe clippers were used by over 90% of the barbers in those cities.

Now Brown & Sharpe have added an ingenious hair catching feature to their Home Model that makes hair clipping even more simple and convenient. It catches the hair as you clip it thus preventing the cut ends from falling down your neck or onto the floor. Every Home Model clipper is equipped with this convenient new attachment and is packed in a neat case. Write for our free booklet on bobbed hair: "Keeping the Smart Bob Smart."

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Brown & Sharpe Mfg. Co., Providence, R. I., U. S. A.

Repeat 14 14 14

BATES NUMBERING *makes complicated records simple*

BROWNING King & Company's thirty stores and 1100 agencies take orders for made-to-measure clothing to be produced in their New York factory.

By numbering each order progressively after it reaches the factory, files of orders are always kept complete and in a consecutive series. There is no duplication of numbers; the number of orders received each day is known; and it is easy to follow up each unfilled order.

The Company says: "We could not operate efficiently without a numbering system; and we could not operate a numbering system without a Bates Machine."

Send the coupon for a descriptive circular. Ask your stationer or rubber-stamp dealer to show you a Bates Machine. You will at once see several time and money-saving uses in your business.

Consecutive 14 14 14 14 13 13 12 12 12 Duplicate 11 11 10 10 9 8 7 6

BATES AUTOMATIC EYELETER

Thousands of these eyeleters are in use—with one action it punches the hole and automatically feeds, inserts and crimps the eyelet. Send coupon for circular.

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Established 1891 Orange, N. J.
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The Bates Mfg Co Orange, N J
Please send me information about
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☐ Bates Numbering Machines
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Address

S. E. P. 10-16-26

the Parisian couturiers in an effort on their part to foster home industries. Usually forced fashions fizzle out.

American sartorial opinion is not quite slavish enough to be persuaded that it must pull the French manufacturers' chestnuts out of the fire.

The elegance campaign designed to stimulate the use of trimmings peculiar to France, the wider wearing of laces, of bead trimming, of flowers and feathers, and the like, has had very little effect on us as yet. They have signally failed to sell even their own smart women back into the toils of fussiness. Femininity we are willing to accept after a too concentrated dose of boyishness, but Victorian stuffiness—no!

There is no sensible reason why we should, in a mistaken sense of patriotism, cut ourselves off from the beautiful things France has to offer us—things peculiar to her and not readily procurable in America. Such abnegation would meet with small popular success. No attempt should be made to cry down the traffic in artistic novelties of whatever sort, whether emanating from France or from Hungary, from Czecho-Slovakia, from England, or from any country whatsoever. We, as a nation, would laugh to scorn any attempt to restrict our table delicacies, for example. But our relish for exotic titbits is not such as to constitute a menace to our own producers of fancy comestibles. Campaigns of any sort usually end in well-deserved oblivion; but it is possible, by well-organized methods, to insinuate in the public consciousness the notion that our own industries have their peculiar merits which only vigorous propaganda has made us blind to.

A nationally famous American retail store head has recently given the greatest push forward to American design that it has ever received. He has advocated—and, indeed, actually put under way—the founding of a school of research for the use of designers and manufacturers of all sorts of wearing apparel. The response to the idea was immediate and enthusiastic. Those who have been interested in the movement, which is well under way and which promises to establish a source of inspiration and education more complete and exhaustive than anything of its kind in the world, are inwardly amazed that it hadn't been done long ago.

How stupid we all were not to have organized such a source of learning and enlightenment sooner! How supine were we in our acceptance of the idea that no worthy designing ability could come out of America! Our perceptions had been dulled by the old dogmas that had been ceaselessly dinned into us through the years:

"America has no artistic tradition!"

"The commercial atmosphere of America stifles inspiration!"

"Design flourishes healthily only where there is an immense repository of ancient art from which the designer can draw inspiration!"

We must have done with the old defeatist doctrines. We have the traditions of the whole world to enrich our thought. Inspiration thrives best where there is a rich society to foster it. America provides that soil better than any other nation today. The immense repositories of ancient art are moving across the seas to us with an astonishing and, to the Old World, with a terrifying rapidity. Added to these, we have exhaustless reservoirs of entirely untapped wealth in the art forms of our own lives to which we are absurdly blind.

A FURTHER STUDY OF PLANTS

(Continued from Page 7)

He turned and saw a girl with a serene face, quaintly long and parted hair, and gray eyes in which, he imagined, there was a faint quizzical light of humor. "It was your fault," he replied; "you were so quiet I didn't know you were there. I thought you were still in Kentucky—or would it be Virginia?" Very much Virginia, she told him.

"And you ought to be awfully nice to me, if what I hear about you is true." It probably wasn't, Gerald told her; but that would have nothing to do with his being as nice as possible. "I'm told that you love old things—you know exactly what I mean, so don't be stupid—and I've just been made a member of the Berkeley Society for the Perpetuation of Virginia Splendors—with capitals. We have a house in Richmond and we're buying old furniture and silver for it. We want it to be more human than a museum. Mr. Gerald, it is dedicated to our heroes and celebrated belles. You must realize that the heroes of Virginia were more heroic, and the belles more bellelike, than those of any other state. Oh, yes, indeed. And so the ladies of Richmond are determined to provide a fit place for their spirits, if they should take it into their heads to come back. Mr. Gerald, do spirits have heads? Anyway, we want them to feel that we haven't degenerated too much. Isn't that the general idea of the South? I mean that we really haven't breathed since the war. I won't insult your understanding by saying which war. For, of course, there was only one. But I reckon, if you do like old things, you get down into Virginia and South Carolina and you know something about us. Spoon bread and millpond chub. And antique furniture! I did hear you were fascinated by that and understood everything about it. I wish you'd come to Richmond and help me, for we are all terribly set on finding nice things. And we have money! Doesn't that surprise you? There are a few rich people yet, Mr. Gerald, and everyone nearly in Virginia is interested in the Governor Berkeley Society for the Perpetuation of Virginia Splendors. I forgot the Governor part when I first told you and you must promise me not to say anything about it. If that were known in Richmond I'd be put out of the committee. Mr. Gerald, I'd be made to leave the state. Won't you come down and help me to find the Lost Splendors? Don't you think that is a more moving phrase than the Lost Cause?"

Willie Gerald listened with a growing amusement. She spoke in a slightly high-pitched but melodious voice, without an interruption, it seemed to him, even for breathing. He had never before heard anyone talk so easily or so continuously. It was extraordinarily soothing.

"I do get into Virginia," he admitted, "and looking for what you might call splendors. In walnut principally. But I'm afraid you won't approve of what, at times, I do with them"—his voice dropped to a whisper. "I sell them North."

That was wicked, she agreed; it was indefensible. "Separating poor chairs from their tables, and tables from their sideboards, and selling them among strangers." They had left the dining room and were seated in a small walled garden that was skillfully and expensively contrived to suggest the classic charm of Italy. "Now promise me when you next find something really lovely in Virginia you will let us—me—have it. You will, Mr. Gerald, won't you?" Without moving she yet managed to make him feel that she had come closer to him. Her introduction of the word "me," in a lower and different tone, was perfect.

"You don't even remember my name," she went on musically; "but I won't be embarrassing and wait. It's Alicia Ann Quales—Mrs. Mercer Quales—and you can find us without a bit of trouble." She was tall and, he realized, very beautiful—really beautiful. It had been so long since he had seen absolute beauty that it had been a while before he realized it. How different she was from the galvanized girls he was familiar with! Her movements were slow, indolently graceful. She showed that she was conscious of him as an individual and she made it plain that she deferred to him as a man. Her manner was delicately complimentary. The subjugation of the masculine world, Willie Gerald saw, was at once a principle and an art with her. She hadn't been emancipated from the realm, the wisdom, of Helen, "Who had launched so many ships," he said aloud.

"That was very pretty, Mr. Gerald," Alicia Ann Quales assured him. "I didn't think I'd hear any classic literature in New York. Everyone is in such a rush—I mean inside of them, and the men are so serious. You have to be so careful what you say. But Mercer tells me the girls are as different as possible. You see, in Virginia it's just the other way—the men really mustn't believe all you tell them and the girls must take what they hear, when it's pleasant, for gospel. Don't you think that is much better?" However, she didn't wait for a reply. "I wish I could stay here longer; and now, after this, I am frightfully sorry I can't; but I'm going on to Watch Hill tomorrow, to stay with Alice Carter. She isn't Alice Carter any more, but I reckon she'll be called that after she's a grandmother. But then, if I do have to go tomorrow, there are the Splendors. You won't forget, will you? I'm afraid I am not very energetic; there is a Mrs. Randall on the committee; she's from Rhode Island originally, and she has found almost all the best things. But if you'd help me ——" She broke off, giving her unfinished sentence implications of the utmost warm belief and attachment.

Willie Gerald silently decided that he would help her; he had had a great benefit from her tranquil flattery. He understood that it was flattery, yet at the same time he was convinced that she was sincere. How quickly and happily she had interpreted the allusion to classic Greece! Girls, he told himself, used to be like that; the change to the present had been at an enormous, an irreparable loss. Charm and a peaceful incurious mind and grace. Always grace of expression and body and thought. She brought before him visions of long porticoes at evening, deep meadows falling away and caught in a shining loop of river and chuck-will's-widows. He thought of arbors of scuppernong grapes and labyrinths of boxwood. What a woman to be married to! What a land to live in! Gerald grew melancholy.

"I am rather glad you are going, since there isn't any of you left for a rather lonely man past forty. You've made enough trouble as it is. I mean I have to go on from here for chamber music. It won't begin until after one o'clock; it will be perfect and the champagne will be perfect; and I'll sit by myself drowned in musical wretchedness. You see, you have so much that other women have let go; you are young and have all the fascination of centuries better than this. You have made me absolutely discontented."

She said, in a grave and stirring tone, that she was sorry. How could she help it if what he told her did happen to be true? He turned quickly, and she added that she absolutely believed him. But perhaps there was something left for him somewhere else, in another woman. Gerald denied this rather sharply. He had brought himself to believe that there wasn't; specially he didn't want her to believe it. He moved a little closer to her, but found that, after all, he wasn't closer—she was appreciably farther from him. She smiled at him with a faint tenderness.

"William Gerald," she repeated slowly; "but they call you Willie Gerald. That's very Virginian. The negroes would call you Mr. Willie."

He asked, "What would you call me?"

She rose before she answered him, and there was a little gasp of feeling in her

(Continued on Page 133)

Why You Should Choose a Hotpoint

Heel Stand

—because the attached heel stand saves lifting 6 lbs. on and off a stand hundreds of times during an average ironing. It merely tilts back, anywhere on the board.

Thumb Rest

—because the patented Thumb Rest rests your wrist, arm and shoulder. You can't *know* the difference until you use it. Try it at your dealer's.

Hinged Plug

—because the exclusive hinged plug saves cord wear at the spot where most cords first fail. It helps Hotpoint cord last three times the average cord life.

Calrod Element

—because the patented Hotpoint Calrod heating element, cast in solid iron, is practically indestructible and more efficient. Other irons may look similar *outside*—but oh, what a difference inside; and in lasting economy!

Hot Point

—because it is hotter at the point, where it meets the cool, damp cloth first. It makes ironing go more quickly.

The famous new Hotpoint Super-Iron with the above features sells for only $6.00. The popular Hotpoint Model R is $5.00. For sale by electric light companies and dealers everywhere. Insist on Hotpoint. The quality has been famous for over twenty years.

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Seattle • Portland • Los Angeles • San Francisco
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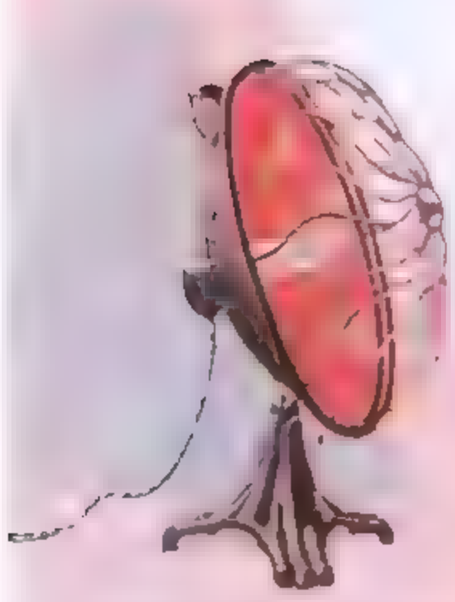

Hotpoint Hedlite Heater

Avoid fall colds that may last all winter!

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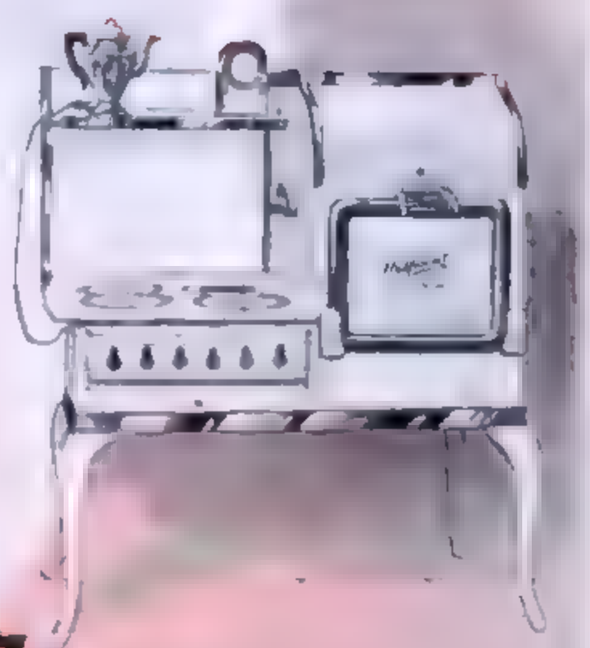

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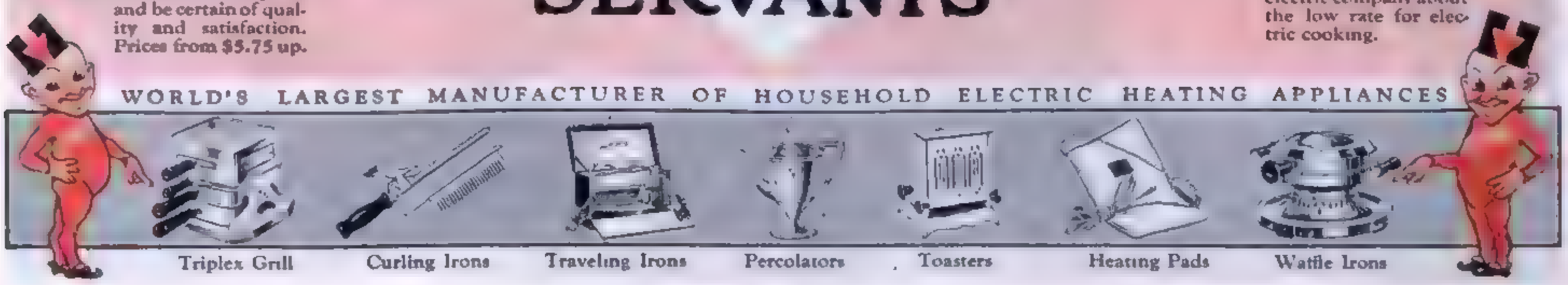

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A real orange drink for 5c

(Continued from Page 130.

voice: "Oh, but I'll never have time to call you anything that mattered. And I'm afraid I'll have to go in. Yes, so pathetically soon."

Gerald lingered in the Italianate garden alone, his melancholy almost turned sulky. Splendors of Virginia, he repeated to himself. Decidedly, Mrs. Mercer Quales was one. Her charm stayed in his mind long after the staccato effects of the girls he more commonly saw had faded. She was, he thought, characteristic of Virginia; she was exactly what he preferred to believe the Old Dominion was; he never saw walnut furniture without thinking of her. And when—it was fall again—he was again in Virginia, Willie Gerald found it necessary to get to Richmond. He telephoned Mrs. John Medwin immediately, and, at the Medwins' house on the Cary Street Road, he was amused by further details of the Berkeley Society for the Perpetuation of Virginia Splendors. The Mrs. Randall, who had come originally from Rhode Island, was present.

"It is our duty," she said solemnly, "to keep Virginia intact. I would rather say apart. Distinct from the North and even from the lower South. A State of untarnished honor. And if we are to do that we must stop the Yankee vandals from carrying our choicest possessions away. We must buy them ourselves. That, Mr. Gerald, is what we are accomplishing. I am very fortunate in having my cousin, Fairman Lane, as adviser. He comes to Richmond and examines the old pieces we think of donating the Society." Willie Gerald was silently thankful that Fairman Lane wasn't in Richmond then. He disliked Lane just as much as Lane appeared to dislike him. Fairman Lane—who undoubtedly was the first American authority on Thomas Chippendale—was distinctly antagonistic; more than that, he directly and openly made it understood that he had less than no confidence in Willie Gerald's judgments.

"He might as well say at once I was dishonest," Willie reflected. This, illogically, was excessively annoying.

Mrs. Randall continued, "I found and, with Fairman's assistance, identified the speaker's chair of the original Virginia Body of Assembly. We wanted to restore it, but Fairman wouldn't hear of that. The society house is open on Tuesdays and Saturdays, Mr. Gerald, from a quarter past ten till a quarter past eleven, and there is an attendant to take you through."

Unfortunately, he replied, he would be unable to see it, and Mrs. Randall stared at him coldly. Gerald turned to Emily Medwin. "I wanted to ask you about a Mrs. Mercer Quales. I met her in New York ——"

Going directly to the Qualeses' -there had been a preliminary telephoning—Alicia Ann met him at the top of the portico steps. "Why didn't you tell me you were a friend of Emily's?" she reproached him cordially; "then I'd have known all about you. Mercer is in Norfolk—he'll be dreadfully sorry to have missed you—and I am just going out. But you must come with me Mr. Gerald. It's to see some very poor people in the Slashes. They have a heavenly house, though, if it is in ruins. Wouldn't it be miraculous if we found a really superb antique, in spite of Mrs. Randall and her celebrated cousin?" He asked if she knew Fairman Lane. "Yes, and he makes me mad. He talks of nothing but the superior beauty of the English furniture. I wonder Mr. Lane comes down to look at Virginia pieces. I heard he was arriving next week. May Candee told me."

Mrs. Quales, who appeared to Gerald to be lovelier than he remembered, talked all the while she was driving. She drove, the truth was, in a distinctly offhand manner, and seemed to depend more on an innate Virginia chivalry in the drivers she met than on any rules of safety. They left the cultivated region of the country club and were soon in a wild of tangled bushes and vines. The Slashes was uninhabited except for rare cabins, and the roads were no more than rutted and partly cleared trails.

"Mrs. Haggart," it was explained to him, "broke her ankle over a year ago. She's old and it won't mend, and so she lies in bed, as cheerful as possible and without a penny, Mr. Gerald. She has a niece who does for her—Ellie—and a negro comes in the morning to carry water to the house. The spring is half a mile away. Ellie walks three miles to the store."

They turned from an impossible road into a worse, that stopped, and they drove over rough grass, and suddenly Willie Gerald saw a square house of dark brick, with four orderly chimneys, as finely dignified and serene as Mrs. Mercer Quales. However, the ruin it had fallen into was lamentable; the portico was broken down, the boards were gone from the risers of the steps, the windows were mostly bare of glass; and on the floor of a high barren hall were piled some spilling bags of corn.

A pallid girl in a single slip like the bagging, in gaping shoes without stockings, came forward as Willie Gerald lifted a box from the car and carried it into the hall. "You must put the butter in the spring house, Ellie," Mrs. Quales directed. "How is your Aunt Catherine?"

She was right poorly, the child replied. "It seems like her leg is swol on her." Alone on the lower floor, Gerald explored rooms of noble proportion filled with a dank and shuttered gloom. Where slats were broken thin gold sheets of sunlight hung in the dust. He saw the hopelessly dismembered wreck of a bookcase, but except for that the front rooms were empty. A magnificently curved stairway was magnificently carved.

Outside it was no better; the paths were choked with blackberry bushes grown wild; a small graveyard within a rectangular fallen stone wall was obscured by grapevines; there were no roofs on the outhouses; only some bricks marked where the slave quarters had stood. It was profoundly sad, depressing: Willie couldn't support the thought of the poverty within the house. He would leave a sum of money for Mrs. Haggart—her ankle must have a proper attention—and Mrs. Quales could administer it for him. She appeared like the re-created spirit of all that had, there, once been fine.

"I'm sorry," she proceeded. "I wanted Aunt Catherine Haggart to see you; it would do her good; but she's right wretched. I'll speak to Mercer about her tonight.

"No, Mr. Gerald," she firmly answered his hesitating suggestion, "I won't let you do that. We can take care of our own poor. You have enough in New York." They were once more in her car, swung laughing by the inequalities of the car. "There used to be some nice furniture there, but it was all sold for almost nothing or stolen. I don't believe she has a thing left." He had seen only a ruined bookcase, he replied. "Isn't it in what used to be a drawing-room?" she asked. "Aunt Catherine has spoken of it; but, do you know, I have never been in there. I've never seen it. The house and the Slashes always make me feel unhappy and bothered. I want to get away as soon as possible. I am ashamed of myself. Then it's no good at all. That is too bad, because she had an idea someone might come along and pay her something for it. I wish I could help her. I hate to ask Mercer. I'll take you back to the Jefferson and you can come and have dinner with me." Willie Gerald was very regretful, but that, now, was impossible. "I am leaving before dinner, driving on South. If I come back through Richmond, and telegraph first, can I have dinner?"

Of course, she replied, Mercer would be delighted, and so would she. The personal addition was as effective as possible. Gerald thought she was like a lily, tall and gravely lovely; except for the clear light of humor in her gray eyes when she spoke of the Governor Berkeley Society for the Perpetuation of Virginia Splendors.

His farther trip South was without immediate result; there was a Hepplewhite sofa in the Tidewater with a rare high and bowed back—it was quite sufficient for Willie Gerald to photograph all its aspects with a miniature and exact moving-picture camera—and he found a range table in walnut, without decoration, the multiplicity of legs set back in such a way that they offered no interference whatever. This he had never seen before and found very suggestive. But he did discover—in Suffolk—and buy for eight dollars, a flawless amber flask blown in a pattern of daisies and with the tallest sheared neck he'd ever seen. That brought Gerald to Norfolk, where he examined the undoubtedly authentic old furniture of a private individual who mentioned twenty-five hundred dollars as the probable price of a slender and high-posted bed with spade feet. Willie Gerald mildly said he hoped she would get it, and, as a result of this implied skepticism, he was metaphorically shoved from the house. The owner, it developed, was not obliged to sell anything to anyone. She was, like almost everyone else in the South, Willie reflected, a lady.

That brought his thoughts back again to Alicia Ann Quales, the most delightful person of all his memory. He was certain of that. Considering her, his mind turned to the house in the Slashes, to the dilapidated bookcase, to the Berkeley Society and Virginia splendors, and then to Mrs. Randall and her cousin Fairman Lane. How curiously the threads of life were caught back into a given design. Some day, Willie Gerald had a strong conviction, he would have a bad half hour with Lane; the bitter lover of Chippendale was an important factor in his life. Well, when that came it would come, and in the meantime he would proceed as he liked. Willie, the truth was, was now very anxious to help Mrs. Quales with a contribution to the Splendors. It wouldn't do to let Mrs. Randall have all the honor. It was easy enough to put something actually fine in Alicia Ann's way—the Tidewater sofa, for example, might be bought for such an end—but Gerald's mind worked in its accustomed circuitous manner. His planning, he found, was automatic with the pattern of his character.

There was more than Mrs. Quales for consideration, since Mrs. Randall and Fairman Lane were included. It would be splendid for Mrs. Quales to find a better piece of Virginiana than the others could discover. But wouldn't it be better still to have Lane himself, with Mrs. Randall, make the discovery? Such a find as he, Willie Gerald, would be already aware of. And then there was Mrs. Haggart in her extreme poverty, with no more than a casual nigger to bring up water, and the pallid child tramping three miles to the store and three miles home again. He wondered how all this could be combined with the benefits justly distributed. It was a highly involved problem, and for that reason alone, entrancing. One element made it difficult, acutely dangerous—Mrs. Quales. There must be no possibility of a later development damaging to her. Frankly, it wouldn't do simply to lead Lane, through her, to a persuasive highboy.

Fairman Lane, unfortunately, wasn't gullible where old furniture was concerned. If he had Anthony Herkness to deal with it would be much easier. Gerald had reached Norfolk late in the day, after a very long drive; he was tired and so he had ordered dinner sent to his room, and there, informally, he ate and thought. Herkness was in his mind, and he recalled the highboy the writer had bought in Maine. Willie Gerald put down the Melba toast in his hand and searched a desk for telegraph blanks. What had occurred to him would be expensive, it was even uncertain if it could be done, but instantly he had resolved to make the effort necessary.

He slept soundly, spent the following day in the country around the harbor, and, late at dinner, he was not alone.

"Govrosky," he proceeded, "the place is very hard to get at, and it will be complicated; but if we are successful it will be an

They're discussing

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act of charity." The runner, in the unprecedented formality of a coat and necktie, watched him attentively. "This Mrs. Haggart needs help, and if we don't do it no one will. There is a friend of mine involved too—and Mr. Fairman Lane."

At that last name Govrosky leaned impetuously forward. "If he's along, no!" he cried. "Don't touch it. That should be the last man in the world to be looking for. No, no, he ain't what we're after, not for at all."

It was Lane's presence in their calculation which had first attracted him, Gerald replied. "I said nothing about this being easy. And, Govrosky, you'd get only half the proceeds. I'd have nothing. Don't shake your head at me, and sit in your chair. I can't talk if you charge up and down the room. You get half and your expenses. How much will the highboy bear?"

Govrosky considered, "From the right party and everything right, you understand, four thousand dollars wouldn't be too much."

Gerald thought that under the present circumstances five might be possible. "The thing is, if it works at all you will be perfectly safe and have two thousand or more dollars. You admitted you wanted me to help you sell the damn thing, and now when I'm doing it you're in a fret. But there's no good of your complaining. Do you want to send for the highboy or go after it?"

Govrosky thought it might be managed from Virginia. "There is a man in Richmond he writes to me; he's wise already, and I'll see should he be a help to us."

"Have the crate expressed to Richmond—if you own more than one name, it would be useful—and let any expressman hanging around the streets haul it away from the station. Your friend will know of a place to hold it. Then let me know, at the Jefferson, where you are, and in the meanwhile don't get drunk."

Govrosky was indignant. "Mr. Gerald, maybe you think I'm a rescal to be drunk. I don't never drink and you should know it. All my money I put in the bank so my daughter Sara can study musics. She's got such a voice you don't hear nowheres. Singing in operas is for her. I'll do this already, but to have half the money only is wrong, Mr. Gerald. I refused three thousand dollars for that highboy, and why not; and now twenty-five hundred is the best I get. It should be two and three for a division."

"It won't be," Willie replied crisply; "and if you had been offered three thousand dollars for that highboy there would be no highboy for us to discuss." Govrosky contended that it had cost him nine hundred dollars already, and Gerald sighed. "I can't imagine why you are so optimistic about me. I know who had it, where he bought it, and what was paid. If you gave more than three hundred you'd lost your wits. Let me hear when the crate arrives and don't come to see me. Telephone, after ten in the morning; and take that cigar out of here. I have to sleep in this room.' The cigar had been broken, Govrosky explained; he had had to mend it with tissue paper, and that was what brought the smell.

Leaving the Jefferson Hotel for dinner with the Qualeses, Willie Gerald recognized that, though he'd had no difficulty so far, the most involved part of his present transaction lay before him. For Mercer Quales he hit on the word adequate; he was everything which his condition in life demanded. No one but Gerald had been invited, and the talk inevitably found its way to the allied subjects of the Berkeley Society for the Perpetuation of Virginia Splendors and American, particularly Virginian, antiques. Quales, it developed, was as interested as his wife.

They touched on the almost complete lack of old native glass in the South, the rise to esteem of the water bench, walnut sideboards, Georgian silver and various expedients for the improvement of the local corn whisky.

"Mr. Lane is here," Mrs. Quales told Willie Gerald, "and naturally staying with Emma Randall. Heavens, if I could be as Southern as she is! . . . No, he's rearranging the furniture in the Mansion. You'll remember—for the Splendid shades. . . . We have just bought a shaving stand that belonged to John Marshall. . . . Mr. Gerald, when will we make our great find?" He replied that he really couldn't say. Willie was sorry, for nothing would give him more pleasure. "I promised the Medwins we'd come over after dinner. I hope you won't mind. Mrs. Randall is bringing Mr. Fairman Lane, and so perhaps we'll be able to learn something." It was probable, he answered, that they would; it might even turn out that Lane would not be left unimproved.

"You know Mr. Gerald," Alicia Ann Quales said later to Fairman Lane.

"Oh, yes," he assured her; "I know Gerald very well indeed. I imagine far better than most."

Willie Gerald smiled easily. "Lane," he explained, "knows so much that he has simply no uncertainty left. I must warn you, however, that he has a theory about me, and it's that I am not sound. He looks on my attainments without enthusiasm."

Mrs. Quales said, "I though at first I'd be afraid of him; he must be so wise; but if that's his opinion of you I'm not completely dazzled."

Lane put in, "My dear Mrs. Quales, I'll say this for Willie Gerald—he has the best patina I know of." Willie told her that Lane meant veneer.

Mrs. Randall came up, and Gerald said at once that he had seen an exceptionally fine house. "Wasn't it in the Slashes?" he demanded.

"Yes." Alicia Ann nodded. "It's where old Aunt Catherine Haggart lives. . . . I don't believe you've ever seen it, Emma." Gerald explained that what had attracted him was the uncommon woodwork. "There are rooms paneled in walnut from the floor to the ceiling. That is one of the splendors of Virginia, and, I understand, completely neglected."

"If the paneling is actually good," Lane asserted abruptly, "it was carried over from England. What do you say, Emma—shall we go out and explode another myth of early American craftsmanship?" Gerald added that he had seen but part of the house; the rooms were dark or locked; and he was hurried. "But I did have a glance at the ghosts of some old furniture."

"I can't understand you at all," Mrs. Quales said, leading him away; "but I am furious at you for telling them about Aunt Catherine Haggart. I wanted her to be my special responsibility. And then those shocking lies! What were they for?"

Willie Gerald studied her thoughtfully. Yes, the light—a sparkling mischief—of humor shone very clearly in her clear gaze. He could count on her, he decided, for a certain assistance, and always for complete discretion.

But in return, Willie Gerald saw, as a common measure of her safety, he would have to pay Govrosky. There was no way out of that.

"I thought you wanted to help this Mrs. Haggart," he proceeded; "yes, and the Society for Virginia Splendors. Mr. Lane might take it into his head to buy all that paneling. Or did you want to spend a number of thousands of dollars there?"

Frankly, she didn't. "I am sorry, but we can't. Why, in heaven's name, did you speak of even the ghosts of furniture, when you assured me there wasn't a possible stick?"

"I might easily have been wrong," he reminded her. "Alicia Ann is a marvelous name. Mrs. Quales," Gerald went on, "suppose Mrs. Randall and Lane did discover a Splendor, say a highboy, in the Slashes, and gave Mrs. Haggart four or even five thousand dollars for it, could you survive your chagrin?"

She made no immediate answer, but surveyed him, her face bright with beginning laughter. "I'd have to," she replied at last, "as a charitable woman. But I can't see why you'd be interested in all this." Again he was faced by an instantaneous, an all-important decision—he might well be successful with flattery, or candid, delivering himself less to the essential woman than to her humorous understanding. He hesitated no more than a moment.

"It's Fairman Lane," he admitted; "or rather his infallibility. I'm reasonably sick of it. There is a highboy in the North that might be good for him. Dear Mrs. Quales, we gain nothing material by this; we wouldn't appear in it."

Her laughter grew musically uncontrollable. "It's too wonderful!" she gasped. "I wouldn't dream of having anything to do with it. But if Mrs. Randall did find a—find a highboy that was good for her, too, I'm afraid it would kill me."

He said solemnly that that was the last thing he desired. "You should be thinking of Mrs. Haggart," Willie Gerald insisted. She replied by asking how long he would be in Richmond. "There's a Monday german next week."

Unfortunately, he couldn't wait; it was then Thursday and he must be in New York not later than Sunday night, unless he were unavoidably detained.

She was sorry that he didn't, in that sense, find her unavoidable. "Do let me detain you. We can have as small a party as you like."

Willie Gerald wanted to stay, but he was forced to conclude that it was unnecessary—he'd had a long telephone conversation that evening; it was probable there would be a swift movement of affairs here, or none at all, and his New York engagements were pressing.

Past noon on the following day a hastily written message was brought up to his room—Mrs. Mercer Quales was in her car on Franklin Street and she'd like very much to see him. The movement, it appeared to Gerald, might conceivably have begun.

"I couldn't wait any longer," she called to him as he approached, "and so I stopped coming from market. Mr. Gerald, get right in here and listen to me. Emma Randall and Mr. Lane have been out to the Slashes already; he said the paneling was quite ordinary; American, he agreed—but that was nothing—they found the most heavenly highboy. Queen Anne with all her stretchers, or rather its stretchers, and some of the original tear-drop handles. Everyone is in the highest state of excitement; Emma's complacency is simply beyond description; and Fairman Lane is the new hero of Richmond."

Willie Gerald appeared to be mildly surprised. "Things like that often turn up," he said philosophically; "but not always in such happy circumstances. The highboy you are describing ought to fetch four or five thousand dollars. It would be a good thing for Mrs. Haggart to have Mercer Quales represent her. Lane would try to knock it down below its value. It's in his blood. He can't help it. Did you hear what they were going to do?"

She had just seen Emma Randall, Mrs. Haggart had been wretched again, and the highboy was to be brought into Richmond that afternoon. "Aunt Catherine really is so poorly I'm afraid she may not get any benefit from this, and I'm going to urge Mercer, just like you said, to make them act as quickly as possible. Now I have to drop you."

At the Commonwealth Club, he told her, and, waving her hand as the car left him, she cried back that she'd let him hear what happened.

However, she did more than that. The following day she took Gerald to the building of the Governor Berkeley Society for the Perpetuation of Virginia Splendors and showed him the Queen Anne highboy.

"It's the most important find we have yet made," Mrs. Randall asserted. She was standing with Fairman Lane and a small number of women Willie Gerald hadn't met.

However, one of them spoke to him. "What Emma hasn't told you is that she has donated it to the society. Isn't it generous! I know she didn't pay less than four thousand dollars. Mr. Lane has assured us it's perfect."

Willie scrutinized the highboy. "At least the chest is," he declared cheerfully; "but then, you almost never find them with the original stand. If you look carefully, for instance, you can see that the wood has not shrunk away from the pegging. That, I am afraid, is suspicious. Specially since it has all been carefully varnished over. My dear Lane, you shouldn't have deserted Mr. Chippendale for an earlier and darker age." Fairman Lane's expression, he decided, was worth two thousand dollars. Gerald simply didn't dare to look at Alicia Ann Quales.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of stories by Mr. Hergesheimer. The next will appear in an early issue

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Doña

Pure Olive Oil gives Doña Castile its color, fragrance and delicious blandness for delicate skins.

252

Advice to Brides

TO BE ENGAGED! Let those who have graduated from the happy state smile tolerantly if they will. Let them! It is life's high moment, with OUR FUTURE a mighty topic, and HOW SHALL WE ECONOMIZE one of the world's enthralling subjects. Furniture, at this time, becomes a major problem—the most expensive single item on the bridal budget.

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THE PUPPET

(Continued from Page 23

He nodded. As he mechanically completed the financial statement that Garber would demand as usual, he heard Joe Bischoff impudently comparing cheeks with cream and peaches.

"I'll say you smear a wicked make-up, sweetie."

Vainly Fillmore Judd listened for rebuke. Miss Dill's laughter sounded actually pleased. Bitterness engulfed Judd's spirit as he approached Garber's door; he was in no humor, now, to draw hair-line distinctions.

As he confronted Garber's familiar morning scowl he discovered that there was something ridiculous about it. Garber, suddenly, was no more formidable than Joe Bischoff. The yapping voice made Judd think of a Pekinese. He interrupted the fretful reference to slow collections with a laugh of harsh defiance, and opposed to Garber's startled glare the full power of the dominating eye.

There was only a bitter triumph in the swift and visible collapse of Garber's puny resistance. Watching his glower dissolve to blank, apologetic question, Fillmore Judd could have laughed at the futility of such petty conquests. What did Orrin P. Garber matter? What did anything matter?

"Never mind about those collections," he was saying. "I'll tend to them. What I want to know is when I get that raise."

Deep-seated instinct struggled in Garber against the psychic currents that eddied mightily about him.

"The way business is going right now, Judd, I don't see how ——"

Fillmore Judd laughed. "I keep the books, don't I? If the business won't stand paying me what I earn I'd better get into one that will."

He saw the flicker of dismay in Garber's fascinated gaze; a dismay, he knew, that owed nothing to psychic suggestion from without. Orrin P. Garber didn't have to be anæsthetized by psychodynamics to know accurately what Fillmore Judd was worth.

"No need to lose your temper about it, Judd," he said. "Don't want you to feel dissatisfied. What's your idea about this raise? Let's see if we can't get together on it."

Fillmore Judd hesitated. Garber's tone failed utterly to deceive him; he knew that the man was helpless, wholly at his mercy. If he asked for any sum he pleased, Garber would agree. Seventy-five a week, a hundred even—he put temptation firmly from him.

He had a right to use his power to exact his just deserts, but certainly not to perpetrate a psychic hold-up.

"Forty a week," he said. Garber, now abjectly under control, agreed without debate. It seemed to Fillmore Judd that there was even a hint of relief in his expression, as if he had known his danger and realized the narrowness of his escape.

The episode left Fillmore Judd oppressed with a sense of anticlimax. Now that it was accomplished, this particular objective seemed hardly worth the effort it had cost him; the very ease of its achievement lowered it in his aftersight. An abiding discontent possessed him as he set forth on his round of collection visits. What was the use of a raise, when you came right down to it? What was the use, even, of developing your psychic powers, of being a Bachelor of Psychodynamics, if it brought you nothing more important than bacon with your breakfast, freedom from Joe Bischoff's humorous experiments with ice and ink and thumb tacks, a bit more money in your Friday envelope?

Morosely he tested the effects of psychic suasion on the debtors with whom he dealt, observing, with a steadily deepening sense of futility, that they were no more immune to it than Orrin P. Garber had been. The compelling glitter of the dominating eye sufficed to procure full settlement of two accounts which even Garber had been resigned to charging off, but these petty triumphs served merely to embitter and depress.

Later, returning to the office with a bulging wallet that seemed to taunt and jeer, he discovered that he had not wholly beaten down his baser nature. Miss Dill, glancing up as he came in, greeted him with a curt, grudging nod and instantly detached her gaze. Caught off guard, Fillmore Judd discovered that he had fixed upon her an eye that unmistakably sought domination.

At his desk his self-reproaches encountered a dismaying want of penitence on the part of his subconscious, caught red-handed in revolt and brazenly defiant about it. What was the sense, the baser self demanded, of having power if you didn't use it to achieve the only thing you really wanted? Didn't the prospectus positively guarantee that the finished psychodynamist would be irresistible in love? Well, then!

Still torn by civil wars, Fillmore Judd gave ear, at five o'clock, to flippant levity between Joe Bischoff and Miss Dill. Vaguely, as he pretended to be still preoccupied with his books as they departed, he wondered why he wasn't jealous of Joe; why, instead of envying him Miss Dill's amiable tolerance of quip and sally, he should feel only a contemptuous compassion for him.

Walking uptown he was aware of an insistent impulse that urged him to go around by way of Whitney Place instead of keeping straight ahead on Main Street. The stubborn stupidity of his subconscious affronted him.

Why should he walk a mile out of his way merely to torment himself by the sight of that yellow brick house under the horse-chestnut trees where, even if Florence Dill happened to be on the porch or at a window, she'd only nod at him and turn away with that quick, involuntary tightening look about her mouth?

"She'd act different, all right, if you'd use your power on her," declared the baser self. "Look at the way it's worked on everybody else!"

Fillmore Judd discovered that it was harder, this time, to crush the unworthy suggestion under heel; he found himself yielding a little to the insidious argument. In self-defense he quickened his pace, but not even the distance, increasing now with every resolute stride, diminished the magnetic pull of Whitney Place. He made forced headway against it, as a man wades upstream in a thrusting current; by the time he reached the front steps of the boarding house he was physically spent.

The lawn, he noticed, needed mowing. The familiar fragrance of pot roast and carrots hung hotly on the flat air. He leaned weary elbows on the table, only remotely conscious of strained silence at its head, where usually Peter Lemp made ponderous oration on the evening's news. He noticed the sharp lines about his stepmother's mouth with a revival of his old uneasy awe. Afterward, as he would have sought the sanctuary of the hot room under the tin roof, she stopped him in the hall.

"That grass needs cutting, Fillmore."

The words were wearily familiar, but tonight they conveyed an esoteric meaning. For some mysterious reason they roused in Fillmore Judd a sudden stir of sympathy.

"What's wrong, ma?"

He saw a convulsive movement of the rectangular shoulders.

"Wrong? Why, nothing. What makes you think ——"

Amazingly, the sentence quavered into something like a sob; Fillmore found his arm around her.

"There now, ma—it's all right. You just tell me and I'll fix it."

"It's—it's Mr. Lemp." She sniffed. "He's going to leave."

"Oh, he is, is he?" Fillmore Judd felt his shoulders square and heard, approvingly, the brassy ring of his voice. "We'll see about that."

He wheeled to face the stairs as the sound of a descending tread sounded above him. Peter Lemp, a suitcase in each hand, came to a sudden halt on the third step from the bottom, his eye held helplessly under the horizontal glare of Fillmore Judd's.

"Leaving, eh?" Judd's voice had a rasping challenge. "What's the big idea?"

Mr. Lemp's glance wavered supinely above the glossy sheen of the mustache. Contemptuously certain, now, of his ascendancy, Fillmore Judd discovered a reluctant, unsuspected liking for his victim.

"I—I thought I'd better," said Peter Lemp apologetically. He set down one suitcase and mopped his forehead. "I can't afford to stay here any more, Fillmore. You see, I ——"

"Why can't you?" demanded Fillmore Judd menacingly. "Know any place where you can get better room and board for what you been paying ma?"

"It's not that." Again Lemp mopped his forehead. "You see—the fact is, I've lost my situation, and—and ——" His eye veered briefly toward Hannah Judd and came obediently back to cringe below the mastering gaze of Fillmore. "I couldn't stay here—it wouldn't be fair to ——"

"I guess ma's got something to say about that," said Fillmore Judd.

"I told him he'd be welcome," Hannah put in quickly. "I told him it didn't matter a bit if it wasn't convenient to—to pay his board every week."

"There! That's all there is to it." Fillmore gestured peremptorily. "You take those grips back upstairs, Mr. Lemp, and ——"

"I can't take charity," said Peter Lemp doggedly. "I ——"

"Who said anything about charity? I guess you can push a lawn mower, can't you? Or swing a snow shovel? Or turn the ice-cream freezer Sundays? There's work enough around this house to keep two men busy."

Fillmore Judd's psychic power spent itself to the uttermost in that dynamic glance. Under its compulsion Mr. Lemp visibly wavered, yielded; his face even brightened, as if surrender heartened him; he smiled uncertainly toward Hannah Judd.

"If you're quite sure I could pay my way ——" he began. "I thought the grass needed cutting right now, as a matter of fact—if you'd let me do it ——"

"I'll show you where the mower is," said Mrs. Judd decisively. She moved briskly toward the door at the back of the hall. Fillmore Judd, taking the suitcases from the acquiescent hands of Peter Lemp, detained him for a final stabbing glare of admonition.

"You watch your step, see?" he said between closed teeth. "She—she's all right, ma is."

"All right!" Peter Lemp's tone quarreled with the words. "All right! Why, boy, she's a woman in a thousand! A million! I—excuse me, but I'd better see to that grass right away, I think."

He brushed past Fillmore, pausing only to twist the dyed mustache to decent jauntiness before the mirror inset in the walnut hatrack. The door slammed after him; a sound, unmistakably, of eagerness.

Fillmore Judd carried the suitcases upstairs, fresh bitterness welling up within him. As easily as that! Almost without trying, he had absolutely dominated Peter Lemp, bent him so wholly to his will that the man was actually glad about it! The whirr of the mower blades rose blithely from the back yard as Judd came back downstairs, a song of triumph. Fillmore Judd chuckled grimly; Lemp didn't dream that he'd been a helpless puppet; he believed he was cutting that grass because he wanted

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{ *Lilas de France* }

to, believed that it was his own idea that Hannah Judd was one woman in a multitude! As easily as that!

Temptation took him by the throat—temptation that laughed at the puny protests of his conscience. He found himself moving westward, flotsam borne effortlessly upon a fluent tide. It carried him through a thin, amiable dusk below the triple arch of elms that over-roofed the drowsy width of Jersey Avenue; it chose the shortest path across the open square of Johnson Park; it cast him up before the yellow house that seemed to smile and beckon from the blotted shadows of the horse-chestnuts.

He fumbled with a rusty gate latch, stumbled blindly up a sagging walk of bricks to a veranda masked in trellised vines. A chair creaked; he heard a faint, double pat-pat of descending heels, a sharply indrawn breath.

Somewhere behind him an arc lamp sputtered; its pallid counterfeit of moonlight trickled through between the vines, so that he could see Florence in a lacework of fine, shifting shadows. Some intuition must have warned her, for she had risen and crouched back against the wall, her hands lifted in appeal; as he stood motionless before her, he could hear the faint catch and flutter of her hurried breath.

"No!" She found voice for a muted whisper. "Oh, no—no!"

Helplessly, as if himself the victim of his own rebellious psychic forces, Fillmore Judd swayed forward; against his will his eyes bored through the twilight to the frightened wideness of her fascinated gaze. He could feel the resistless flow of unmeasurable power streaming down that mutual, conducting regard, power no longer docile slave but ruthless master, power that drove him forward step for step with her, power that of a sudden lifted and spread his arms and closed them hungrily and fast.

Slowly his clearing senses became aware that, even now that overbearing force had fallen short of utter domination; the hands that had pressed softly on his cheeks were thrusting him away; lips that had answered his were withdrawn and pleading for release. His arms relaxed and fell; a leaden misery weighed down upon him. No use! It didn't work; he might have known better than to dream that even psychodynamics could do the kind of miracle that ——

"It isn't fair! It isn't fair!"

She had cringed back against the wall, her hands covering her face; the whispering voice cut through and through the guilty soul of Fillmore Judd. He fumbled clumsily for contrite speech.

"I didn't mean to, Florence. I just—I just couldn't help it."

"Oh!" A gust of weeping shook her. Humbly, timidly, Fillmore Judd touched the warm softness of her arm. She sprang back from the touch.

"Oh, don't, don't! It isn't fair!" She faced him. "I'm so—I'm so ashamed "

"You don't have to be," said Judd. "I know you hate me and I guess you've got a right to, after this, but you've got nothing to be ashamed of, just because I k-kissed you."

She seemed not to hear. "After the way I've tried to be fair too! When I've hardly dared to look at you, down at the office, for fear I'd accidentally let my eye get dominating and negate your resistances with psychic suasion! I didn't really think I could make you come over here tonight by just sitting here and willing it, or I'd never have —"

"Say, look here!" Fillmore Judd's hands closed firmly on round wrists that struggled uselessly against their grasp. "Let me get this straight. Are you trying to tell me that you wanted me to come here and ——"

"I made you. Let me go. You don't understand about psychodynamics. You think you wanted to come, but that's only because you're still under suggestion. When it wears off you'll—you'll hate me, and it'll serve me right!"

Fillmore Judd heard himself laughing, deep in his throat.

"Think I'm only doing this because you want me to!" he said. "All right. Let's see you make me stop!"

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 36)

3-MILE-GRADE. SHARP TURN AND NARROW BRIDGE.
The breathless descent.
The timid rear seat.
The closed road.
The one-track detour.
The tin road louse.
The stone in the road.
The bent rod.
The fluted-tin garage.
The oily mechanic.
The three dollars.
The grease on the steering wheel.
TOURISTS ACCOMMODATED.
The dirt road with the grass center.
The barking dog running lengthwise.
THE BEND-O'-THE-ROAD INN.
The chicken dinner.
The hot-dog kennel.
The old, old town.
The Gothic-elmed street.
The Tea Shoppe.
The Gift Shoppe.
The Antique Shoppe.
TOURISTS LODGED.
The open road.
The lovely view with the signboard in front.
SLOW DOWN TO 20 MILES.
The just sweet place to eat the luncheon.
The trespass sign.
The too cunnin' place for the luncheon.
The cows.
The brookside luncheon.
The spider in the sandwich.
The bee in the Oxford bags.
The wood-road detour.
The sudden shower.
The side curtains.
The loose fan belt.
The roaring radiator.
GO SLOW! SCHOOL!
The mysterious rattle.
The four quarts of oil.
The ten gallons of gas.
The return for the tank cap.
Home again to big rooms,
high ceilings, bully food,
cool, long verandas,
long, cool drinks, and peace.
A pessimist?
Not a bit of it.
We adore touring.
Off again as soon as the boss turns his back.

—Orson Lowell.

Near Bier

PAT and Abie argued
And nearly came to blows;
For Patrick got his Dutch up
When Abie's Irish rose!

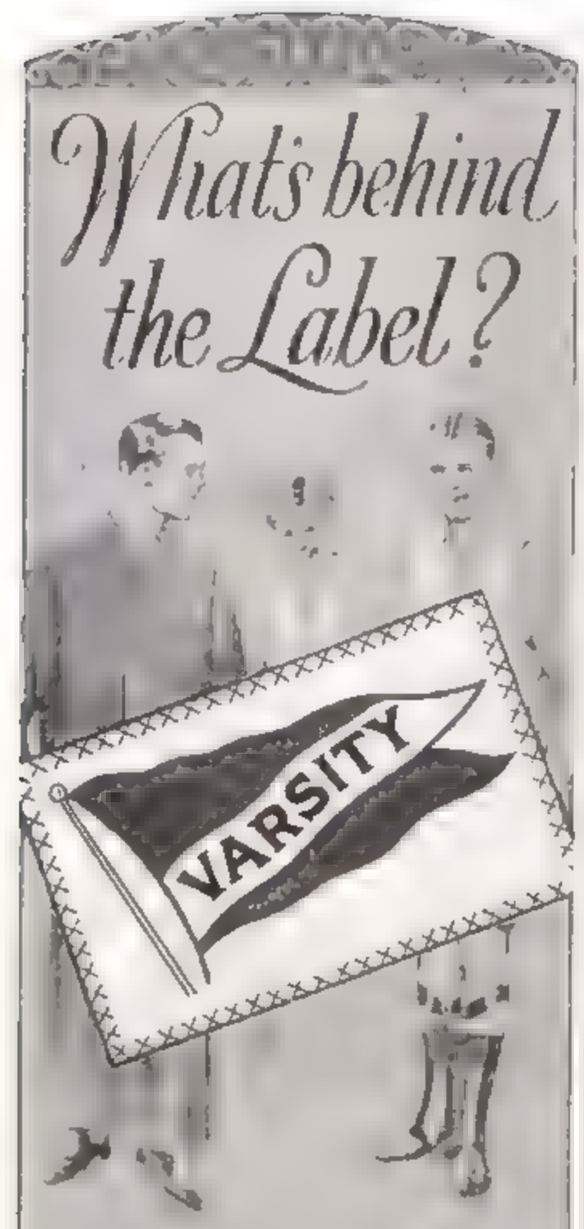
Mildred Hayman.

Gold Digging

DYER: I understand Wyld has at last struck pay dirt.

RYER: Yes; he has produced a successful sex drama.

If Filling the Jury Were Left to the Veniremen's Sense of Duty



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Every Varsity garment is made with the same scrupulous attention to tailoring that the well dressed man demands in everything he wears.

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UNDERWEAR CO.
BALTIMORE, MD.

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Modern diet starts by *tempting* the appetite

That is why the world has turned to these unique grain foods, so amazingly delicious that you forget they're good for you, and eat them because they taste good when nothing else does

HERE are crunchy grains that taste like toasted nutmeats . . . only richer. They're made from whole wheat. Approximately 20% is bran. But you would never guess it, so delightfully is it concealed.

They have a flavor, a richness that once you taste, you never forget. They are as enticing as confections. To millions they have brought a new conception of a cereal dish. There is no other like them.

Each grain is steam puffed, then oven crisped. A process applied to but this one food in the world. Every food cell is broken to make digestion easy. Each grain is eight times its normal size. You eat them because you love them, not because they are "good for you."

And that is the right way to get the food elements which you need. Modern diet starts by *tempting* the appetite. For foods that tempt digest better.

Just try Puffed Wheat. It will prove that the food you need can be gloriously delicious, too. Serve with milk or cream, or half and half. That adds to their delights, and assures the vitamines plus the bran and good of the wheat.

Try too with fresh or cooked fruits. Give to the children in every way you can. A breakfast adventure, a luncheon change, a supper dish beyond compare. Get Quaker Puffed Wheat at your grocer.

Quaker Puffed Rice Also

Kernels of rice, steam exploded like Puffed Wheat. Each grain an adventure, delicious and enticing.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

THE DREAMERS

(Continued from Page 41)

since he had seen him in Beechville. At the depot he seemed inclined to gloom, perhaps because of the situation he had left behind him, but ten minutes later soared the empyrean blue over the prospects opening ahead.

"Say, this is a he-man's country!" he exclaimed as they were driving out to the ranch. "All a man's got to do here is get some land and grow up with the country. No competition, like it is back East."

"Sure," said Jimmy, with a grin. "That's all."

He put Albert to work helping the ranch bookkeeper and had him sleep with the boys at the bunk house, and eat with them too. Albert may have felt he deserved something better, but he did not let on. And as he enjoyed a certain consideration from the outfit as the owner's friend, things went along smoothly for a while.

He was a good mixer and the boys liked him. Albert knew a lot of stories with a kick to them; he could sing and play the banjo; he was educated, too, and coming from the East, he was naturally conversant with all the frills of high life. It was an atmosphere in which Albert expanded like a toy balloon, and often he kept the bunk house up until after midnight.

However, as time went on and the owner gave no sign of increasing his responsibility or pay, Turner became restless and discontented. Why didn't Jimmy make him ranch boss? He could fill that job to a T, and it meant a hundred and fifty a month. A fine way to treat an old friend—fiddling with a set of books anybody could keep on half time! He seized several opportunities to hint this to Milburn.

"Now don't get in too much of a hurry," said Jimmy good-naturedly. "I've got a good boss here at headquarters already. And you've got to learn this business. Say, how about the books? Got them balanced for last month yet?"

"Not exactly, but we'll have 'em in a few days," was the answer. "Only for that bonehead bookkeeper, I'd have had 'em in A-1 shape by now."

"Why, we used to think Frank was pretty fair."

"Well, he's a mutt—take it from me."

They were just the same to each other as they had always been. Albert had the run of the Milburn house, but did not presume on it because of Mrs. Milburn's attitude. She treated him with consideration as her husband's friend, yet contrived to make him realize, too, that he was an employe, and he resented it. Jimmy never made him feel that way. He loved to have Albert round; he was forever sending for him to accompany him on trips of inspection to distant parts of the ranch. He even took Albert on visits to town. Milburn would sit back in the car, smoking and laughing as he listened. This Albert was a case, sure enough!

"For the life of me, I can't see what you see in that man at all," declared his wife.

"Why, me and him have been friends all our lives."

"That's what I can't understand."

"Shucks, there's no harm in Albert!"

"And no good either."

"Yes, there is too. He's got a heart as big as all outdoors. And he's smart, too—smart as a steel trap, Albert is. Just no head for business, that's all. I like to have him round. The son-of-a-gun makes me feel good, somehow."

"Well," said Mrs. Milburn, "if he'll only stay where he belongs, it's none of my funeral."

Everybody admitted that Albert was smart, yet he made no progress. He was full of fine schemes, but they never came to anything. As he and Milburn rode across country, he would often broach projects that held promise of millions. Now it was the development of a copper mine; again, he had a hunch about silver; then he was for buying all the calves they could get their hands on south of the line, cross them over the border before they were yearlings, and thus save a fortune on duty alone. And in a single day's ride he had transformed an entire county into a community of intensive farming.

It was not really his fault that these plans did not materialize. All of them required capital, and unless Jimmy put it up, where was it to come from? And Jimmy just sat and smoked and listened. Occasionally he nodded approval, and even eyed his old friend with an expression divided between amusement and respect, but he never acted on Albert's recommendations. Albert finally became sore.

"Yes, he buys those calves all right," he complained in the chuck house; "but I don't get a cut of it."

"Why, he's been buyin' calves in the fall like that for ten years," remarked a cowboy.

Turner ignored him.

"These big fellows never give anybody a chance," he said. "They grab it all for themselves. Just hogs—that's what they are."

This viewpoint met with sympathy.

"Here we've been friends since we were babies," Albert continued bitterly, "and I'm still workin' for wages. And nobody can tell me he's got any more brains than I've got."

"Well, sir, I've had exactly the very same thing happen to me too. How d'you account for it?" inquired the cook.

"Luck—that's what it is—just luck. If he'd stayed back East like I did, and had to raise a family like I did, where would he of been? Huh? But he comes out here when things are just beginning to go good and he gets rich."

"That's a fact," admitted the cook. "I've saw a bunch of 'em get rich thataway, and I swan some of 'em don't even talk like they had good sense."

The wagon boss cut in with "Is that so? How long you been in this country, Slim? Huh? Say, is supper ready? How much longer d'you aim to keep us waiting?"

The cook retired to the kitchen, but could be heard muttering.

"I done thought he'd helped you a heap, Albert," ventured a cowboy.

"Heap rot! Why can't he give me a better job? He could set me up with a nice little herd and never miss it. And why shouldn't he? He's got plenty."

It may be that the wagon boss carried these plaints of Albert's to the owner. At any rate, he said abruptly one day, "Albert, I'm going to give you a chance."

Albert's eyes lighted. Was he going to be boss at last?

"Do you know that section over on Clear Springs, beyond the Hardin place?"

"Sure."

"Well, it's yours. Go ahead and show what you can do with it."

Albert's face was a foot long.

"But it ain't been worked at all. It's raw land."

"Sure it is. But there's no finer land anywheres in this country. D'you know what makes the grass so long there? Sub-irrigated—that's what. When you ride over it, you can hear."

"Thanks," said Albert briefly. So that was helping him, hey? A fine way to help a friend! And him with all that money! For two pins —— But he accepted the gift.

It proved a distinct aid to him at the moment, as he was contemplating matrimony again, Mrs. Turner having followed separation proceedings with a divorce, in which she was given custody of their son. Footloose, Albert looked about him and picked on a buxom girl of seventeen whose father farmed a quarter section in the foothills and ran a few head of cattle.

"Once ain't enough, hey?" asked Milburn when he learned of it.

"Well, a man needs a wife. He can't settle down right without."

"That's so too," assented the boss. "But you got to be sure she's the right woman."

"What've you got to say against Sally Jo?"

"Nothin'. From all I hear, she's a fine gal. But say, Albert, ain't she just a weeny bit young for you?"

"I'm still a young man. Lots of 'em marry young girls at my age."

"Well, maybe you're right. I sure hope so."

With a sure job and a farm to boot, Albert was a catch. At least, that is how her parents argued; so Sally Jo tried to give up thinking of the Hardin boy and achieve the mental readjustment necessary to make Albert Turner a good wife. They were married in the fall and Milburn gave them a wedding trip to El Paso.

On his return, Turner went back to bookkeeping. The boss made no comment. He had expected Albert to throw up that job—there was really no need of two bookkeepers—but after all, it was winter and probably he would start farming in the spring.

Spring came, but Albert still puttered round headquarters. He and his wife lived in a two-roomed shack near the spring, at the edge of a cottonwood grove. It was not much of a house, having been built by one of the first settlers in the region and long since abandoned; but Milburn had a carpenter fix it up. He added a lean-to for kitchen and the couple went to housekeeping.

The rush of sap in the trees probably brought a rush of sap to the cook's head in April, for he saddled a horse and rode to town and never came back. They recovered the horse in a livery yard, and a deputy sheriff retrieved the cook a week later in a distant county seat and threw him into the calaboose to cool off. Meanwhile the Pitchfork outfit had to have its meals, and Sally Jo went to the chuck house to cook for them.

"She's got ol' Slim beat a mile," was the outfit's verdict, and Milburn gave her the job.

Sally Jo's wages, added to Albert's, gave them a comfortable margin over living expenses. He ate at the chuck house with the others and the arrangement suited him perfectly.

"That poor girl's simply miserable," said Mrs. Milburn to her husband. It was June, and the ocatilla flared red on the ridges.

"How? Don't Albert treat her right?"

"I don't know. She never complains. But Andy told me yesterday that Albert's always putting on airs with her—you know what I mean—that stuff he's always getting off about how they do things where he came from, and how much better they are. If you ask me, he's nothing but a windy."

"That's bad," said Jimmy gravely. "She's a good girl too. I'll have a talk with Albert."

"You'd best take care not to make things worse," she warned with wifely confidence.

His method of approach was "How you gettin' along, Albert?"

"Fine."

"Satisfied?"

"Well, I would be if I had another job. Why?"

"I was thinkin' you might want to have your own place."

"Oh, that farm?"

"If you was to put up a nice li'l' house near the spring—maybe I could lend you the money, Ol' Timer."

Albert was eying him uneasily.

"If you're fixing to get rid of me ——" he began.

"Talk sense. When I want to fire a man, I give him his time and don't go through any monkey business. But when're you goin' to farm that section? That's what I want to know."

"I thought I'd wait a while till I could see how things come out."

"Huh!" The boss knew what that meant, but he tried again. "Well, it was more Sally Jo I had in mind. She'd be a heap happier if she had her own home, Albert. Any woman is. It means more to 'em than it does to a man, and if you feel like goin' ahead and buildin' "

"Why, has she been talking?" demanded Albert quickly.

"Of course not. What makes you ask that?"

"Then how do you know she ain't happy?"

"I don't. Maybe she is, for all I know. But it's a cinch she'd be happier in her own home—that's what I'm gettin' at. Somehow I don't feel right with her cookin' for the boys."

"Of course you're the boss," said Albert. "But she don't complain, and it seems to me like an ideal arrangement."

"All right, suit yourself."

He gave up trying to help Albert further. What was the use?

Yet his talk must have hit home, because Albert started in to farm. That is to say, he made a deal with a wandering nester to work the land on shares, Albert lending him a hundred dollars to get going. Sally Jo had saved the hundred. This nester had a consumptive wife, seven undernourished children, two haound dawgs and incipient sleeping sickness. Having contrived to get hold of a few logs and planks, he built a shack for his family; he also broke some ground with his team of sore-backed mules; and in several evenings of figuring, he and Albert grew rich on the crops they were going to raise on that place. Albert thought out a plan to run hogs and chickens, too, once they were well started. Yes, and probably they would need a couple more sections!

Several times Milburn rode over to see how things were progressing. He never uttered a word—just sat his horse and watched.

"He makes me oneasy," complained the tenant to Albert.

"Pshaw, that's only his way. He never will say what he thinks about anything," Albert assured him. "I'll bet ol' Jimmy is tickled to death. Me and him've been friends all our lives, you know. Sure we have—I'm the best friend he's got. Say, he'd give me anything I wanted."

This was good news to the nester, who thereupon bought a lot of junk at the Pitchfork company's store and charged it to Albert, and told his wife that the lay looked better to him every day he lived. However, he was doomed to another disappointment. One of his mules died, two of the children fell sick, and their house was destroyed by fire while they were holidaying in town at a tent show. These catastrophes broke his spirit. He reckoned he'd be moving along; he had heard there was some fine land to the north, where you could raise any sort of crop you minded without hardly doing a lick; and one day he flitted with his emaciated wife and sickly brood, taking everything portable along with them. The experiment cost Albert three hundred and twenty dollars.

"Anybody's welcome to farming who likes it," he told Milburn sourly.

"Yeh? What do you know about farming? You ain't ever tried it yet."

"It's a pity I ain't. What've I been doing all year?"

"Search me," said the boss.

His first impulse had been to ride Albert with spurs—the sorry, no-account, ornery cuss! But harsh as he ordinarily was in his judgment of failures, he could never be hard on his boyhood friend, and he ended by laughing. Besides, a great affliction made him feel for Albert—one day Sally Jo disappeared. The Hardin boy was listed in the lost column at the same time, and it was reported that she had met him somewhere along the road and they had fled to Texas.

Poor Sally Jo! Every tongue flayed her except Mrs. Milburn's, and she knew the facts. Most of the men expressed the pious

(Continued on Page 147)

You may spoil a bridge game but you can't spoil

"61"

FLOOR VARNISH

From a drawing by Charles Baskerville, Jr. Copyright 1920, P & L

SISTER Susie's Charleston, little Willie's fire engine or the tap of Grandfather's cane are all the same to "61" Floor Varnish. It withstands the daily pound of many heels, the moving of furniture and the boisterous treatment of the younger generation. It is not only waterproof but also heelproof and marproof. Test it with a hammer! You may dent the wood but the varnish won't crack.

A floor finished with "61" Floor Varnish is a *finished* floor. It requires no attention for years, except an occasional cleaning with a damp cloth. Or, if yours is a household where an old-fashioned housewife rules, it may be washed with soap and water as often as desired, without harm.

When used on furniture, "61" Floor Varnish lasts even longer than on floors. Your linoleum will not only look better but will last indefinitely, if you give it a coat or two once in a great while.

"61" Floor Varnish works and flows so smoothly that its use is a pleasure. It shows no laps, streaks or brush marks, and dries with a full rich luster. Obtainable not only in Clear Gloss but also in six beautiful woodstain colors and the popular Dull Finish.

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P&L Varnish Products are used by painters, specified by architects and sold by paint and hardware dealers everywhere.

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"61" LACQUER ENAMEL

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TWO ROOMS done in the time of one. Two rooms done with far less effort than you ever did one. You can do *twice* the cleaning with *half* the work—when you clean with a Premier Duplex.

It has double action. By doing two jobs at the same moment it works quickly and thoroughly! The motor-driven brush sweeps up the lingering threads and routs the established grit. At the same moment strong suction is exerting its pull. Together these two actions capture *all* the dirt.

Day in, day out the Premier Duplex cleans with its double vigor. It never needs oiling, for both brush and motor are ball bearing. And throughout a lifetime it *halves* your work—and *doubles* your leisure!

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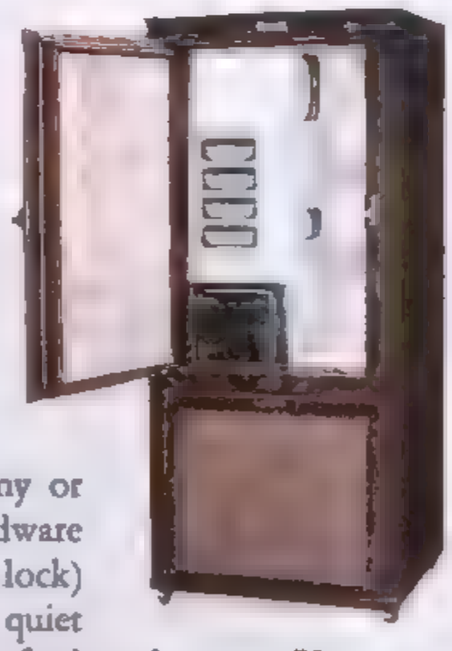
for office · home or bachelor apartment

A NEW companion for you, gentlemen;—another good fellow soon to be a familiar and welcome addition to the best masculine social or business company.

A Kelvinator in stag apparel—for your office, your den, your study or bachelor apartment.



Outwardly a handsome, adaptable piece of furniture of fine mahogany or walnut—take your choice. Art hardware (hinges, latches and combination lock) lends an ornamental touch. It's a quiet but distinguished looking cabinet perfectly at home in any room furnished to suit a man's taste. You'll prize it highly yourself—and what a gift to another it makes.

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Kelvinator

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The Oldest Domestic Electric Refrigeration

Better Always Better

(Continued from Page 142)

hope that Turner would kill Hardin like a dog when he caught up with him. The women were equally bitter. Well, why not? Hadn't young Hardin broken up a home? And wasn't Sally Jo an abandoned woman, to leave her lawfully wedded husband? Maybe they hadn't ought to have got married—what of it? They did get married, and if she didn't like it, she ought to have lumped it anyhow. A lot of women didn't like it any better'n she did, but they weren't traipsing around country with some other man.

The blow struck Albert out of a clear sky. Sally Jo run away? Impossible! She was so timid. She had never complained—leastways, not very much. No, she was always patient and hard-working; and to think of her sneaking off —— Why, she had probably been meeting this fellow all the time, or writing to him anyhow! The low ——

"Now, don't get excited," Milburn cautioned. "Keep cool and take it easy."

"Take it easy?" roared Albert, waving Sally Jo's letter at him. "What do you take me for? I'll get even with that pair. I'll make them sweat. I'll sue that fellow Hardin for ten thousand dollars. We'll see if he can run off with my wife like that! We'll see ——"

Milburn blinked at him.

"Sue him?" he repeated. "Why, what're you talkin' about? Shoot him, maybe, but sue him—for runnin' off with your wife? Man alive, you're locoed!"

"I don't aim to ruin my life for a woman like her," retorted Albert sullenly. "They'd hang me."

"Hang nothin'! He broke up your home, didn't he?"

"Well, anyhow, I won't have his blood on my hands."

"All right, I'm mighty glad to hear it, Albert. But don't talk about suing. Folks wouldn't understand. They're like to give you the laugh."

"Let 'em. I don't care."

"And whatever you do, don't talk. It'll soon blow over and you can start all over again."

"Mark my words, I'll never take her back, no matter what she does," Albert declared. "Remember that!"

"It ain't likely you'll be asked to. If you ask me, Albert ——"

"What?"

"Well, did you treat that child just right?"

"There you go! You're against me too. My best friend turning against me now! Of course I treated her all right. That's just the trouble—I treated her too good."

"Oh, well, let's forget it. And don't talk. Don't open your mouth."

But he did talk. He couldn't keep his mouth shut. He talked to anybody who would listen, until the pitiful affair became a stock joke in the country. Milburn finally sent him into Mexico with Clint Rucker to receive some cattle, hoping the job would keep him away long enough to give him a chance to cool off.

Albert liked it so well south of the border that Milburn kept him there a year. The cowman owned four hundred thousand acres, bought from a Mexican refugee years previously for ten cents an acre, and title confirmed by two subsequent administrations. This property he was dividing into pastures and putting under fence. He was always acquiring more land. People said, "He don't want anybody too close to him."

Albert worked like a beaver on this project so long as there was variety in the undertaking. With the ranch organized, however, his duties settled down to routine and he began to pine for his own country. He might just as well be keeping books among people he liked as fooling around in Mexico, with only two other white men on the place; besides, the boss would surely give him a responsible job now, after the way he had handled this proposition. So he wrote to Jimmy, telling him he was heading back. He did not request to be moved—simply told him he was coming.

The boss made no objection. In fact, he seemed glad to have Albert back, and proceeded to take him around country on his tours of inspection just as he had done before. But he did not promote Albert. When the latter inquired what Milburn wanted him to do, Jimmy reckoned he had best help straighten out the books again.

Another two years slipped by. Turner secured his second divorce without any complications arising and resumed his daily discourses round the chuck-house table and the bunk-house stove. He had freely prophesied that Sally Jo would sneak home within the year, a disillusioned and repentant woman, crawling back for forgiveness.

But she did not return, and the letters her mother showed to friends who inquired revealed contentment and hope. Indeed, Sally Jo appeared to have found some happiness at last.

Gradually Albert grew dissatisfied again. One could hardly blame him; it was a humdrum existence and he was getting nowhere. It did seem as if Milburn might do more for his old chum, might provide some snug berth for him, with all those properties under his control.

"Why didn't you give me that job with the copper company?" inquired Albert in an accusing tone.

"Why, what do you know about copper mining?"

"I could learn, couldn't I? And anybody could swing that."

"That job takes a good man, and I had a hard time finding him too."

Albert snorted.

"Listen, Al," said Milburn, "there's more to giving a job than simply handing out so much salary. That's why it don't pay to put kinfolks or friends into your business. It's cheaper to pay 'em a pension any day. A business has got to make money, and it don't make money if you put men into jobs they can't fill."

"Oh, money, money! That's all you think of."

The boss regarded him quizzically.

"It don't matter how much people cuss money, they've got to have it—a certain amount of it," he replied. "If they don't, they lose their independence. And what's life without that? Hey?"

He repeated this conversation to his wife, who tartly observed, "Well, I like his nerve! So he despises money, does he? I never knew a man who enjoyed more what money will buy."

"Yet I can't help feeling sorry for Albert."

"Shucks, you stand for more from him than you ever would from a son of yours—if you had one."

"Maybe that's right too. But I'd expect more from my son; he'd have our blood in him."

"Huh!"

"The trouble with Albert," said the boss—"the trouble with Albert is he done got a lot of white-collar notions into his head very young and he'll never shake 'em. No, ma'am."

"There's a whole lot the trouble with Albert," retorted Mrs. Milburn.

One day Albert went to the boss and requested the loan of a thousand dollars.

"Yeh? What do you aim to do with it?" Jimmy asked, his face impassive.

"Well, I'm figuring on cutting loose from here. Yes, I reckon I'll drift."

"And where are you fixing to drift to now?"

"Back East."

"What the Sam Hill for?"

"Well, I can make as much there as I can here, can't I? There ain't no future for a man who works for wages in this country that I can see. Everything's been gobbled up. And I can earn as good a living back there and live like a white man."

"Live like a white man, hey? Oh, I see."

He was silent for a long while, whittling on a stick. Albert fidgeted. Was the old skinflint ——

"Al," said the boss at last, "I ain't going to let you have that money."

Turner broke into a hollow laugh. "I might have known it," he declared. "Just like you."

"And I ain't going to let you have it, for your own good. All right. Go ahead and laugh and get it out of your system. But it's a fact, all the same."

"How—for my own good?" Albert sneered.

"Because just that. If I lent you a thousand dollars, you'd go back East and spend it in no time and be up against it again. And then what would you do? Where'd you turn to then? Hey?"

"I'd be all set to go before that money was spent."

"All set to go to the poorhouse!"

"You talk like I can't take care of myself," raged Turner. "You talk like I ain't no good."

"Uh-huh. Not a bit of it, or I wouldn't have stood for—I mean—well, you ain't naturally a money maker, Al. There're some things you ain't woke up to yet, and until you do, you'll never get anywheres."

"Is that so? What are they?"

"Well, for one thing, you don't know what money means."

"Don't know the value of a dollar, hey? Come on, shoot! Let's have some more of that old bunk."

"All right, maybe I'd best tell you how I look at money."

"I know that already. Everybody in this country does."

"Maybe so, and maybe not. Now let's get down to cases. Suppose I lent you that thousand dollars."

"Yeh?" said Albert hopefully. "You'd never miss it."

"That ain't the point. That ain't the way I look at money. Money ain't just so many dollar bills, or so much silver or gold either."

"What is it then?"

"It's labor. It's work. That's what it is. Somebody sweated to create it. If I was to give you a thousand dollars, I'd be making you a present of what it takes a pretty good man ten months to earn. I'd be giving you ten months of some man's time, and you just don't deserve it."

"But you wouldn't have to sweat ten months to make it. So what're you worrying about?"

"I sweated hard enough for my first dollars to strike a good average for all I've got," replied the boss angrily, and that closed the interview.

Albert did not return East. Probably he had never seriously intended to do so. He kept on at the books, despite the head bookkeeper's complaints to Milburn.

Shortly afterward the Milburns left on a tour of the world. It had long been Mrs. Milburn's ambition to travel, but her husband's objections to leaving his business had disappointed this hope for many years. At last he consented and off they started. They planned to be absent a year, first doing Europe and then taking in the East.

Ten days after departure the cowman wanted to go home. He would have done it, too, only they had paid so much in advance. By using this argument his wife was able to drag him from country to country, but it was a pathetic fight all the way and there never was a more miserable man.

They had been gone about six months when a cable afforded him the excuse he wanted. He burst into their bedroom with the bit of blue paper and she had never seen him so excited.

"Pack up. We're going home," he announced.

"We're doing no such of a thing. There you go! Have we got to go all over that again for the thousandth time, James? Please stick it out until we've done the Italian lakes anyhow. I'm just dying to see them, and I've planned that trip for years."

"Italian lakes be blowed! We're going home. Know what's in this cablegram, honey? Oil—they done struck oil!"

"Where?"

"On the ranch."

(Continued on Page 149)

Puritan
BLOUSES
for Boys

Style to Delight the Boy—Wear to Delight His Mother

Boys who wear blouses and parents who *pay* for them agree that nothing can equal a Puritan Blouse for school, for dress, or for play. In workmanship and materials they set quality standards—and months of wear plus many washings will demonstrate their real economy.

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The Prep School or College Boy who wears a Collegiate Shirt *feels* well-dressed, *looks* well dressed—and *is* well dressed.

Puritan Blouses and Collegiate Shirts are made by a firm which has created the styles for youths and boys for more than 30 years.

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THE TASTE IS THE TEST

In Heinz Tomato Ketchup you get the full taste of big, sound tomatoes, grown under Heinz supervision—tomatoes picked at their ripest and put up while still garden-fresh.

You get the taste of rare spices bought by Heinz buyers where they actually grow; of pure granulated sugar; of Heinz own Vinegar, mellowed by long aging in wood.

You get the taste of all these delicious foods, skillfully combined by able chefs in Heinz sunny kitchens and so cooked that no surplus water remains to weaken this taste or lessen the full measure of concentrated goodness.

No wonder Heinz Tomato Ketchup improves the natural flavor of even the most tempting dishes while adding a delicious flavor of its own. The taste is the test. *H. J. HEINZ COMPANY, PITTSBURGH, PA.*

Ask your grocer for new prices

HEINZ TOMATO KETCHUP

New salad-making recipe book sent for four cents in stamps

(Continued from Page 147)

Mrs. Milburn sat up in bed. "Lan's sake, what does that mean? Much?"

"Much? Millions—that's all!"

"But we've got more right now than we need, James. Why do you have to go home? Can't you get somebody to ——"

"And maybe mess things up? No, ma'am! Why, this is the biggest thing that's ever happened to us, Abbie! We've just got to go. The feller downstairs is lookin' up steamers for me right now."

"I knew it. I just knew something'd happen to spoil the trip," wailed Mrs. Milburn.

"Well, if that don't beat the Dutch! Here we make worlds of money; and all on account of some puny ponds, you —— Say, where're your brains anyhow? And that ain't all. Albert's rich too."

"Nonsense! Albert rich! How could he?"

"This gusher's right slap up against that section he owns."

"What of it?"

"Oh, nothing but that Albert may be a millionaire. Good ol' Albert! Crackee, I'm glad!"

They caught a fast boat at Cherbourg and remained only two hours in New York. Eleven days after receipt of the cable, Milburn stepped off the train at his shipping corrals. A dozen men were waiting beside the tracks to see him, but no Albert.

"Where's Turner?" he inquired after a while.

"At the ranch, I reckon," said somebody.

The first person he saw, as the car drew near headquarters, was Albert. Milburn gave him a boisterous greeting. To his surprise Albert seemed uneasy, dispirited.

"What's the matter now, ol' settler?" cried Milburn, putting his arm across Albert's shoulder. "Trying to high-tone me, now you're rich? Hey?"

"Rich?" repeated Albert in a hollow voice. He glanced hurriedly at the boss and then looked away.

"Well, ain't you? How about that section? Oh, boy!"

Twice Albert opened his mouth to say something, but the words would not come. He wheeled about and walked off. The cowman turned wonderingly to the others for explanation.

"He don't own that section no more," said the range boss.

It was true. Not long before the oil prospect, Albert had let the place go rather than pay seventy-eight dollars and ninety cents taxes, and somebody else had bought it in. The somebody else was young Hardin.

Even this blow did not down Turner. Within six months he was his old self, full of good spirits and glowing plans for the future. Sometimes a reaction would set in and he would grow very gloomy and pessimistic and rail against his luck, and this incident furnished him with an inexhaustible supply of ammunition. If the way he was let down about that section of land wasn't an example of his luck, where could one hope to find it? Everybody agreed that Albert Turner was the unluckiest human alive. They wouldn't blame him if he got a gun and went and shot the Hardin boy. Hadn't he first stolen Albert's wife and then as good as stolen a fortune from him? Any jury would acquit Turner.

A grievance is as precious to some people as achievement is to others, and Albert really derived a lot of solid satisfaction out of his, because it made him more or less of a hero.

People were always pointing him out as the man who had just missed a million. So perhaps he came out of it as well as anybody. Life's rewards possess value only according to the temperament.

"Say, Al," said the boss one morning, "go get the car and we'll take a run over to the dam."

"You fuss over that dam like it was a baby."

"You bet I do. It's hongrier than one too. I swan it keeps me scratching to feed that baby, Al."

"Yes, I'd worry if I were you," said Albert glumly.

Milburn's irrigation project was a tender spot with Turner, because he had hoped to land the job of supervisor under the chief engineer; but there he was, still fiddling with the ranch books. Why couldn't Jimmy loosen up? Anybody could boss that job. All a man had to do was stick round and see they didn't loaf; the chief engineer and the contractor did the rest.

Besides, Albert had been reading up about irrigation and he could have improved on the plan a lot. Yes, and saved the boss money too!

As the car pulled up on the mesa overlooking the valley, Milburn ordered Albert to stop. Below lay an expanse of smooth, reddish-gray soil, stretching for miles. They could see the Mexicans swarming on and below the big concrete wall; there were puffs of steam; a giant crane slowly swung its long arm in a semicircle; to their ears came a busy clanking, the shrill blast of a whistle. Milburn drew a deep breath and his eyes sparkled.

"Well, what do you think of it?"

"If you ask me, I'd put in another ——"

"Sure—you told me. And you'd fix the sluices so they would ——"

"Oh, all right, if that's what you think of my scheme!"

"Don't get sore, Albert. Your idea was all right, but it won't work."

"How do you know it won't work? You ain't tried it."

"No, but I went over it with the chief engineer."

Turner made no comment, but drummed impatiently on the car door with his fingers.

"Just look at that, will you?" said Jimmy in a low voice. "Twenty feet of silt—as fine land as you can find in the world. With water on it, all these thousands of acres —— Why, one of these days this whole valley will be as green as a garden! Down there you'll see farms and good homes—hundreds of 'em—and people makin' a fat livin'. Say, Albert, I've seen land not near as good as this sell for a hundred and fifty dollars an acre back in the alfalfa country."

For some reason the remark angered Albert. He had difficulty in toning the rage in his voice "Oh, let's talk about something else. Don't you ever think of anything but money?" he grumbled.

"I don't get you."

"Ain't there anything else in life except dollars and cents? But I forgot—there ain't for you. You never seem to have another thought. Didn't you ever have any dreams except ——"

"Dreams?" snarled the cowman, suddenly furious, and his face twitched. "What do you know of my dreams?"

He seemed about to curse, and his lips trembled, but he quickly mastered himself and dismissed the subject with a half-contemptuous sweep of the hand.

"Let's forget it," he said. "The difference between me and you, Albert, is you talk your dreams and I live mine—some of 'em."

No response.

"What's more, let me tell you something else—one man of action is worth a thousand dreamers. So put that in your pipe and smoke it."

Albert threw in the clutch with a jerk.

"Where to now?" he demanded in strangled tones.

"The dam. And take it easy, son. I want to look round."

They drove along.

"Now no use your gettin' all swelled up, Albert," said the boss. "I know what the trouble is. You're mad because I won't give you that job. But I don't aim ever to give you a responsible job, and that's all there is to it. By rights, I ought to kick you out and let you drift; but you're welcome to stay as long as you want to, and I hope you'll spend the rest of your life with me. But it'll be on my terms, not yours. Is it a go?"

"What else can I do?" said Albert bitterly.

(THE END)

THE DERBY RULE

(Continued from Page 29)

I whistled. Cantillon is our best Irish jockey, and his retaining fees are enormous, and justified.

"They said he was very nearly caught napping."

"Napping be damned!" exploded my Uncle Valentine. "This Spanish gypsy is the finest judge of pace I ever saw. He knew he had the race won, and he never bothered."

"If the horse is as good as that, and you have as high an opinion of the rider—well, sir, I won a hatful over the Newmarket meeting, and as the price hasn't gone below twenties for the Derby, I'm going after the ring. There's many a bookmaker will wish he'd stuck to his father's old-clothes business."

"I wouldn't, Kerry," said my Uncle Valentine. "I'm not sure I wouldn't hedge a bit of what I have on if I were you." I was still with amazement. "I saw Mi-fanwy Clontarf," said my Uncle Valentine, "and only God and herself and myself, and now you, know how ill that woman is."

"But ill or not ill, she won't scratch the horse."

"She won't," said my Uncle Valentine, and his emphasis on "she" chilled me to the heart. "You're forgetting, Kerry," he said very quietly, "the Derby rule."

IX

OF THE Derby itself, on Epsom Downs, everybody knows. It is supposed to be the greatest test of a three-year-old in the world, though old William Day used to hold it was easy. The course may have been easy for Lord George Bentinck's famous and unbeaten mare Crucifix, when she won the Oaks in 1840; but most winners over the full course justify their victory in other races. The course starts up a heartbreaking hill, and swinging around the top, comes down again toward Tattenham Corner. If a horse waits to steady itself coming down, it is beaten. The famous Fred Archer used to take Tattenham Corner with one leg over the rails. The straight is uphill. A mile and a half of the trickiest, most heartbreaking ground in the world. Such is Epsom. Its turf has been consecrated by the hoofs of great horses since James I established there a race for the Silver Bell; by Cromwell's great Coffin Mare; by the Arabs, Godolphin and Darley; by the great bay, Malton; by the prodigious Eclipse; by Diomed, son of Florizel, who went to America.

Over the Derby what sums are wagered no man knows. On it is won the Calcutta Sweepstake, a prize which makes a man rich for life, and the Stock Exchange Sweep, and other sweeps innumerable. Someone has ventured the belief that on it annually are five million pounds sterling, and whether he is millions short or millions over, none knows, because betting is illegal.

There are curious customs in regard to it, as this: That when the result is sent over the ticker to clubs, in case of a dead heat, the words "dead heat" must come first, because within recent years a trusted lawyer, wagering trust funds on a certain horse, was waiting by the tape to read the result, and seeing another horse's name come up, went away forthwith and blew his brains out. Had he been less volatile, he would have seen his own fancy's name follow that and "dead heat" reversed, and been to this day rich and respected. So

FOR MEN WHO "BELONG"

THE cherished emblem of your fraternal order with its mystic signs, or your handsome watch charm worn as jewelry demands a watch chain just as distinctive in quality and design.

For years Simmons has set the standard in the manufacture of chains for this purpose. The Dickens chain pictured here is but one of the many styles offered. It has a substantial quality that reflects grace instead of weight and an individuality. It is fitting to you, your watch and your charm. This particular chain sells for $9.00.

All Simmons Chains — the Waldemar, Vest, Belt and other Dickens styles — are made by our exclusive process of drawing gold, green gold, white gold and Platinumgold over a stout base metal. Years of service are insured by this method. The prices range from $4.00 to $15.00. Your jeweler will tell you there is no better value for money offered anywhere.

Ask your jeweler to show you his inviting assortment of Simmons Chains. He has styles and designs for all purposes and suitable for all watch owners. R. F. Simmons Company, Attleboro, Mass.; 15 Maiden Lane, New York City; 10 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.; Jack W. Lees, 95 King Street East, Toronto, Ontario.

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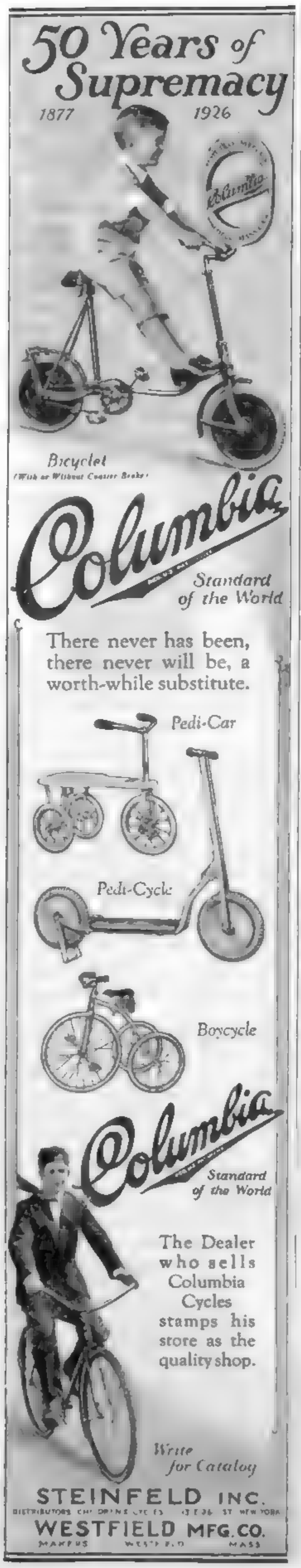

now, for the protection of such, "dead heat" comes first. A dead heat in the Derby is as rare a thing as there is in the world, but still you can't be too cautious.

But the quaintest rule of the Derby is this: That if the nominator of a horse for the Derby Stakes dies, his horse is automatically scratched. There is a legend to the effect that an heir-at-law purposed to kill the owner of an entry and run a prime favorite crookedly, and that on hearing this the stewards of the Jockey Club made the rule. Perhaps it has a more prosaic reason. The Jockey Club may have considered that when a man died, in the trouble of fixing his estate, forfeits would not be paid, and that it was best for all concerned to have the entry scratched.

How it came about does not matter; it exists. Whether it is good in law is not certain. Racing folk will quarrel with His Majesty's Lord Justices of Appeal, with the Privy Council, but they will not quarrel with the Jockey Club. Whether it is good in fact is disputable, for certain owners can tell stories of narrow escapes from racing gangs, in those old days when attempts were made to nobble favorites, when jockeys had not the wings of angels under their silken jackets, when harsh words were spoken about trainers—very, very long ago. . . . There it is, good or bad, the Derby rule!

x

AS TO our bets on the race, they didn't matter. It was just bad luck. But to see the old lady's quarter million pounds and more go down the pike was a tragedy. We had seen so much of shabby great names that I trembled for young Clontarf and his brother. Armenian and Greek families of doubtful antecedents were always on the lookout for a title for their daughters, and crooked businesses always needed directors of title to catch gulls, so much in the United Kingdom do the poor trust their peers. The boys would not be exactly poor, because the horse, whether or not it ran in the Derby, would be worth a good round sum. If it were as good as my Uncle Valentine said, it would win the St. Leger and the Gold Cup at Ascot.

But even with these triumphs, it wouldn't be a Derby winner, and the Derby means so much. There are so many people in England who remember dates by the Derby winners' names, as "I was married in Bend Or's year," or "The Achilles was lost in the China seas, let me see when—that was in Sainfoin's year." Also I wasn't sure that the Spanish gypsy would stay to ride him at Doncaster, or return for Ascot. I found him one day standing on the cliffs of Destiny and looking long at the sea, and I knew what that meant. And perhaps Romany would not run for another jockey as he ran for him.

I could not think that death could be so cruel as to come between us and triumph. In Destiny we have a friendliness for the change which most folk dread. One of our songs says:

When Mother Death in her warm arms shall embrace me,
Low lull me to sleep with sweet Erin-go-bragh ——

We look upon it as a kind friend who comes when one is tired and twisted with pain, and says, "Listen, *avourneen*, soon the dawn will come, and the tide is on the ebb. We must be going." And we trust him to take us, by a short road or a long road, to a place of birds and bees, of which even lovely Destiny is but a clumsy seeming. He could not be such a poor sportsman as to come before the aged gallant lady had won her last gamble. And poor Sir Arthur, who had come out of his old age in Mayo to win a Derby! It would break his heart. And the great horse—it would be so hard on him.

Nothing will convince me that a Thoroughbred does not know a great race when he runs one. The streaming competitors, the crackle of silk, the roar as they come into the straight, and the sense of the jockey calling on the great heart that the writer of Job knew so well. "The glory of his nostrils is terrible," says the greatest of poets. "He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength; he goeth on to meet the armed men." Your intellectual will claim that the Thoroughbred is an artificial brainless animal evolved by men for their amusement. Your intellectual, here again, is a liar.

Spring came in blue and gold. Blue of sea and fields and trees; gold of sun and sand and buttercup. Blue of wild hyacinth and bluebell; gold of primrose and laburnum tree. The old gypsy lady was with her caravan near Bordeaux, and from the occasional letter my Uncle Valentine got, and from the few words he dropped to me, she was just holding her own. May drowsed by with the cheeping of the little life in the hedgerows. The laburnum floated in a cloud of gold and each day Romany Baw grew stronger. When his blankets were stripped from him he looked a mass of fighting muscle under a covering of satin, and his eye showed that his heart was fighting too.

Old Sir Arthur looked at him a few days before we were to go to England, and he turned to me. "Kerry," he said, very quietly.

"Yes, Sir Arthur."

"All my life I have been breeding and training horses, and it just goes to show," he told me, "the goodness of God that He let me handle this great horse before I died."

The morning before we left, my Uncle Valentine received a letter which I could see moved him. He swore a little, as he does when moved, and stroked his vast red beard and looked fiercely at nothing at all.

"Is it bad news, sir?" I asked.

He didn't answer me directly. "Lady Clontarf is coming to the Derby," he told me.

Then it was my turn to swear a little. It seemed to me to be but little short of maniacal to risk a Channel crossing and the treacherous English climate in her stage of health. If she should die on the way or on the downs, then all her planning and our work was for nothing. Why could she not have remained in the soft French air, husbanding her share of life until the event was past?

"She comes of ancient, violent blood," thundered my Uncle Valentine, "and where should she be but present when her people or her horse go forth to battle?"

"You're right, sir," I said.

xi

THE epithet of "flaming" which the English apply to their June was in this year of grace well deserved. The rhododendrons were making ready to burst into great fountains of scarlet, and near the swans the cygnets paddled, unbelievably small. The larks fluttered in the air above the downs, singing so gallantly that when you heard the trill of the nightingale in the thicket, giving his noontime song, you felt inclined to say, "Be damned to that Italian bird! My money's on the wee fellow!" All through Surrey the green walls of spring rose high and thick; and then suddenly coming, as we came, through Leatherhead and topping the hill, in the distance the black colony of the downs showed like a thundercloud. At a quarter mile away, the clamor came to you like the vibration when great bells have been struck.

The stands and inclosure were packed so thickly that one wondered how movement was possible, how people could enjoy themselves, close as herrings. My Uncle Valentine had brought his beautiful harness ponies across from Ireland—"to encourage English interest in the Irish horse," he explained it; but with his beautifully cut clothes, his gray high hat, it seemed to me that more people looked at him as we spun along the road than looked at the horses. Behind us sat James Carabine, with his face brown as autumn and the gold rings in his thickened ears. We got out near the paddock and Carabine took the ribbons.

My Uncle Valentine said quietly to him, "Find out how things are, James Carabine." And I knew he was referring to the gypsy lady. Her caravan was somewhere on the downs, guarded by her gypsies, but my uncle had been there the first day of the meeting, and on Monday night, at the National Sporting, some of the gypsies had waited for him coming out and given him news. I asked him how she was, but all his answer was, "It's in the hands of God."

Along the track toward the grand stand we made our way. On the railings across the track the bookmakers were proclaiming their market:

"I'll give fives the field."

"I'll give nine to one bar two."

"I'll give twenty to one bar five."

"Outsiders! Outsiders!"

"Fives Sir James."

"Seven to one Toison d'Or."

"Nines Honey Bee."

"Nines Welsh Melody."

"Ten to one the gypsy horse."

"It runs all right," said my Uncle Valentine, "up to now."

"Twenty to one Maureen Roe!"

"Twenties Asclepiades!"

"Twenty-five Rifle Ranger."

"Here thirty-three to one Rifle Ranger, Monk of Sussex or Presumptuous ——"

"Gentlemen, I am here to plead with you not to back the favorite. In this small envelope you will find the number of the winner. For the contemptible sum of two shillings, or half a dollar, you may amass a fortune. Who gave the winner of last year's Derby?" a tipster was calling. "Who gave the winner of the Oaks? Who gave the winner of the Stewards' Cup?"

"All right, guv'nor, I'll bite. 'Oo the 'ell did?"

Opposite the grand stand, the band of the Salvation Army was blaring the music of Work, for the Night is Coming. Gypsy girls were going around telling fortunes. "Ah, gentleman, you've got a lucky face. Cross the poor gypsy's hand with silver!"

"You better cut along and see your horse saddled," said my Uncle Valentine. Ducks and Drakes was in the Ranmore Plate, and with the penalty he received after Newmarket, Frasco could ride him. As I went toward the paddock I saw the numbers go up, and I saw we were drawn third, which I think is best of all on the tricky Epsom five-furlong dash. I got there in time to see the gypsy swing into the saddle in the green silk jacket and orange cap, and Sir Arthur giving him his orders. "Keep back of the Fusilier"—he pointed to the horse—"and then come out. Hit him once if you have to, and no more."

"*Si, si*, Don Arturo!" And he grinned at me.

"Kerry, read this," said the old trainer, and he gave me a newspaper, "and tell me before the race"—his voice was trembling a little—"if there's truth in it."

I pushed the paper into my pocket and went back to the box where my Uncle Valentine and Jenico and Ann-Dolly were. "What price my horse?" I asked in Tattersall's.

"Sixes, Mr. McFarlane."

"I'll take six hundred to a hundred twice." As I moved away there was a rush to back it. It tumbled in five minutes to five to two.

"And I thought I'd get tens," I said to my Uncle Valentine, "with the Fusilier and Bonny Hortense in the race. I wonder who's been backing it."

"I have," said Ann-Dolly. "I got twelves."

"You might have the decency to wait until the owner gets on," I said bitterly. And as I watched the tapes went up. It was a beautiful start. Everything except those on the outside seemed to have a chance as they raced for the rail. I could distinguish the green jacket but vaguely until they came to Tattenham Corner, when I could see Fusilier pull out and Bonny Hortense follow. But back of the Fusilier, racing quietly beside the filly, was the jacket green.

(Continued on Page 153)

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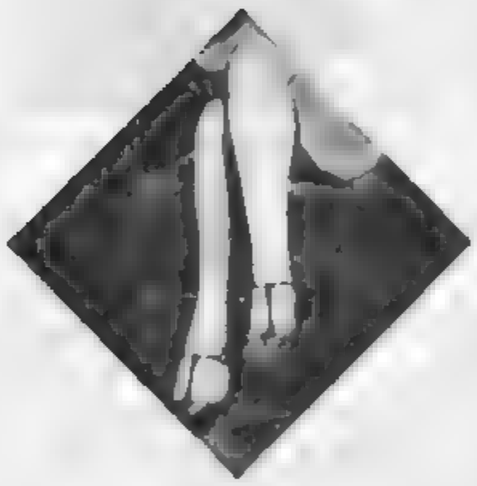

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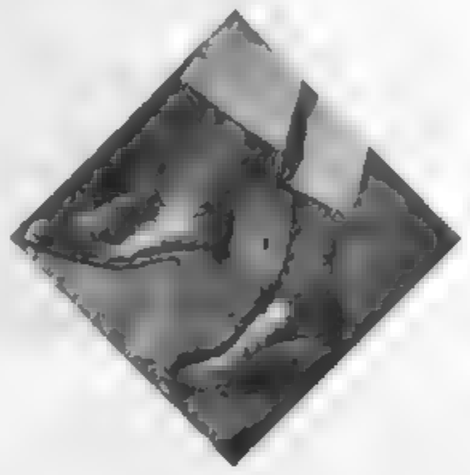

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MADE IN THE WORLD'S LARGEST HOSIERY MILLS

(Continued from Page 150)

"I wish he'd go up," I said.

"The favorite wins!" they were shouting. And a woman in the box next us began to clap her hands calling, "Fusilier's won! Fusilier wins it!"

"You're a fool, woman," said Ann-Dolly; "Ducks and Drakes has it." And as she spoke, I could see Frasco hunch forward slightly and dust his mount's neck with his whip. He crept past the hard-pressed Fusilier to win by half a length.

In my joy I nearly forgot the newspaper, and I glanced at it rapidly. My heart sank. "Gypsy Owner Dying as Horse Runs in Derby," I read, and reading down it I felt furious. Where the man got his information from I don't know, but he drew a picturesque account of the old gypsy lady on her deathbed on the downs as Romany Baw was waiting in his stall. The account was written the evening before, and "It is improbable she will last the night," it ended. I gave it to my Uncle Valentine, who had been strangely silent over my win.

"What shall I say to Sir Arthur Pollexfen?"

"Say she's ill, but it's all rot she's dying."

I noticed as I went to the paddock a murmur among the racegoers. The attention of all had been drawn to the gypsy horse by its jockey having won the Ranmore Plate. Everywhere I heard questions being asked as to whether she was dead. Sir James had hardened to fours. And on the heath I heard a woman proffer a sovereign to a bookmaker on Romany Baw, and he said, "That horse don't run, lady." I forgot my own little triumph in the tragedy of the scratching of the great horse.

In the paddock, Sir Arthur was standing watching the lads leading the horses around. Twenty-seven entries, glossy as silk, muscled like athletes of old Greece, ready to run for the Derby stakes. The jockeys, with their hard wizened faces, stood talking to trainers and owners, saying nothing about the race, all already having been said, but just putting in the time until the order came to go to the gate. I moved across to the old Irish trainer and the gypsy jockey. Sir Arthur was saying nothing, but his hand trembled as he took a pinch of snuff from his old-fashioned silver horn. The gypsy jockey stood erect, with his overcoat over his silk. It was a heart-rending five minutes, standing there beside them, waiting for the message that they were not to go.

My Uncle Valentine was standing with a couple of the stewards. A small race official was explaining something to them. They nodded him away. There was another minute's conversation and my uncle came toward us. The old trainer was fumbling pitifully with his silver snuff horn, trying to find the pocket in which to put it.

"It's queer," said my Uncle Valentine, "but nobody seems to know where Lady Clontarf is. She's not in her caravan."

"So?" questioned the old trainer.

"So you run," said my Uncle Valentine. "The horse comes under starter's orders. You may have an objection, Arthur, but you run."

The old man put on youth and grandeur before my eyes. He stood erect. With an eye like an eagle's, he looked around the paddock.

"Leg up, boy!" he snapped at Frasco.

"Here, give me your coat." I helped throw the golden-and-red-shirted figure into the saddle. Then the head lad led the horse out.

We moved down the track and into the stand, and the parade began. Lord Shere's great horse, and the French hope, Toison d'Or; the brown colt owned by the richest merchant in the world; and the little horse owned by the Leicester butcher, who served in his own shop; the horse owned by the peer of last year's making; and the bay filly owned by the first baroness in England. They went down past the stand and, turning, breezed off at a gallop back, to cross the downs toward the starting gate; and as they went, with each went someone's heart. All eyes seemed turned on the gypsy horse, with his rider erect as a Life Guardsman. As Frasco raised his whip to his cap in the direction of our box, I heard in one of the neighboring boxes a man say, "But that horse's owner is dead!"

"Is that so, Uncle Valentine?" asked Ann-Dolly. There were tears in her eyes. "Is that true?"

"Nothing is true until you see it yourself," parried my Uncle Valentine. And as she seemed to be about to cry openly—"Don't you see the horse running?" he said. "Don't you know the rule?" But his eyes were riveted through his glasses on the starting gate. I could see deep furrows of anxiety on his bronze brow. In the distance, over the crowd's heads, over the bookmakers' banners, over the tents, we could see the dancing horses at the tape, the gay colors of the riders moving here and there in an intricate pattern, the massed hundreds of black figures at the start. Near us, across the rails, some religious zealots let fly little balloons carrying banners reminding us that doom was waiting. Their band broke into a lugubrious hymn, while nasal voices took it up. The line of horses, formed for the gate, broke and wheeled. My uncle snapped his fingers in vexation.

"Why can't the fool get them off!"

Then, out of a seeming inextricable maze, the line formed suddenly and advanced on the tapes, and the heavy silence exploded into a low roar like growling thunder. Each one of us repeated, "They're off!" The Derby had started! It seemed like a river of satin, with iridescent foam, pouring against all Nature, uphill, and for one instant you could distinguish nothing. You looked to see if your horse had got away well, had not been kicked or cut into at the start; and as you were disentangling them, the banks of gorse shut them from your view, and when you saw them again they were racing for the turn of the hill. The erect figure of the jockey caught my eye before his colors did.

"He's lying fifth," I told my Uncle Valentine.

"He's running well," my uncle remarked quietly.

They swung around the top of the hill, appearing above the rails and gorse, like something tremendously artificial, like some theatrical illusion, as of a boat going across the stage. There were three horses grouped together, then a black horse—Esterhazy's fine colt—then Romany Baw, then after that a stretching line of horses. Something came out of the pack at the top of the hill and passed the gypsy horse, and the fourth.

"Toison d'Or is going up," Jenico told me.

But the gallant French colt's bolt was flown. He fell back, and now one of the leaders dropped back. And Romany was fourth as they started downhill for Tattenham Corner. "How slow they go!" I thought.

"What a pace!" said Jenico, who had his watch in his hand.

At Tattenham Corner the butcher's lovely little horse was beaten, and a sort of little moan came from the rail where the poor people stood. Above the religious band's nasal tones, the ring began roaring: "Sir James! Sir James has it! Twenty to one bar Sir James!"

As they came flying up the stretch I could see the favorite going along, like some bird flying low, his jockey hunched like an ape on his withers. Beside him raced an outsider, a French-bred horse owned by Kazoutlian, an Armenian banker. Close to his heels came the gypsy horse, on the inside, Frasco sitting as though the horse were standing still. Before him raced the favorite and the rank outsider.

"It's all over," I said. "He can't get through and he can't pull around. Luck of the game."

And then the rider on the Armenian's horse tried his last effort. He brought his

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whip high in the air. My Uncle Valentine thundered a great oath.

"Look, Kerry!" His fingers gripped my shoulder.

I knew, when I saw the French horse throw his head up, that he was going to swerve at the whip, but I never expected Frasco's mad rush. He seemed to jump the opening and land the horse past Sir James.

"The favorite's beat!" went up the cry of dismay.

Romany Baw, with Frasco forward on his neck, passed the winning post first by a clear length.

Then a sort of stunned silence fell on the Derby crowd. Nobody knew what would happen. If, as the rumor went around, the owner was dead, then the second automatically won. All eyes were on the horse as the trainer led him into the paddock, followed by second and third. All eyes turned from the horse toward the notice board as the numbers went up—17, 1, 26. All folk were waiting for the red objection signal. The owner of the second led his horse in, the burly Yorkshire peer. An old gnarled man, with a face like a walnut, Kazoutlian's self, led in the third.

"I say, Kerry," Jenico called quietly, "something's up near the paddock."

I turned and noticed a milling mob down the course on our right. The mounted policemen set off at a trot toward the commotion. Then cheering went into the air like a peal of bells.

Down the course came all the gypsies—all the gypsies in the world, it seemed to me. Big-striding black men with gold earrings and colored neckerchiefs, and staves in their hands. And gypsy women, a-jingle with coins, dancing. Their tambourines jangled, as they danced forward in a strange East Indian rhythm. There was a loud order barked by the police officer, and the men stood by to let them pass. And the stolid English police began cheering too. It seemed to me that even the little trees of the downs were cheering, and in an instant I cheered too.

For back of an escort of mounted gypsies, big foreign men with mustaches, saddleless on their shaggy mounts, came a gypsy cart with its cover down, drawn by four prancing horses. A wild-looking gypsy man was holding the reins. On the cart, for all to see, seated in a great armchair, propped up by cushions, was Lady Clontarf. Her head was laid back on a pillow and her eyes were closed, as if the strain of appearing had been too much for her. Her little maid was crouched at her feet.

For an instant we saw her, and noticed the aged beauty of her face, noticed the peace like twilight on it. There was an order from a big Rumanian gypsy and the Romany people made a lane. The driver stood up on his perch and maneuvering his long snakelike whip in the air, made it crack like a musket. The horses broke into a gallop and the gypsy cart went over the turfed course toward Tattenham Corner, passed it, and went up the hill and disappeared over the Surrey downs. All the world was cheering.

XII

"COME in here," said my Uncle Valentine, and he took me into the cool beauty of our little church of St. Columba's-in-Paganry. "Now what do you think of that?" And he pointed out a brass tablet on the wall.

"In Memory of Mifanwy, Countess of Clontarf and Kincora," I read. Then came the dates of her birth and death—"and who is buried after the Romany manner, no man knows where." And then came the strange text: "In death she was not divided."

"But surely," I objected, "the quotation is, 'In death they were not divided.'"

"It may be," said my Uncle Valentine, "or it may not be. But as the living of St Columba's-in-Paganry is in my gift, surely to God," he broke out, "a man can have a text the way he wants it in his own church."

This was arguable; but something more serious caught my eye.

"See, sir," I said, "the date of her death is wrong. She died on the evening of Derby Day, June the second. And here it is given as June the first."

"She did not die on the evening of Derby Day. She died on the first."

"Then," I said, "when she rode down the course on her gypsy cart"—and a little chill came over me—"she was ——"

"As a herring, Kerry, as a gutted herring," my Uncle Valentine said.

"Then the rule was really infringed and the horse should not have won."

"Wasn't he the best horse there?"

"Undoubtedly, sir; but as to the betting"

"The bookmakers lost less than they would have lost on the favorite."

"But the backers of the favorite!"

"The small backer in the silver ring is paid on the first past the post, so they'd have lost anyway. At any rate they all should have lost. They backed their opinion as to which was the best horse, and it wasn't."

"But damn it all, sir—and God forgive me for swearing in this holy place—there's the Derby rule!"

"The letter killeth, Kerry," quoted my uncle gravely, even piously. "The letter killeth."

(THE END)

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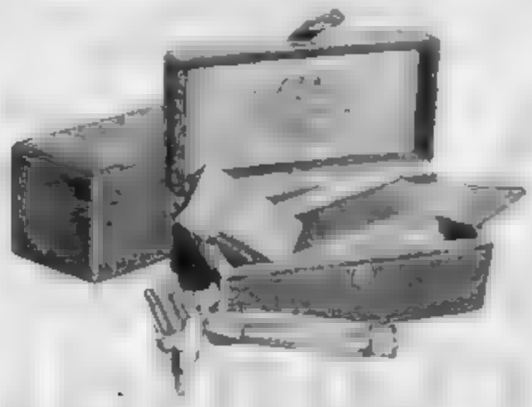


The Razor That Sharpens Itself

"My Heavens, the Gas Tank's Empty!"

Greater Comfort
Longer Wear

These twin advantages of Mason tires are due to Hylastic Cord. Hylastic Cord is made exclusively from a special, carefully selected, tough and sinewy cotton. It is spun exclusively in Mason's own mills under Mason's directions and to Mason standards. It is this Hylastic Cord that makes every Mason balloon so flexible that it gives maximum comfort and yet is so tough and sinewy that it endures constant flexing for thousands and thousands of miles.

MASON
BALLOONS

The new Vici colours

THE new Vici colours, worked out in conjunction with the greatest of the silk and woolen fabric manufacturers, are as lovely as so many discreet little jewels and as chic as Paris itself.

Vici Polo—rich, golden brown; Vici Cinna—deep rose-brown; Vici Cochin—slightly darker in tone; Vici Walnut—like the sheen of an heirloom; Vici Rosette, the delicate winter-beige; Vici Black (dull finish), for the ultra-chic and fashion-wise

There isn't a new smart costume colour that isn't provided for in these shoes....When you get them on, you won't mind a spotlight on your feet; you'll yearn for it!

Where do you put your feet?

IN the motor—at the country club—waiting in the lounge of the smart hotel—chatting over tea—where do you put your feet?... Anybody can tell your fortune by your answer.

Do you curl them up as far as they'll go—and wish it were farther? Are you foot-conscious—mildly or helplessly? Do you notice other feet; and hope their owners don't reciprocate?.... *You need to change your luck.*

You need shoes so slim, so smart, so right in colour that you'll like to see them standing in shining rows in your shoe cupboard, or going outdoors for a walk. Shoes that achieve so pleasing a harmony or so smart a contrast with your costume that they deserve to be looked at. Shoes that make your feet smaller and your self-confidence bigger. Shoes of Vici kid.

ROBERT H. FOERDERER, INC.
PHILADELPHIA

Selling Agents: LUCIUS BEEBE & SONS, Boston
Selling agencies in all parts of the world

Here's your luck!

When you see this Lucky Horseshoe stamped inside a pair of shoes—put them on and walk out. The colour's right; so's the quality; so's the price. ....This is your lucky day.

VICI kid

REG U.S. PAT. OFF

TOUCHDOWN!

(Continued from Page 31)

passing to the fullback, then shoving him from behind. In line attack I now sent the on end ahead to break a way, followed by the off end, the on half, the fullback, and sometimes the quarter, the off half bearing up at the rear with the ball. From this point on, the scrimmage began to be strenuous. Camp's wedge first had forced the opposing lines to play low to stop it, but only that part of the line immediately attacked dropped down. The lines did not get down on the ground in earnest and take the brunt of the attack on their heads and necks until Woodruff introduced his guards-back formation at Pennsylvania in 1895, pulling both guards out of the line either to carry the ball or to smash a path ahead of it. Meanwhile I had been doing the same thing with my tackles from 1894 on.

Camp sometimes had varied his scrimmage wedge by shooting his backs on a sudden wide dash to one side or the other after his opposition had been drawn in to combat the wedge. We carried this a step farther at Springfield in Doctor Seerley's dream play. Doc, our fullback, insisted that the trick formation had come to him in a dream. On this variation of the Camp wedge, the halves and quarter suddenly would deploy around an end, slipping the ball to Doc as they veered. He would bend over in a huddle, concealing his precious package. When the hounds were in full cry after the decoys, he would straighten up and continue via the short line. We tried it first on Harvard when we were on their five-yard line, and old Doc just stepped across their goal for a touchdown, to the unutterable annoyance of the Crimson. We tricked that unofficial Yale team with it for a touchdown in the Madison Square Garden night game, and Amherst, Wesleyan and other lesser opponents followed it even more eagerly.

Presto, Change—Touchdown!

The hidden-ball play took many forms, the ultimate and most famous of which was the exhibition of parlor magic which Pop Warner's Carlisle Indians gave for an unappreciative Harvard audience in 1903. Harvard kicked off at the start of the game. As Dillon of Carlisle received the ball, his mates gathered closely about him. A moment later the mass burst asunder and scattered in every direction, the ball nowhere in sight. Of all the Indian eleven, only Dillon obviously did not have it, for he charged forward with his arms empty and straight before him. Harvard stepped aside to let him pass and played button-button-who's got-the-button? with the rest of the Carlisle team. Dillon arrived at the Harvard goal, produced the ball from the back of his sweater like a rabbit from a hat and deposited it ceremoniously for a touchdown.

Another coach, I have heard, once embroidered a football on the chests of the jerseys of his back field as camouflage. In Percy Haughton's first season at Harvard, the report got around that Warner had another rabbit in his hat; this time he was sewing a piece of leather, the shape and color of a football, on the jerseys of the Carlisle back field for the Harvard game. The rule book, upon examination, gave Haughton no comfort; it did not cover such a contingency. But stay! It said nothing, either, about painting the ball. Harvard tinted a ball the precise shade of crimson affected at Cambridge and was all prepared to demand that the game be played with a red ball; but Carlisle arrived in regulation jerseys.

A Midnight Show

"Lurking along the sidelines" refers to a trick that was seen more often in high-school and minor-college games, where the spectators were allowed often to crowd onto the sidelines, than in major contests. Particularly after the introduction of the forward pass, it was not uncommon for a player to slip off unnoticed into the sideline crowd and lie in wait for a pass. The rule makers did not get around to legislating against it until 1914. It was possibly of use at one time even without a crowd for cover, for originally there was no restriction against substitutes standing on the sidelines. No one is allowed there now, but as late as 1911 five players to each side were permitted to walk up and down the sidelines, reduced to three that year, to one in 1912, and prohibited altogether since 1914. Possibly the first instance of the trick came about by accident in a game at Easton, Pennsylvania, about 1896, between Lafayette and Penn State. Parke Davis tells the story. Morton F. Jones, the Lafayette center, left the field to change his headgear. A moment later a Nittany Lion broke through and was within ten yards of the Lafayette goal when Jones abruptly appeared from the sidelines and nailed the runner so hard that he dropped the ball. Penn State lost by the margin of that frustrated touchdown.

I returned to New Haven for two weeks in the fall of 1890 as one of several graduate coaches and was offered $100 as compensation. It is from this that I deduce that Walter Camp was, by now, a paid coach.

My second Springfield team played the first indoor football game ever staged, against a team that included five of the Yale varsity, in Madison Square Garden after the close of the 1891 season, as a part of the three-day winter field games of the Staten Island Athletic Club. The game was scheduled for nine P.M., but the earlier events having been run off slowly, it was nearly midnight before we got into action. The reporters and spectators were troubled by the International Young Men's Christian Association Training School and settled finally on Christians as our name. We were leading, 10 to 6, toward the end of the game, and Yale, with Heffelfinger in the vanguard, was marching down on our goal, when the old-fashioned electric carbon arc lights sputtered and went out. They flashed on again, and Yale resumed its march, scoring a touchdown and evening the score. Morrison tried for goal. The ball struck the post and bounded back into the arms of Josh Hartwell as he was charging down on us. In that day the ball continued in play when a try at goal failed, and Hartwell was on our five-yard line before we pulled him down. Yale pushed the ball over for an extra touchdown, kicked goal, and won, 16 to 10.

We used to practice deliberately at missing a goal kick after touchdown when I was at Yale, an end being stationed in a strategic spot to recover the ball. It was too familiar a trick to use on a major opponent, but we caught a green team with it occasionally. I have scored as many as two extra touchdowns on one bona-fide crossing of the goal line through carefully missed goal kicks. The rules never having contemplated such a situation, it had not been provided for, and therefore was entirely legal—one more instance of beating the rules.

Editorial Comment

The very scantness of my material at Springfield served as an advantage in one way. Caspar Whitney, who had a weekly column in Harper's Weekly, was the great football pundit of the time. Writing on November 21, 1891, he said: "Here is a school that contains just forty-two boys, and yet out of these Stagg has succeeded in developing a team that has made those of Harvard and Yale play ball. I acknowledge at once that the school is favored exceptionally in having so thorough a student of the game as Mr. Stagg to lead; but are not Yale, Harvard and Princeton supposed to be, and generally are, provided with expert coaches? The prime difference is that Stagg picks the most likely boy for a position, puts him in it and drills him continuously in the theory and practice of playing it; while the others, rich in candidates, try one after another in the line, leaving them to grope and bang against one another with little or no aid from the coaches, tumbling into their positions after weeks of work. If Stagg, out of a school of forty-two, could develop the team he has, what could he not have done with eleven such men as will face Yale Saturday?"

A New York editorial writer grew quite lyric over my coaching that same fall. "Mr. Stagg is without doubt the finest football strategist in the United States," he asserted. "It is he that originated the tricks and teamwork which have made Yale so almost invincible on the field. Such capacity at organization shows one of the highest types of intellect. Mr. Stagg has the stuff in him of which great men are made. As a general of armies, as an admiral of fleets, as a great business man whose field is bounded only by continent lines, Mr. Stagg would undoubtedly make his name known throughout the world. Instead of entering upon any of these careers, he is about to accept charge of the Department of Athletics in Yale. Mr. Stagg, believe us, you are making a great mistake in wasting such genius in so humble lines. A great strategist like you can make his choice among the most lucrative occupations of life and is sure of success wherever he goes." And even more in that vein.

A Stray Dog in the Service

Among his several overstatements was that about my returning to Yale. Overtures had come from New Haven, but I was going to take charge of athletics at a university the first stone of which had not been laid.

It was a poor player who could not find a job as coach in the early 90's. The game had burst the confines of the Big Three and its immediate satellites, and coaches were few and in demand. Minnesota, which had been playing desultorily since 1883, first met Wisconsin in 1890. Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri and Iowa organized the old Western Intercollegiate Football Association, and the Army met the Navy in their pioneer game. Three years later the Secretaries of War and the Navy abolished the match as a result of public outcry over injuries in the 1893 season, and it was not resumed until 1899 at Philadelphia, long its home.

The Army and Navy are conservative institutions, and football was a stray dog on the premises for a while. Making the team brought no privileges. Saturday afternoon was a holiday and those who wished might devote it to football, but at Annapolis they spent the morning, like their mates, galloping up and down the ratlines and shrouds of an old training hulk in the bay at sail drill. The entrance ages at the academy were fourteen to eighteen then and their teams of prep-school caliber.

The cadets fared still worse. Saturday was sacred to that horrendous rite, inspection. A team arriving at the Point to engage the cadets, and starting for the field after luncheon would find the army squad lined up at attention with the rest of the corps, in agonized full dress, with some lieutenant colonel counting their brass buttons and administering a summary court-martial to a shoe shine not up to the specifications of the Articles of War. Often this ordeal did not end until within half an hour or fifteen minutes of game time.

At the beginning, the master of the sword, H. J. Koehler, had the job of coach wished

(Continued on Page 161)

Chicago's Homemade Athletic Field, 1896. The Student-Built Fence Was Not Replaced Until 1915

Now--you can put a

THE DALTON [Million dollar capacity] EIGHT

Lightning multiplication as well as addition—all for

$100

You wouldn't dream of having a stenographer go to a special desk to do her typing. No, you supply a typewriter for every stenographer . . . Now give those who have figuring to perform the same chance to do their work quickly, accurately—put an adding-calculating machine on every desk. You can do so at a cost so low that the time and mistakes saved will pay for the equipment before you know it. For Dalton has developed an all-quality, all-'round figuring machine at a "typewriter price"—the new Dalton Eight, price, only $100!

No instruction needed

How ideal for desk use this new Dalton is! No experience, no course of instruction needed. The machine is instantly operable by anyone. No mass of keys to mystify, no columns to fumble with. Only 10 numeral keys, so scientifically arranged that one hand covers them. Figures automatically arrange themselves in their proper order on the tape. Operation simple as A, B, C.

Multiplies as fast as it adds

The service the Dalton Eight offers is amazing. The machine multiplies with the same lightning rapidity with which it adds. No roundabout methods—just enter the figures, the machine does the rest. Actually four times faster than pad-and-pencil. Subtraction, too, handled in jig-time.

Open the machine and compare!

The Dalton Eight takes up no more space on a desk than a telephone book, and is so light you can easily carry it from place to place. And no wear-out to it! Open the machine, compare it with other makes at $100—you'll see the reason. Note its sturdy construction—quality all the way through. For this is not a "cheap" machine, built down to a price, but a standard Dalton model, part for part identical with the world's highest-priced bookkeeping machines. Made of the same steel, by the same careful craftsmen, under the same rigid inspection rules.

The big corporation is not the only user of this new Dalton Eight. In the smallest business it replaces the pencil; checks invoices, totals sales—handles every problem in a minimum of time. To the professional man, the farmer, even the housewife with occasional figuring to do, the machine offers a modern, error-proof device at a logical price. Anywhere, this astonishing low price makes pen-and-brain figuring a positive extravagance.

Some time ago we started a new cost system which meant a considerable increase in our figure work. We find that our new $100 Dalton handles this work with remarkable ease and simplicity. It certainly is a big time saver and there is a lot of satisfaction in having absolute accuracy in results. R. B. Linebergar, The Stevens Construction Co., Akron, Ohio

10 days' free trial!

Have the nearby Dalton Sales Agent bring the Dalton Eight to your store or office. Use it for ten days *free*—see how simple, how speedy it is. No obligation. Only—once you've used the machine, you won't be without it! Especially when you can buy it on such easy terms—$10.00 down.

THE DALTON ADDING MACHINE SALES COMPANY, *Cincinnati, Ohio,* U. S. A.

Agents for Canada: The United Typewriter Co., Toronto and Branches Sales Agencies in all the Principal Cities of the World

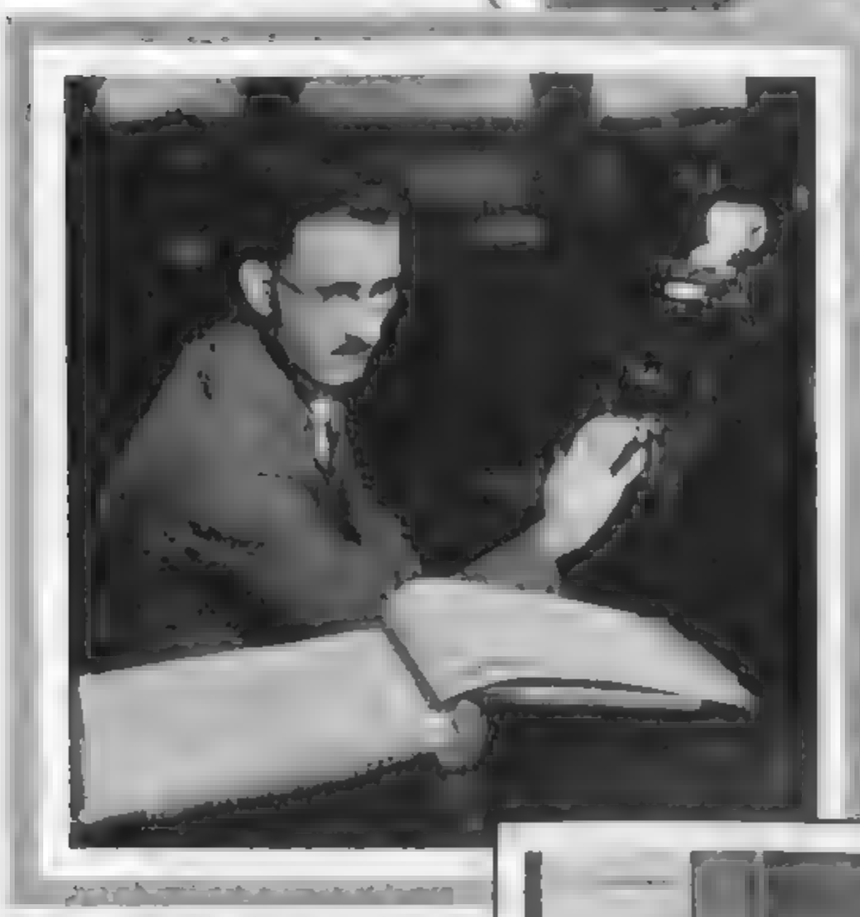
Nation-wide Service—All Dalton machines are serviced by factory-trained experts, operating from 160 completely equipped service stations

Dalton

ADDING-CALCULATING · BOOKKEEPING · STATEMENT *and* "CASH REGISTER" MACHINES

machine on every desk!

The Dalton Eight. Adding and multiplying capacity, just one cent less than $1,000,000.00



The Dalton "Eight" will quickly pay for itself in the time and mistakes it saves. It is so simple that even those in our office who have never seen the machine before can operate it with speed and efficiency and it is far cheaper than pad-and-pencil figuring.

F. W. Sommer
J. P. Stetson Co., Inc
New York City

With our new Dalton, we can get out our reports at the end of the month in about half the time it used to take. We find it a daily convenience in many different ways that we had not thought of before buying the machine.

Glen H. Reed
W. W. Reed & Son
Kent, Ohio

We bought our new Dalton because we found that clerks were losing time waiting because the machine we had was in use. The new machine has entirely relieved this congestion. Our office staff like it especially because it is so easily carried from desk to desk. It is particularly handy in the rush of figure work at the end of the month

P. Meyers, Treasurer
The Princess Garment Company
Cincinnati, Ohio

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The Dalton Adding Machine Sales Co.
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"Like Sleeping On A Giant Pillow"

The Sealy
A Pillow for the 'Body'.

TUFTLESS MATTRESS.

$50.00 East of the Rockies

air-Woven of long fibre, virgin cotton.
(A PATENTED SEALY PROCESS.)

The Sealy is not just another mattress. It is different, fundamentally different.

The secret of its unmatched comfort lies in a patented Air Weave process which permanently knits millions of long staple, virgin cotton fibres into a single, giant, buoyant batt.

This batt, slipped into the specially woven Sealy tick, forms a great, tuftless pillow for the body; a mattress that will not become lumpy or hard, that needs no tufts.

Being tuftless, the Sealy's smooth, soft surface yields to your body like a giant pillow. Every muscle relaxes and you slip quickly into sound, healthful sleep.

An occasional sun bath is all the Sealy requires to preserve its buoyant softness through many, many years of sleep service.

Not only the most comfortable, but in the end the most economical mattress you can buy. Ask your dealer to show you the famous Sealy Tuftless.

Sealy Supreme Spring

A double deck spring that is designed to give you a new depth of relaxing comfort and years of service. Cannot sag, or lose its shape. Has ninety-nine coils of the finest tempered steel spring wire, one-piece, round-cornered, all-steel frame and cross-lace helical top. Adjustable to fit wood or steel beds.

Combined with the World Famous Sealy Tuftless, it affords you the very acme of sleeping comfort. Ask your dealer to show you this wonderful Sealy Spring.

"The Largest Selling Staple Cotton Mattress in the World"

Sealy Factories are Located at

Sugarland - - - Tex.	Cleveland - Ohio	Oklahoma City - Okla.	Indianapolis - - Ind.	Baltimore - - - Md.
Memphis - - - - Tenn.	Detroit - - - - Mich.	Denver - - - - Colo.	St. Louis - - - - Mo.	Little Rock - - Ark.
New York - - - N. Y.	St. Paul - - - - Minn.	Los Angeles - - Cal.	Chicago - - - - Ill.	Atlanta - - - - Ga.
Buffalo - - - - N. Y.	Richmond - - - Va.	San Francisco - Cal.	Salt Lake City - Utah	New Orleans - - - La.
Pittsburgh - - - Pa.	Kansas City - - Mo.	Tigard - - - Oregon	El Paso - - - - Tex.	San Antonio - - Tex.
				Seattle - - - - Wash.

THE SEALY CORPORATION.

(Continued from Page 157)

on him. He did have the help at week-ends for two seasons at least of that great tactician of offense, Dr. H. L. Williams, who made the Minnesota shift famous. The date of the appearance of a trainer, Harry Tuthill, at the academy may be imagined from the fact that Tuthill landed the place through a skillful job of bandaging Ty Cobb's ankle.

Bill Edwards tells a story of Tuthill's arrival at the Point in his Football Days. Tuthill knew nothing of football, but the army coach who chanced to see his expert ministrations to Cobb's foot engaged him on the spot. The innovation was poohpoohed by the academy authorities. A trainer at West Point? Training, and nothing else but, was what a cadet got from the day he arrived until he walked out with a second lieutenant's commission. One doesn't season lemons with vinegar. Ask the boys themselves whether they think they need any more training. Tuthill watched a dress parade, ending in a double-time trot, while waiting to be introduced to the superintendent, but was not so impressed as he might have been.

"Glad to know you," the superintendent said, when the corps had been dismissed, "but I really can't see the need of a trainer here."

"Run them boys around again, then ask 'em to whistle," suggested Tut.

I had not been a month at Springfield before a letter came from Doctor Harper in which he said, "I have a very important matter about which I wish to talk to you. I am very anxious to see you at an early moment."

The Rockefeller Millions

He saw me, and the important matter proved to be the University of Chicago. There is irony in the story of how this great university was conjured out of the raw Chicago prairie with Rockefeller money. There had been a University of Chicago, a Baptist school, from 1856 until 1886, when an insurance company foreclosed its mortgage on the plant. John D. Rockefeller already had amassed a great fortune; he was a devout Baptist and he was generous with causes in which he believed. The church had tried to interest him in saving the old university and had failed.

Meanwhile Dr. Augustus H. Strong was working on Mr. Rockefeller to give the fabulous sum of $20,000,000 to establish a great Baptist school in New York City. Rockefeller has given vastly larger amounts since, but $20,000,000 was a grotesque figure then. The doctor's eldest son had married Mr. Rockefeller's elder daughter. The doctor was three years older than the oil man; he had known him intimately and been his pastor in Cleveland. By now he was head of Rochester Seminary, the fount of Baptist orthodoxy. To all these advantages Doctor Strong added a masterful character unaccustomed to taking no for an answer. In the summer of 1887 he toured Europe as a guest of Rockefeller and talked his New York university daily, including Sunday. He wished $5,000,000 outright and $1,000,000 a year for fifteen years.

A University of Service

Doctor Strong never got his endowment or any part of it. Such a school was built in Chicago and he had no share in it, yet his long sales campaign had a profound effect on the destiny of the rival project. Mr. Rockefeller has given many millions to Chicago, but he began with no such thought. Doctor Harper hoped for a minimum of $1,500,000, but he dared not press for such a sum. Ten Baptist colleges between Ohio and the Rocky Mountains did not have an aggregate endowment of more than a third of that.

The original plea was for only $400,000, and the multi-millionaire balked at that. When Doctor Harper and Dr. Frederick Taylor Gates finally secured his first pledge in 1889 it was for $600,000, contingent on $400,000 being raised elsewhere; and that condition nearly wrecked the gift, for Chicago was engaged in raising $10,000,000 for the World's Fair. Yet ninety days after the condition had been met, Mr. Rockefeller gave an additional $1,000,000. By 1910 his gifts in cash and land had totaled $35,000,000. His imagination had been caught, and Doctor Strong's long and fruitless campaign had prepared the soil on which Chicago's pleas fell.

Doctor Harper was doing a revolutionary thing, not so much in creating a great school virtually at one stroke, for that was being done simultaneously at Leland Stanford, Jr., University, but his was a new kind of school. Until the founding of Johns Hopkins, there had been no university in the United States and but one type of college. Chicago was to be a great experiment divided into the colleges, the academies, the graduate schools, the divinity school, the university-extension division and the university press, all to operate twelve months in the year. These last two and the twelve-month school year were revolutionary. Without exception, American colleges had confined their work to their own campuses. The successful extension work of Cambridge in England inspired Doctor Harper to reach out with lectures, correspondence lessons, evening and summer classes, publications and books lent from the libraries to a multitude who could not hope to enroll regularly. The curriculum was to be elastic rather than rigid. He disliked annual mass graduations; and had it been practicable, he would have provided for individual graduation, but this being too radical he compromised on quarterly graduations. And Chicago was to be coeducational, a further heresy, possibly the most scandalous of all.

Dr. Lyman Abbott once expressed it in these words: "The distinguishing characteristic of the German university is scholarship. The spirit of the English university is culture. President Harper built a university in terms of service. The older college of the English type produces gentlemen. The newer college of the German type produces scholars; and doubtless the University of Chicago has produced both. The scholarship which the first has regarded as a means and measure of self-development, and the second as an end in itself, the third has regarded as a preparation for active American life."

Dignity for Athletics

As a part of this new order of things there was to be a Department of Physical Culture and Athletics on a parity with every other major division of the university, and the director not to be a professional coach under a temporary appointment who must win games to hold his job, but a permanent member of the teaching staff, of professorial rank. This was an immeasurable advance, and it was the place he offered me. At Yale, Jay W. Seaver had no powers and very few funds. Sargent, at Harvard, director of Hemingway Gymnasium, a famous pioneer in physical training, had only a quasi-faculty standing. Everywhere except at Amherst, where the beloved Doctor Hitchcock held sway, physical training was a faculty Cinderella.

On November 25, 1890, I wrote to Doctor Harper: "After much thought and prayer I feel decided that my life can best be used for my Master's service in the position which you have offered."

Before I quit the East, I should touch on a phase of the game which I have neglected. Because I saw little of this side of the picture myself, I read into the record the

The Kick-Off's Predecessor, the Yale Wedge, Which Opened Each Half and Followed a Touchdown From 1888 to 1894

NOW a complete ELECTRIC RANGE

No. 106 Cabinet Range

fries
bakes
boils
roasts
broils

ONLY $29

Quality that never disappoints

Now you can have complete electric cooking, without the necessity for special wiring, for only $29

This new White-Cross range embodies the most advanced design and cooks with amazing speed. 34 in. high, 14 in. wide, 12 in. deep. Top, 12 in. by 22 in. with two burners, operating independently by rotary "on and off" switches. Oven, 12 in. by 10 in. by 11 in., has 3 heats, high, medium and low—ranging up to 400°—ample for any need! Warming closet below. Double walled, asbestos lined. Each burner draws no more current than a toaster. Extremely economical. Elements guaranteed for one year. Finest sheet steel, triple baked enamel.

Cook by Wire!

This range has two flush receptacles, one for the two top burners and the other for oven use, and therefore can be operated from the ordinary wall socket or base plug without special wiring in the home. Complete with cord, only $29. See this range at your nearest dealer's. Insist upon the name White-Cross as only White-Cross offers such amazing value. If your dealer can't supply you, mail the coupon and get this range in your home for 6 days' trial use. Then, if not simply delighted, it is your privilege to return it, and we will promptly refund full price.

2-BURNER ELECTRIC STOVE only $6

No. 100 Electric Stove

You will find scores of uses for this wonderful 2-burner stove. Use it on coffee tray, tea cart, or side table, etc., for comforting breakfasts, lunches, teas, buffet suppers and entertaining. 18 in. long, 9 in. wide, by 5½ in. high. Burners operate independently by rotary "on and off" switches. Draws no more current than a toaster. Bottom completely enclosed against heat. Extra quality and strength at every point. Complete with cord and 2-piece plug, only $6.

If you cannot secure the genuine White-Cross Stove from your dealer, we will ship direct if you mail the coupon below. If you are not delighted after 6 days' use, merely return it and your money will be refunded.

DEALERS:

15,000 dealers are enjoying record sales. Share in these big sales and extra profits. These amazing values sell on sight. Write or wire your jobber or direct for special bulletin.

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☐ Send me by express prepaid No. 106 Cabinet Range. I enclose check or money order, for $29 ($32.50 west of Rockies) with the understanding that I may use the range any way I like for one whole week. Then, if I am not satisfied, I will return it and you will refund full price without question.

☐ Send me on approval the new No. 100 White-Cross Two-Burner Stove. I will pay postman only $6.00 ($7.00 west of Rockies). If not delighted I will return it after six days' use, and you will at once refund full price.

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Rust-Proof Because PARKERIZED

DO you know why the typewriters in your office give continuous service without a sign of rust? It is because all the steel parts are rust-proofed.

You may not build typewriters—probably you do not—but if you use steel or iron you can rust-proof every nut, bolt, spring, hinge—in fact any part of your product.

Many manufacturers of automobiles, telephones, automatic scales, bookkeeping machines, firearms, tools, machinery, radio parts, hardware specialties, electrical equipment and nearly 200 other varieties of products can now claim the added value of "Rust-Proof Because Parkerized."

Parkerizing is adapted to modern production methods. The rust-proofing solution is developed by mixing PARCO POWDER, an inert dry chemical, with boiling water. The process renders the surface of the metal rust-proof without changing dimensions or tensile strength. In many instances it is possible to use iron or steel as a substitute for more expensive metals. It makes a perfect base for paint or enamel.

Parkerizing offers you the benefit of years of research work, insuring positive results. You need not experiment. Our engineers are qualified to advise you concerning the use of Parkerizing as applied to your particular requirements.

Parkerizing jobbing service plants are located in twenty industrial centers.

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Detroit, U. S. A.

testimony of a great reporter and a former player, Richard Harding Davis.

Thanksgiving Day now was given over in New York to the big game. The city was joining in the noisy exuberance that once had only annoyed it. From 2000 or fewer the attendance had grown to 30,000, if you counted the thousands on Deadhead Hill, as Coogan's Bluff was known. The game, after much wandering between Hoboken, Berkeley Oval, Princeton, New Haven, Eastern Park in Brooklyn, and the old Polo Grounds at the north edge of Central Park, had been fixed at the field of the Manhattan Athletic Club, the site of the present Polo Grounds. From twenty-five or fifty cents, tickets now brought as much as fifteen dollars each from speculators, with boxes at $150, and tallyho seats at twenty dollars, if you reserved them a year in advance.

"After the game in the early days," Davis wrote in Harper's Weekly in 1893, the early days being the 80's, "all the students massed in Koster and Bial's Music Hall, then in Twenty-third Street, and packed it so that after nine o'clock a man who wished to leave had to be passed over the heads of the crowd, and this the crowd would do for him with cheerful alacrity that landed him hatless and breathless in the lobby.

"The hall was very small, very dirty, badly lit and with a low ceiling, against which the smoke rolled and clung like waves to a shore. Below this, and on the single balcony that ran like a horseshoe around the building, were more men than the floor could hold, and who overflowed upon each other's shoulders and stepped from table to table, or dropped from the boxes to the heads of the men below. These were all very young men, in what was known in those days as Newmarket coats and high, curly brimmed hats, and with silk kerchiefs bound around their necks inside the collars of these green greatcoats."

Yes, we were collegiate even in 1888.

"The silk kerchief was one of the fashions of that day, and it gave the unknowing the impression that every well-dressed young man of New York was suffering from a severe cold. These young men, whose garb made them look like an army of coachmen, hung three deep over the railings of the boxes, blocked the aisles, balanced and embraced each other on table tops, and stepped forth from these unsteadily onto the heads of the crowd without exciting any ill humor on the part of the gentlemen so trampled upon.

"They yelled the entire time, and at moments of greatest enthusiasm clambered upon the stage and were pitched off into the arms of their companions and onto the heads of the frightened orchestra by the irate German managers."

Unintentional Pantomime

"There was an attempt at a performance going on meanwhile, but no one noticed it: and on one night I remember the audience of more than a thousand students sang the chorus of one song throughout the entire evening in a monotonous roar that turned the stage performance into a pantomime. The actors came on and went off, embraced or fought or sang or danced, but it was as silent a performance as that of L'Enfant Prodigue. One could see the leader wave his baton and the actresses open their lips and the comedians fall down and get up again, but all one could hear was the audience shouting cheerfully:

"They're af-ter me,
They're af-ter me,
For I'm the individual they require."

Davis moved down to 1893: "The collegians begin to arrive in town on Wednesday, and one sees nothing but young men enveloped in huge greatcoats and ulsters, with yellow shoes, and canes wrapped in ribbons. They make Broadway between the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where the Yale team lodge, and the Hoffman House, where odds are given and taken on the game, almost impassable. In the corridors of these two hotels men who graduated in the 70's are sure to meet men who graduated with them, and they gather here from Texas and Oregon with that fine disregard for distance that the Westerner soon learns, to talk football and wager large sums with total strangers who agree with them readily enough to leave as much as two or three thousand dollars in the hands of a man who also is a stranger to both. This man is Billy Edwards, an ex-prize fighter who keeps guard over the glassware at the Hoffman House bar, and who has become a most important figure in this great sporting event. He is the depositary of almost all bets, and gives nothing in return for the bundles of bills left in his charge but a piece of paper; and yet so great is the confidence in his integrity that he goes to sleep on the eve of Thanksgiving Day with as much as $50,000 belonging to men he has seen but a few hours before, and the faces of whom he has quite forgotten."

The First Recruits

"Everything on four wheels that will hold twenty men on its top in the city goes up Fifth Avenue on Thursday morning. It is like a circus procession that begins at ten in front of the Fifth Avenue and Brunswick hotels and moves continuously for three hours or more. Everything from the newest English break to ancient omnibuses, all draped from top to hub with festooned colors, is in the parade. Thanksgiving Day services in the churches have been moved forward that they may not interfere with the game. From Washington Arch to the layers of flats in Harlem, the buildings are draped in blue or orange or both. Blue banners with a white Y have been flung from the Vanderbilt and the Whitney mansions; orange flags with a black P flutter from the mansions of the Sloanes, the Alexanders and the Scribners. The boots of the better breaks are apt to be stocked with bourbon whisky, vintage champagnes, sandwiches, whole cold salmon, roast chickens and chickens in jelly, for it is a long ride and the day is brisk."

The cheer leader already is on the scene. "It is interesting to note," Davis reports, "how systematically the cheering is given, how it is timed to destroy the effect of the rival cheering, and that certain men are selected to lead and give the time for these yells, something in the fashion of an orchestra leader. This year there was a new and unintentionally pretty effect in the introduction of blankets by the substitutes, in the place of sweaters. They found that it took too long to pull a sweater on or off. Every time time out was taken the subs would swarm on the field waving their blankets like so many toreadors or Indians.

"Instead of two men from a newspaper, one to write the lead, the other to describe the play, every paper now sends the bulk of its staff. The sporting reporters, the best of the news staff, artists, photographers are augmented by ex-players of reputation, hired for the day to write signed reports and to make diagrams to show where the ball was every minute of the two halves and to denote who advanced it and who stopped it. At the last Thanksgiving game I helped to report for the Evening Sun there were seventeen men covering the game for our paper, and every one helped, from the proud reporter who came out on a coach and sent us word by a policeman that Chauncey M. Depew had just arrived, to the new reporter who raced five blocks after an ambulance to get the names of the wounded players whom he supposed to be inside, and which he found, on overtaking it, to be empty."

The university site was a rural scene when I first looked on it in the summer of 1891, stopping off at Chicago on my way to Lake Geneva. What became the Midway Plaisance was a strip of unimproved land just taken over by the park commissioners to join Washington Park with Jackson Park, where ground was about to be broken for the exposition. The university site and many surrounding blocks were owned by Marshall Field, whose speculations in Chicago real estate were even more profitable than his great store. This land all was pasture surrounded by barbed wire. A swale ran through what became the quadrangle and on through the present athletic field. It still troubles us, recently forcing the sinking of sixty-four concrete piles to support the newest stand. Heaps of tin cans and other rubbish, dumped there for filling, marked the present quadrangle.

When I reported for duty in September, 1892, no building had been completed and the carpenters still were at work in Cobb Hall, the one structure nearing completion. We entered the building over bare planks, and in lieu of knobs on the doors, the teachers carried square pieces of wood to insert in the doors to turn the latches.

No one knew how many students to expect. More came than we looked for, but much more than half of these were women, theological and graduate students. The first recruits for the football squad were two boys who had just finished Hyde Park High School, a school that has sent us a continuous procession of football material. The two—one Harry Chase, a Chicago lawyer now, the other now dead—called on me soon after I arrived to ask about football prospects. When I posted my first call on the bulletin board on October first for candidates to report at Washington Park, they and eleven other strangely assorted aspirants turned out. Some never had played, most of them very little; three were graduate and three divinity students well up in years; and all the other colleges in the Chicago territory had been practicing for nearly a month.

Police Protection

The squad was so weak that I had no choice but to play on the team, and on the baseball nine in the spring as well. There was no secrecy about my presence in the line-up, and no objection by our opponents. The game was too young and weak for such a situation to be thought particularly unusual.

Steigmeyer, '97, burst into verse on one occasion fitly to describe the situation:

Then Stagg was pitcher, catcher, coach, shortstop and halfback too;
For in those days of auld lang syne our good athletes were few.

A week to a day after the first call we played the University of Chicago's first football game in Washington Park against Hyde Park High School, and won 12 to 0. Having no scrub or freshman team, we were forced to get our practice in games and take on any team that offered. On the following Monday we beat Englewood High School 12 to 6. The mounted policeman who patrolled the park was attracted by the game. He happened to be galloping along the sidelines at the moment I made a touchdown, and I still am accused of having used his horse as interference.

Wallie McCormack, from whom all football history at Dartmouth dates, was at half for Englewood, and already was a young man to keep both eyes upon. On defense I backed up the team from close behind the line and Wallie gave me a lively tackling practice. His green D sweater reposes in a glass case in the trophy room at Dartmouth, a symbol of the spirit of the man whose slogan was "The bigger they are the harder they fall," and a potent fetish for awed freshman aspirants to glory. I saw it when I was at Hanover in 1924.

Tuesday we played Hyde Park again; Wednesday the Englewood Y. M. C. A.; Hyde Park a third time the following Monday, and the Y eleven a second time on Wednesday. All were played and won in Washington Park, free to all who chose to watch. On October twenty-second we picked on someone our own size, playing Northwestern to a 0 to 0 tie at the old South Side ball park at Thirty-ninth Street and Wentworth Avenue. Our share of the

(Continued on Page 165)

A TORNADO THROUGH THE RUG

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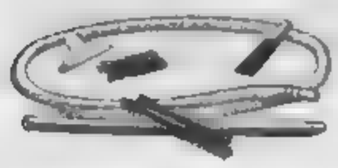

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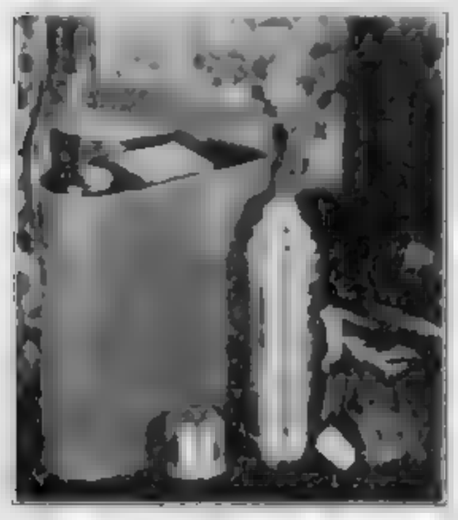

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(Continued from Page 162)

gate was $22.65. I made a touchdown in this game, but the referee, an Evanston man who had been helping coach the Northwestern squad, ruled that our center's head had been off side and called me back. That was my first and last experience with an off-side head. When we met Northwestern in a return game on November second, we lost 4 to 6 on my failure to kick goal. Three days later we took on Lake Forest College, then larger than either Northwestern or Chicago, and tied 18 to 18.

Lehigh was to play Michigan at Toledo on November twelfth and the game had been heavily advertised. At the last moment Lehigh sent word that it could not come. Michigan wired us hurriedly to fill the date and we caught the last train that would put us into Toledo in time for the game.

Michigan had not bothered to change the advertising and the crowd did not realize that Lehigh was being represented by eleven impostors from Chicago until the second half. We lost 12 to 18, but made it interesting for Michigan and came home with $264 to reimburse our expenses of $217.

A Lucky Break for Minnesota

Michigan usually was supreme in Midwestern football, but this was Purdue's year. Snake Ames and Sport Donnelly were coaching, and that, with excellent material, produced a really notable eleven. We played them at Lafayette on November nineteenth on a guaranty of $225 and were annihilated, 0 to 38. Their bright line star was their center, an enormous fellow who broke up all our offense, even to reaching over our center and pawing our quarter when we had the ball, interference which the offensive side is protected against now. Jamison, left half, and Studebaker, of the well-known South Bend family, fullback, ran rings around us and completed our rout.

Two games with Illinois wound up our first season—the first at the Cubs' Park, which we won 10 to 4, and the second at Urbana, a 12 to 28 defeat. I scored the winning touchdown in the first game on a wide run. Before the return contest on Thanksgiving Day I sprained my ankle. Unable to play, I refereed at Illinois' request.

A vacant Saturday in November enabled me to referee the Wisconsin-Minnesota game at Madison, won by Minnesota 32 to 4. The first half was hotly contested and ended 8 to 4. Early in the second half the Wisconsin center broke a leg, and it was all Minnesota from then on. To check my memory I looked up this game in a history of Minnesota athletics. The final score is correctly, even flamboyantly, stated, but there is no reference to their opponents' ill luck or the closeness of the game until that mishap.

In politics, I have observed that our gentlemanly candidate always speaks to huge and demonstrative audiences, while two boys, a woman who turned out to be the candidate's widowed aunt, and eleven corner loafers yawned through the tiresome harangue of his unscrupulous opponent. This phenomenon still is to be observed occasionally in partisan football reporting, but much less generally than in the 90's. Then the winner's and the loser's accounts of any given battle would persuade anyone that he was reading of two unrelated games.

Probably both Minnesota and Wisconsin had elevens much superior to ours in 1892, but not formidable by comparison with Eastern teams. The West inevitably was playing inferior football. The game was so new that it had not yet caught the public's interest, the gate receipts were trivial, and there were no prep schools and few high schools playing the game to feed the colleges with trained material. Our proximity to Hyde Park and other Chicago high schools where the game already was flourishing was a considerable aid in our early years, although many of the best of these high-school elevens were attracted to other universities.

Early in the season I posted a notice on the bulletin board asking for suggestions for a Chicago yell. The offerings were few and came in slowly, so I added two of my own composition. When we came to make a choice at a mass meeting, I wrote all the suggestions anonymously on a blackboard and tried each out, first with a selected group of powerful lungs gathered in the front rows, then with all on one side of the aisle, and finally, all present.

By a large majority the meeting voted for the war cry which we still voice:

Chi-ca-go, Chi-ca-go,
Chi-ca-go, Go!
Go Chi-ca, Go Chi-ca,
Go Chi-ca-go.

The author did not come forward to acknowledge his child and its parentage was unknown for a long time. When all then in the school had graduated, I broke down and confessed responsibility. I have read somewhere that the college yell dates from the intercollegiate boat races on Lake Quinsigamond near Worcester, Massachusetts, before 1870. In its primitive form, it seems to have been only nine rahs followed by the name of the school, and it was so universal that rah-rah boys was the current flippancy for students. Greek came into a greatly increased respect from the student body at Yale when someone discovered that Aristophanes had written a first-class war whoop in a chorus from the Frogs some 2000 years earlier, and it was adapted to old Eli's needs by adding Yale! Yale! Yale! at the end. Thereafter we bade defiance to the cohorts of Harvard, Princeton and way stations in accents of classic Greek, or classic frog, if that be more accurate. The Aristophanes-Yale yell runs:

Breka-ke-kex, ko-op, ko-op!
Breka-ke-kex, ko-op, ko-op!
O-op, O-op!
Par-a-boo-lu!
Yale! Yale! Yale!

This and Princeton's skyrocket, "S-s-s-s boom ah!" were, I suppose, the earliest breakings away from the nine rahs, followed soon by Cornell's original "I yell, you yell, all yell, Cornell." We gave the Aristophanes yell its full vowel sounds, and really simulated the croaking of frogs. Now they slur it until no one would recognize its origin.

Bumper Crops in Whiskers

A similar meeting to select a school color was not held until May 5, 1894. We had found that question all settled by the board of trustees when the university opened its sessions. The prairie from which the school rose was a mass of goldenrod, and the treasurer, Charles L. Hutchinson, one of Chicago's greatest civic leaders, had the happy thought of perpetuating the flower in the university's colors. Our first season we wore yellow stockings and a yellow U. C. monogram with a sprig of goldenrod running through it. The yellow ran, soiled easily and had a regrettable symbolism, which our opponents might not be above commenting upon. Maroon, apparently, was one of the few unappropriated shades in the spectrum, if it is to be found in the spectrum. Dr. J. E. Raycroft, now at the head of the department of physical education at Princeton, then an assistant in my department, shopped around the ribbon counters and brought a selection of maroon shades to the mass meeting. From the ribbons a choice was made and the baseball team appeared in its final games that season in the new school color.

In the group picture of our 1892 football squad, whiskers and mustaches grew almost as lushly as did the goldenrod on the Chicago prairie. Smith, at guard, now professor of chemistry at Lewis Institute, had an unrivaled hedge of black. Warhorse Allen, at tackle, wore a flowing mustache of the walrus school; and there were three lesser mustaches. The hirsute growth on their heads seems to have been normal, although this was the heyday of the chrysanthemum mop. That bizarre custom was

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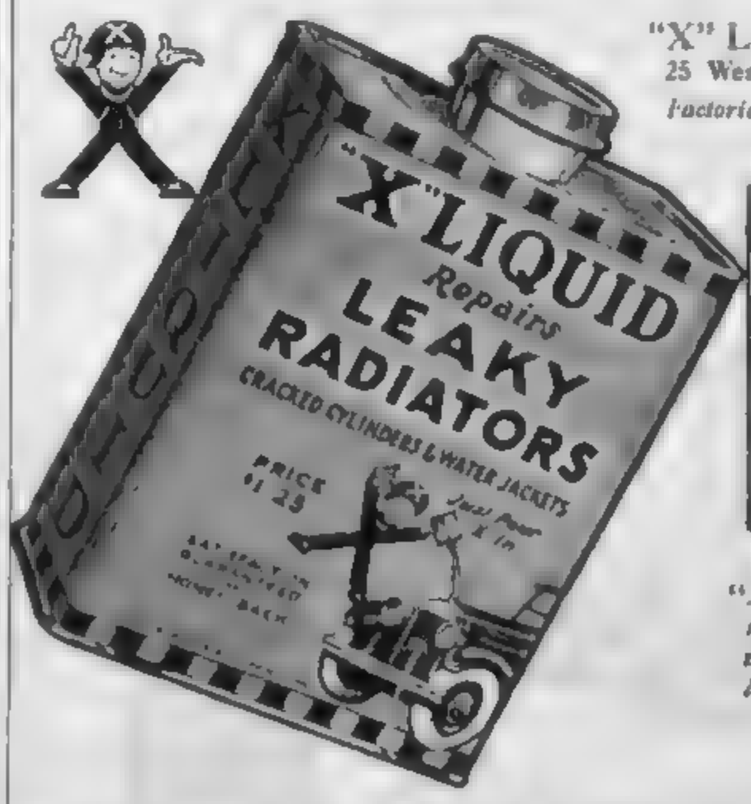

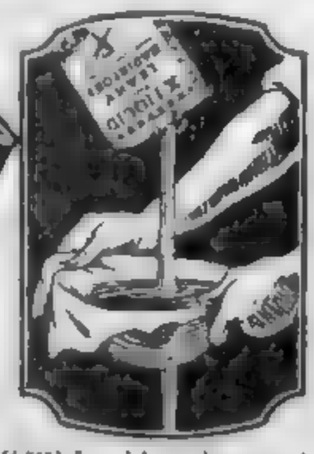

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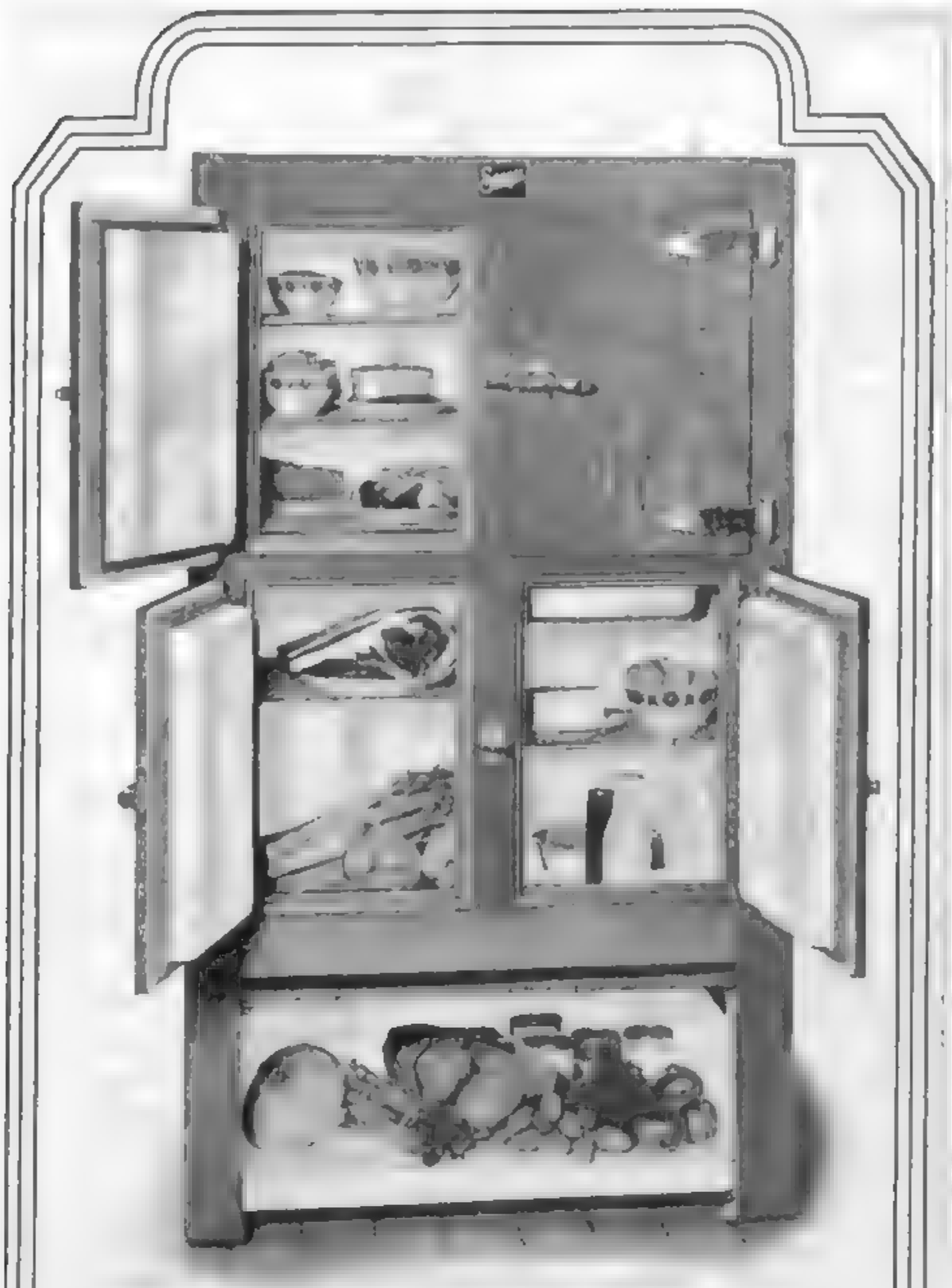

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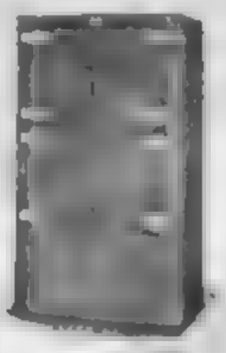


Standard of the American Home

defended as offering added protection to the head, but according to Parke Davis it was sheerly a fad growing out of a Princeton player letting his hair go uncut in the season of 1889 out of horseplay. Playing a spectacular game against Harvard, his flowing mane attracted so much attention that no player was held to be genuine the following season if he trafficked with a barber. The fad, Mr. Davis says, died almost overnight in 1895, when the Yale eleven startled Princeton by trotting on the field with decently shorn heads. However that may be, the mop survived until much later in the Middle West and did not pass into the football museum until the introduction of a simple type of head protection, to which nose guards often were attached, about 1907.

Allen's first name was Charles, but few knew it, so general was the use of his nickname. He was a big, angular fellow of Irish descent, awkward looking in inaction, but far from awkward on the field, and the most spectacular linesman of our first four seasons. Once in a game Allen confided to me: "Amos, I've broken my nose." He wiggled it in his hands in proof. "But don't tell the boys," he added, and returned to the line.

No other player ever has called me Amos, though in my early coaching days I was Lon or Stagg to a few. To my face, I was Mr. Stagg; but about 1899 I began to be the Old Man when one student spoke of me to another. I was still a young man, even by a collegiate yardstick, and inwardly I resented the title. I find it quite satisfactory now.

Allen was a rough and hot-tempered player. When we divided the small squad into two depleted teams for practice, no one liked to play opposite him. Victor Sincere, now a Cleveland department-store owner, drew that unwelcome position one afternoon. Revolting against Allen's roughness, he smacked him. Discretion then asserting itself, Vic lit out down the field. The Warhorse followed, taking flying punts at Vic's retreating figure.

Losing in Baseball

I keep track of my boys as a rule, but I have not seen the Warhorse or heard of him in many years. Two or three years after he graduated he married a widow, very happily. Some ten years later Mrs. Allen died and Allen was so affected that, sending his little daughter to his sister in Pennsylvania, he took his three boys West, settled on a remote homestead in the Cascade Mountains of Washington, and lived the life of a recluse. He wrote me from time to time. His last letter said: "It is reported that a railroad will build through here, coming within twenty miles of our place. If that happens I am going to take the boys and move farther back into the mountains." With that message he dropped out of my ken.

Next to the Warhorse, I valued the services of Andy Wyant, now a physician and staunch citizen of Englewood, Chicago, whose big haunch bones and bigger frame were rocks on which many an enemy ship split. The present dean of the Ogden Graduate School of Science, Henry Gale, was another member of that pioneer team. He was a freshman, tall, slender and weighing only 142 pounds, but bony and sinewy. He had played tackle in high school, but was too light for the position, and I did not use him the first year in a game until the last one of the season, at Urbana. One of my regular tackles, a much heavier man, played so yellowly in the first half that I sent Gale in in his place, and he charged with such fierceness and determination that he was a regular the next three years. The fullback of the 1892 team, Rapp, later became the third husband of Madame Schumann-Heink.

I did my best to develop a student pitcher for my first baseball team in the spring of 1893, but he was so wild in our opening game against Denison University that I, who had been catching, reversed positions with him and was forced to pitch the balance of the season. Varsity spirit was so low this first year that a group of students who had entered the new university from Denison, abandoned wife for mother, and rooted for their first love. Baseball ended with a deficit, $451 taken in and $689 out of pocket, and it continued to lose money, as it does in many colleges. This is due not only to the fact that the public will not pay to see college baseball in competition with league ball but to a progressively diminishing interest among the students themselves as other sports came into competition with it. We no longer charge admission for baseball.

Little Egypt at the Front Door

Every five years since 1910 baseball has boomed in prospect of the quinquennial trip to Japan of the nine. The four-quarter school year permits this to be done without scholastic interference, the players merely taking the quarter off in lieu of the usual vacation. The first junket resulted from the efforts of Stuffy Place, a brilliant baseball player who went to Japan as president of a missionary college and helped to coach the Waseda University team; and Fred Merrifield, now a member of the Chicago faculty, who had been captain of the 1899 nine, also had gone to Japan as a missionary and had become the first coach of the Waseda team. It was such a success that it has become a permanent institution, and already four trips have been made.

For interclass play, regulation baseball has been superseded entirely by a game played out-of-doors with a large, soft indoor ball, with a remarkable increase in student interest. Competitive baseball really is a game for a few, demanding abilities which are not widely distributed. If the ungifted play, the game is slow and dull; while if only the skillful play, the bulk of the student body are shut off from a fine exercise. The use of the big, soft indoor ball comes somewhere near leveling the poor player up with the good, and has saved the game for us.

The World's Columbian Exposition now was under way and the park upon which the university fronted had become the Midway Plaisance, the amusement sector. The first half of the name has stuck. It is the Midway officially, our telephone exchange is Midway; and reporters, panting for synonyms, long since fixed us as the Midways when the Maroons and plain Chicago grew blown from overwork.

The Streets of Cairo where Little Egypt danced the Hootchy-Kootchy impinged upon our ears, if not our eyes. The skirl of Turkish pipes, the rumble of Chinese drums and the cries of the ballyhoos mingled with the rasp and rat-tat of the saws and hammers of the carpenters still at work on the university buildings. The Ferris wheel went round just over the fence from the new dormitory for women, and the gifted Steigmeyer smote his harp again and sang:

Oh, there were more profs than students,
But then we didn't care;
They spent the days in research work,
Their evenings at the fair.
And life upon the campus,
Was one continual swing;
We watched the Ferris wheel go round,
And didn't do a thing.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr Stagg and Mr. Stout. The fifth will appear in an early issue.

Rich and growing richer

Is this your opportunity for greater success?

WE WHO live in California's thriving cities and rich farming areas know how great is the opportunity for success, and why. We should like to have you come here, if you are succeeding where you are, because there is room for 20 million more people, all as successful as our present population.

New Wealth Each Year

In California, because of the new wealth produced every year, the same dollar does not wear smooth in passing from pocket to pocket. Every year Californians produce 500 million dollars' worth of agricultural products—new wealth, new money, springing straight from the soil and from industry. In turn we buy what we please; of automobiles more than one to every family and more than there are per capita in any other state; of other comforts and luxuries the same way. There are many people of modest means in California—all hard at work, living better, more happily and with greater opportunity to get ahead, and with better schools for their children, than they would find elsewhere. California's whole history is one of prosperous, steady growth and increase in values.

Californians not only are making money, they have it today! The average per capita wealth is $4,007. Of deciduous fruits alone, produced mostly in the Great Central Valley that reaches 400 miles north and south from San Francisco, 70,000 carloads go east over the mountains each year. You and your neighbors buy them. In one train these cars would reach from Chicago to Cleveland, 592 miles. Californians get the money—500 millions a year—from these and other crops.

Why Values Increase

Wealth builds wealth, and has built it for a hundred years, in California. Two billion dollars' worth of new public utility development since 1912; 250 million dollars' worth of building construction in San Francisco alone in the last three years—huge investments like these have established new values in homes, in industrial lands, in farms.

Come to San Francisco

Thousands of people are locating in San Francisco—to live near the sea, to educate their children in the excellent public schools or nearby universities, to take advantage of the many fine manufacturing opportunities or because they find contented employment, and together with their employers, are working out the destiny of this splendid city.

See *all* the Pacific Coast on your Western trip this year

For only $18 more, your ticket agent will route your Western trip to include a tour of the entire Pacific Coast, going one way and returning another. For full particulars of this great trip with its scenic marvels and famous cities, address *Pacific Coast Empire* Assn., 140 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

Write for this Booklet

In size, in wealth, in ways to get ahead, California is tremendous! Californians Inc., a NON-PROFIT organization interested solely in the sound development of the state, has prepared an illustrated booklet, "California, Where Life is Better," that tells you much about it. We will gladly send you this booklet on request. Write for it today, or just fill in and mail the coupon.

MAIL *this coupon for* FREE BOOKLET *about life in California*

Californians Inc

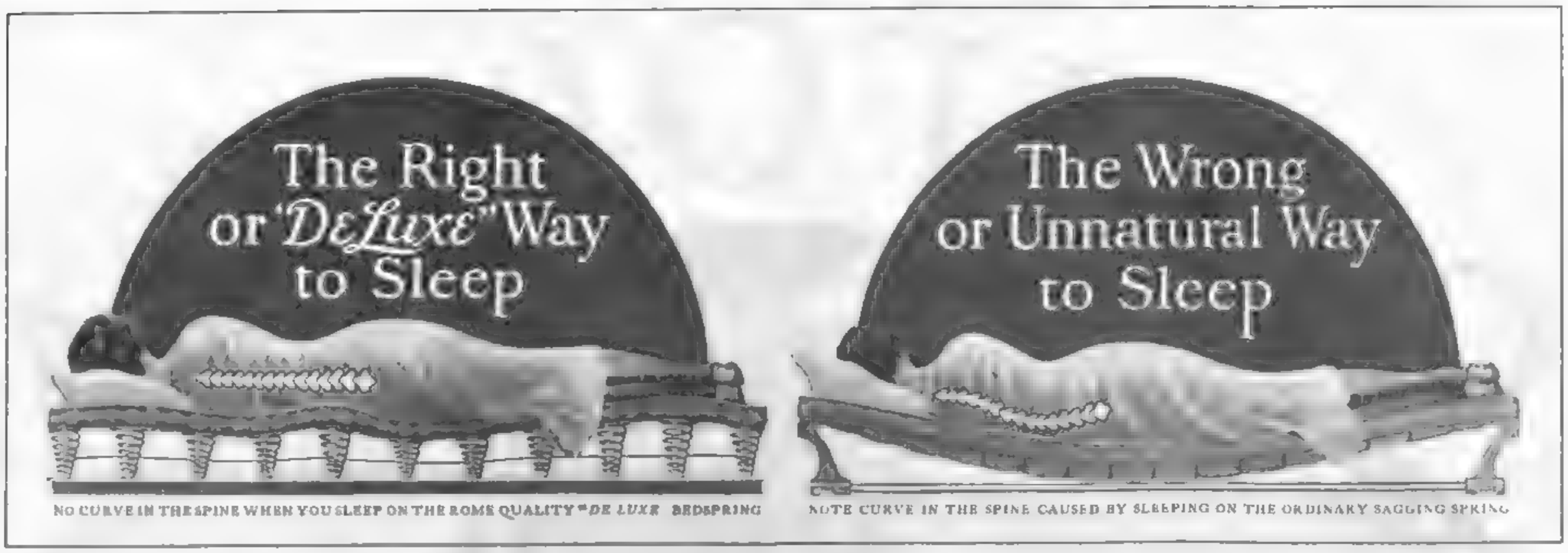
Headquarters SAN FRANCISCO 113

140 MONTGOMERY STREET, Room 508

Please send me "California, Where Life is Better"

Name _____

Address _____


The Right
or "DeLuxe" Way
to Sleep
NO CURVE IN THE SPINE WHEN YOU SLEEP ON THE ROME QUALITY "DE LUXE" BEDSPRING
The Wrong
or Unnatural Way
to Sleep
NOTE CURVE IN THE SPINE CAUSED BY SLEEPING ON THE ORDINARY SAGGING SPRING

What is sleep doing to your spine?

MILLIONS of people are wasting the hours they spend in bed.

They close their eyes—but their sleep is only counterfeit. It does not rest them. Each night, more fatigue poisons gather in their systems. On through the years this process continues—unknown to them—yet it is laying the foundation of poor health and early old age.

For old age, itself, is simply the wearing out of the body. And sleep, to be restful, must rebuild the body—making it new each night.

That is why you should beware the sly, sagging bedspring. Beware the sleeping position which twists the spine. The curved spine presses on delicate nerves. It deadens the function of the whole body—it numbs the organs which should remove the poisons—it robs you of the rest which sleep should give to you.

For your health's sake, discard immediately the sagging bedspring—or the unyielding one, and discover the sheer delight of sleeping on Rome Quality "*De Luxe*" the Bedspring Luxurious.

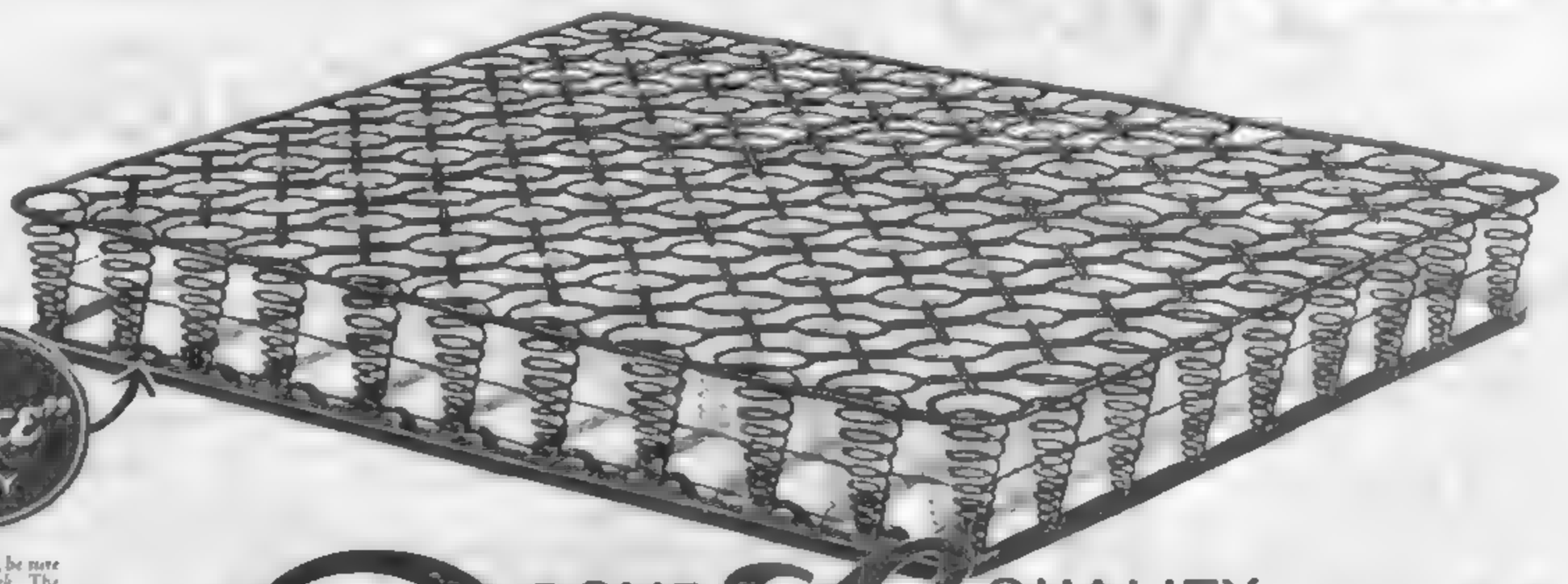
This bedspring is built to support the body in gentle balance. It keeps the spine straight; the muscles are relaxed; every hour of sleep does its full duty; you awake with new life and energy—a new body for the new day. Years are added to your life by sleep on such a bedspring—and your body has new vigor to resist the attacks of sickness. All this, because the system is thoroughly cleansed of fatigue poisons, by restful nights on the Rome "*DeLuxe*" Bedspring

The dealer who sells Rome "*De Luxe*" Bedsprings renders humanity a true service In justice to him as well as yourself, let no one sell you a substitute. Rome "*De Luxe*" Bedsprings are so honestly and substantially built that they keep their resilience for a lifetime. Buy them for economy as well as health. They are sold and endorsed by good merchants everywhere. Made to fit wood or metal beds.

The ROME Company INC

NEW YORK CHICAGO BOSTON BALTIMORE ROME N Y

Distributing Warehouse Factories



In justice to your health, be sure and look for this trade-mark. The full name, "Rome Quality DE LUXE," appears on the side rail of the genuine

ROME QUALITY "DeLuxe"

TRADE MARK REG U S PAT. OFFICE

– the Bedspring Luxurious

62c

THE AGRICULTURAL PROBLEM

(Continued from Page 5)

begins on the farms, nevertheless, even though it does not end there.

It is essential to have the best possible adjustment of production to market requirements. Nor, in this connection, do we stand quite in the hit-or-miss situation of a few years ago. Rapid progress has been made in recent years by public agencies in collecting and disseminating the necessary information which helps farmers to adjust their production programs to the consuming demand.

I feel that the Department of Agriculture is rendering an important service in this field. Reliable estimates of crop and livestock production, outlook reports, surveys of intentions to plant crops and to produce livestock, accurate reports on storage, movement and consumption—all these things comprise a vital background of information that gives the farmer of today great advantage in his planning.

I do not champion for one moment that school of thought which maintains that agriculture cannot adjust its production in fair degree to the needs of consumers. It is a slow process, but we have made effective progress in dismantling the heavy production machinery necessarily built up during the war.

We have reduced our acreage of wheat from 75,000,000 to 52,000,000 acres. Other major crops have been brought into balance during a relatively short period. We have made progress in securing a balance between production and market requirements, which in itself answers the false assumption that agriculture cannot get down to a satisfactory basis of adjusted production within obvious limits.

Tax Burdens

It is essential to have the utmost efficiency in farm operation. Every farm-management study that has been made reveals a wide range in farm business organization and methods.

On one side of a line fence is a man who organizes his business expertly, who plans ahead, who uses his labor to advantage, who gets high yields from his fields and his animals. On the other side of the fence his neighbor may worry along on a haphazard basis, his crop yields below par, his livestock more of a liability than an asset. One man turns out his product at half the cost of another. There is no formula under the sun that can guarantee the well-being of the inefficient producer. I mean this whole point to be applied in a reasonable way, but it looms large in the problem nevertheless.

Then there is the second angle of approach—the public angle. While the individual farmer puts his house in order, what remains to be done by public agencies?

Now we come to controversial ground, to the field where there is not always complete agreement among various group interests. It is important that we enter this field with a fair-minded, constructive viewpoint. The community at large must be made to understand the case for agriculture in terms of national welfare rather than of merely partisan gain. The farmer must be given an equality of opportunity, because, in the long run, that is not only good for him but it is the best thing for the country.

What, it is asked, should be included in a program for improvement of the fundamental agricultural situation?

There are many answers to that question, and the views of every thinking man are to be respected. A number of vital points have been shoved to the background in our search for some magic wand. These things are not spectacular, but they are basic nevertheless.

First, there is the all-important question of taxation. Complaints of high farm taxes have been registered in all parts of the country. In a recent survey, farmers placed high taxes second only to low prices as a cause of their troubles

National attention has been directed to the Federal tax situation and the relief brought about by the vigorous and constructive action under the leadership of President Coolidge. This does not touch agriculture in so direct a fashion, for the great bulk of farm taxes are property taxes levied by the state and local governments. Since the property tax will probably remain for some time the principal source of revenue for state and local purposes, every effort should be made to remove the objectionable features of that tax and to perfect its administration.

Serious inequalities now frequently appear in assessments on properties of the same class, as well as between properties of different classes. I firmly believe that our system of valuation can be materially improved and the tax burden of farmers substantially lightened by reducing present inequalities in assessments and by giving greater consideration to the earning power of land in making such assessments.

A large measure of intangible wealth, with certain exceptions, now escapes the property tax. It would seem that improved methods could be devised to place on the tax rolls personal property which is now evading taxation. This, I admit, is a difficult problem. Some headway, however, has been made already in a number of states in making intangible property carry its due share of the tax burden.

The redistribution of the tax burden between state and local government units would help greatly in ironing out many of the inequalities in the present situation. At the present time local government units are carrying the major part of the burden of maintaining schools and roads, which manifestly are functions the state should help support.

Public education is now properly considered as much the concern of the state as of the separate communities. The state lays down minimum standards of requirement in public education; why should it not assume part of the financial burden in maintaining these standards? Public highways no longer merely serve local communities. They have come to be used very largely for traffic of wider proportions. Such public functions of state-wide importance should be supported by the state as a unit rather than largely by independent units as at present.

Such a redistribution of the tax burden would carry with it the development of new sources of revenue to supplement the general property tax which now bears down with particular force upon the farmer.

The whole present system of taxation is based upon the conditions of four generations ago. The unit of levy for some purposes is too small. A disproportionate part of the taxes for state use is still drawn from real estate. The movement of old-time industries from country to city has never been allowed for in shaping the taxation policy. It is time now that we have some broadening of the support for institutions, like schools and roads, that serve all the people. The cities will eventually have to assume a share of the tax burden more in keeping both with respect to benefits derived and likewise ability to pay.

After taxation, our public-land policy is an important factor in the situation. Governmental policy touches the question of land utilization at many points. One of the basic things which we should have is a comprehensive classification of all the undeveloped land in the United States. Such a cataloguing of land resources is prerequisite to its wisest utilization.

Up until very recent years our only land policy was to get all the land parceled out into private hands and to get as much as possible developed and under the plow. But that headlong sort of thing can hardly go on indefinitely in this era of commercial agriculture. It becomes, in the last analysis, almost a species of governmental exploitation, a process aggravating the surplus problem and cheapening the labor and property of all established farmers.

It must be remembered that regional interests are closely woven into this whole question. It is perfectly natural and legitimate for every section to want its territory developed, to want settlers and flourishing enterprise. But the time has come, in my judgment, to shape our public policies of land utilization definitely to the advantage of agriculture as a whole.

This means that Government should not embark upon uneconomic development projects. It means that the state and the Federal Government should take a hand in reforesting certain land which is clearly submarginal for cultivation. It means adherence to a broad policy of conservation on the part of the Federal Government.

A third basic consideration is that of transportation. Farmers are vitally concerned with the transportation facilities of the country—railways, highways, waterways. Transportation must be adequate, and it must be maintained at a price which agriculture can afford to pay.

Freight Charges

Consumers are equally concerned in this problem. The concentration of population in centers far removed from important regions of agricultural production has made the problem of bringing producers and consumers closer together one of paramount importance. There is a steady tendency to locate industrial and processing establishments closer to the sources of raw materials.

Cheap transportation is an important factor in this development, and thereby in bringing producer and consumer closer together.

I believe that we must have substantial readjustments in freight rates. High freight rates constitute one of the many causes that have contributed to the depression in farm prices, especially in areas distant from the market. It is generally conceded that the entire freight-rate structure needs overhauling. Freight rates the country over have grown up in a haphazard way and as a result of all sorts of local considerations. On the basis of careful study of the entire freight-rate structure, it should be possible to make rate adjustments that take into account the market value of farm products as reflected over a reasonable period of years, and likewise the influence of freight rates on the economic development of different regions and of the country as a whole.

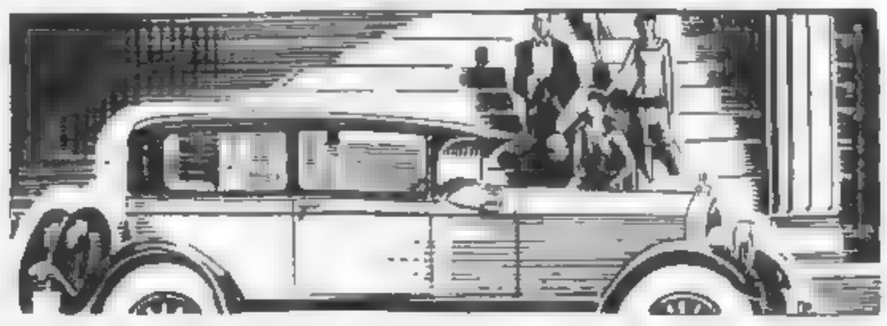
I realize that adequate income to the carriers must be fully reckoned with as a factor in rate making, because efficient and adequate railroads are indispensable to a profitable agriculture.

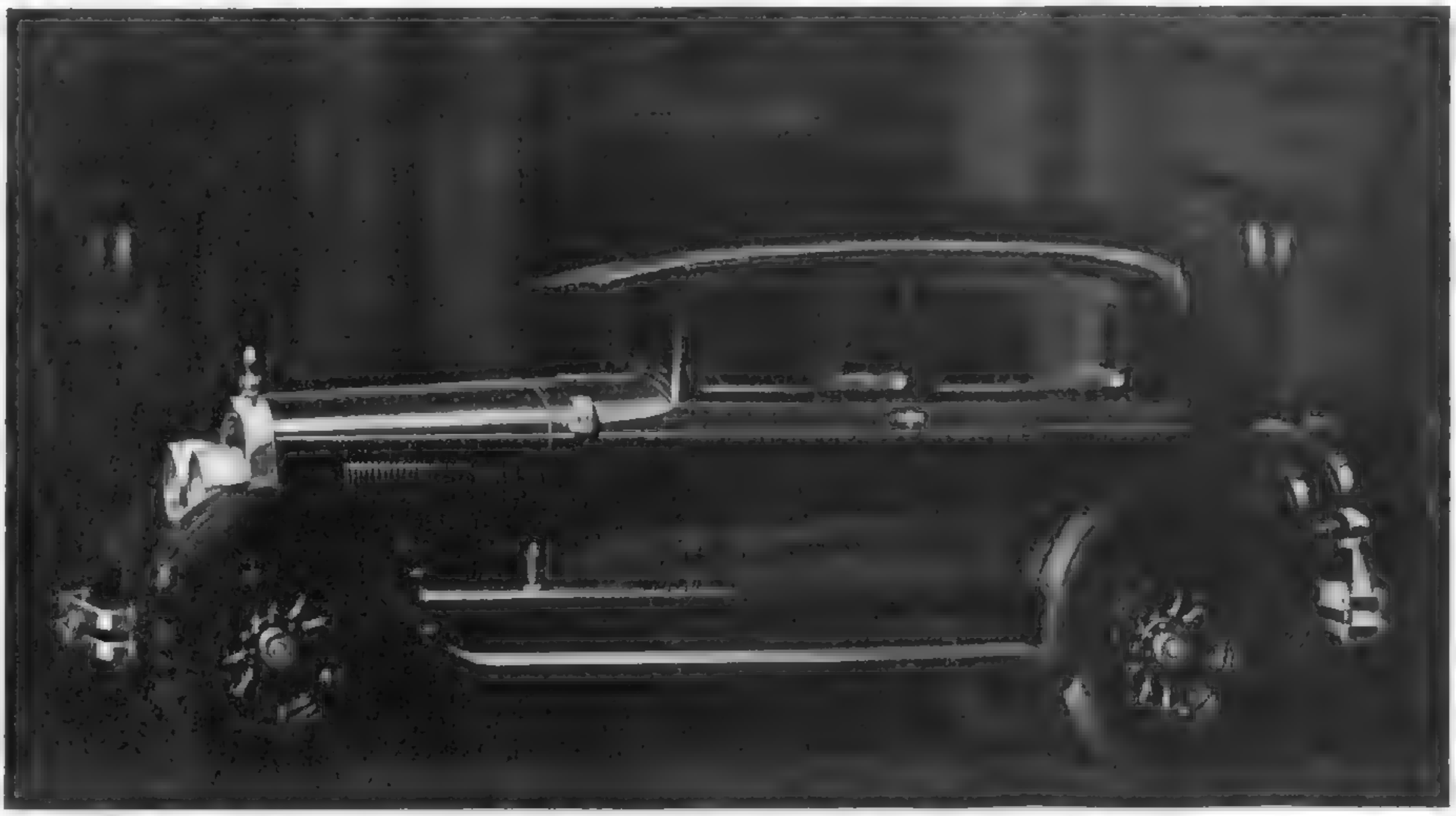
We have entered upon a period of remarkable development in our highway system, a development conditioned quite largely upon the growing use of motor vehicles. It is important to the nation that this highway development be so directed

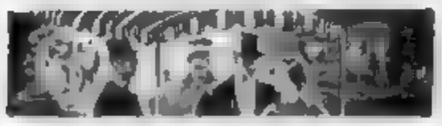
(Continued on Page 173)

A Group of Farmers on a Demonstration Tour in Kansas Examining Wheat for Smut Spores

new experiences







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TOWN COUPE
at the lowest price ever offered on a Marmon closed car

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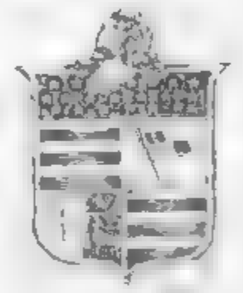
a wide variety of distinguished body styles

The Marmon series 75 line includes an exceptionally wide range of both custom-built and standard body styles in the newer modes ✣ among these is the new Five-Passenger Town Coupe, one of Marmon's most graceful and distinctive designs, at the most conservative price in Marmon history ✣ Those who have long aspired to fine car ownership will find it a most logical step from previous and more moderate investments in transportation ✣ ✣

all cars protected against theft by the Fedco patented numbering system ✣ cars sold, if desired, on new convenient credit plan ✣ prices f.o.b. factory, plus tax ✣ Marmon Motor Car Company, Indianapolis

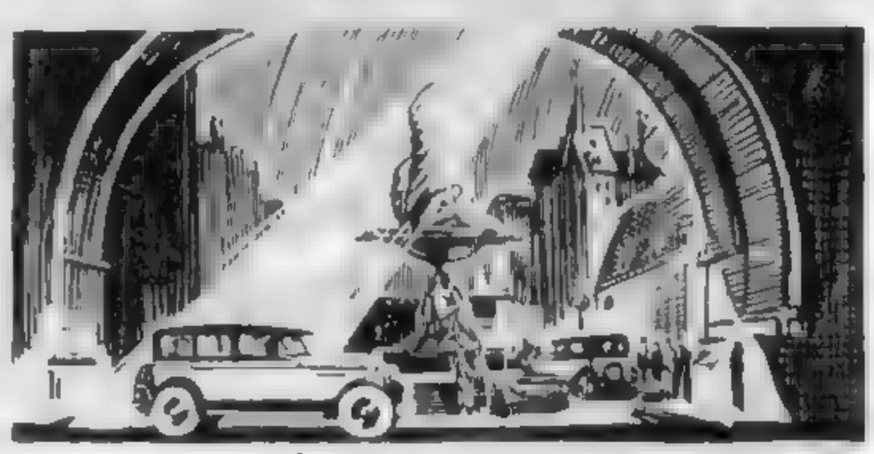
await you MARMON announces the new Series $75

In a new and unmistakable sense, it's a great automobile—greater in what it is and what it will do—the newest and proudest accomplishment of Marmon's twenty-five years of fine car building ⊹ its added greatness is of the type which you can see and feel and understand ⊹ it will be known for its fleetness, outdoing even the brilliant Marmons of the past ⊹ it will be known for its flashing acceleration, its new wealth of smoothly delivered power ⊹ in an engine already surpassingly smooth and quiet, ingenious new refinements have gone even further in the direction of absolute mechanical perfection ⊹ the new Marmon Modulator, in combination with Marmon's exclusive system of double-fire ignition, produces a new type of vibrationless power-flow ⊹ the car will be known also for its ease and steadiness of steering at any speed; new self-energizing four-wheel brakes in combination with the exclusive Marmon Steering Stabilizer represent one of the most important engineering advancements of recent years



prices the most conservative in Marmon history

all of these things, and more, under a name that stands for the highest order of precision workmanship ⊹ it is the most highly developed, we believe, of all American automobiles. The Marmon "Seventy-Five" is here and it speaks for itself new pleasures are in store ⊹ great new experiences await you



You know streets where the gutter fills up at every rain . . . sidewalks with holes full of water all the time in wet weather. To get around such places you have to get off the pavement into the mud, unless you realize that—

The Best Way Around is to WEAR RUBBERS

AREN'T they foolish to get their feet wet, ruin their shines, damage their shoes and lose their tempers just because they "hate to wear rubbers"?

Did you ever find yourself in such a predicament? How much better to wear rubbers! Then you are prepared for such emergencies. You save shines, shoes, temper and time. You avoid soggy stockings, wet feet and taking quinine.

If you are one who "hates rubbers," here's a suggestion: Go to a shoe store and ask for a pair of Ball-Band rubbers. (You can tell them by the Red Ball trade mark.)

You will then have rubbers that will give you *more days' wear* and that will be attractive, because Ball-Band rubbers have a high gloss finish that lasts. And the protection of your shoes as well as your health will prove the wisdom of the rubber-wearing habit.

There is a large variety of styles and sizes in Ball-Band footwear for outdoor wear, including outdoor sports, in all kinds of weather. The illustration on the left shows but three items from a large assortment of light and heavy rubber footwear.

For two generations millions of people have worn Ball-Band footwear and have made sure of getting it by looking for the Red Ball trade mark. You will find this Red Ball in a diamond label as shown below.

Shoe stores everywhere sell Ball-Band footwear. If you have any difficulty getting what you want, write for illustrated booklet and the name of a near-by dealer who can supply you. Mishawaka Rubber & Woolen Mfg. Co., 467 Water Street, Mishawaka, Indiana.

BALL-BAND
RUBBER & WOOLEN FOOTWEAR

Get style and fit as well as convenience in galoshes with automatic fasteners by asking for the Ball-Band Monopul Arctic, (left). One pull—it's open; one pull—it's closed. Made to fit without sag or wrinkle both high and low heel shoes.

Look for the RED BALL trade mark

BOOTS · LIGHT RUBBERS · HEAVY RUBBERS
ARCTICS · GALOSHES · SPORT AND WORK SHOES

(Continued from Page 169)

that it bring good roads as near as possible to every farmer, and at the same time coördinate effectively with other transportation facilities. The program of road building should be in keeping with the needs and resources of the various regions of the country. It is a matter of national concern, however, and one upon which there should clearly be coöperation between the Federal and state governments.

The United States is more favored than many other countries in respect to its interior river systems. Our navigable waterways should be made effective outlets for the products of our farms. So far as I know, there is general agreement that the central agricultural states would be greatly helped by further development of our navigable waterways. This is a matter which can and should have action

Secretary Hoover has pointed out that many competing agricultural sections of the world are close to seaboard; that ocean rates are on a prewar basis; that our increased rates to seaboard therefore penalize the Mississippi Valley farmers in foreign markets by just this amount—from five to twelve cents a bushel; that one remedy lies in improvement of our waterways, thus reducing freight costs.

We come now to another item that plays an underlying part in the whole problem—the question of marketing. Though our system of distribution is in some respects very efficient, it is generally conceded, I believe, that at many points there is needless waste in the marketing of farm products As our economic life has become more complex the distance between producer and consumer has widened. Whatever can be done to narrow this spread and effect sound economies in the distribution of farm products will redound to the benefit of both producer and consumer

The Cooperative Movement

Perhaps the most distinct and significant movement in American agriculture, in this decade, is the trend toward coöperation in the marketing and distribution of farm products. The movement has assumed proportions which indicate that it is a response to a fundamental and universal need of present-day agriculture. Although it is a farmers' movement, it is not in any proper sense a selfish class movement, and holds no menace to consumers or to other business interests. It is simply an extension of the principle of mutual helpfulness that exists among many groups engaged in industry and commerce.

During the past two or three years the public has lost sight somewhat of the significance of the coöperative movement—due, perhaps, to the fact that these associations have remained at home and attended to their business. It is important to note, though, that coöperative effort has undergone important development during that time. It is conservatively estimated that coöperative associations did a business last year in excess of $2,500,000,000, which is equivalent to one-fifth of the total value of agricultural products that enter into trade. The Department of Agriculture estimates that there are more than 12,500 individual organizations, representing a membership of about 2,500,000 farmers.

Business Methods for Farmers

I view coöperation in agriculture as a business agency, serving the producers as an intelligent guide in their production programs as well as an effective instrument for merchandising farm products

The Federal Government is definitely committed to the program of coöperative marketing. Congress went further on record in support of the movement at the last session by enacting what is known as the Coöperative Marketing Act. This created a Division of Cooperative Marketing in the Department of Agriculture, with facilities for assisting the movement along sound lines.

The significance even of this measure was overlooked in the confusion of proposed relief legislation. But its importance is fully valued by the coöperatives and the department workers, who, under its provisions, will be able to launch definite research and business studies of as certain value to the coöperative movement as are similar studies and services to branches of industry.

The modern coöperative is not merely an agency for handling farm products. It reaches every phase of production and marketing. Let me illustrate briefly. A year ago I had occasion to visit a coöperative wool organization which was successfully handling the product of several states. The long-headed officers of this association early came East and made a comprehensive study of the wool industry from the standpoint of the buyer. They made a study of the trends in the wool industry to determine the kind of wool wanted by buyers. They found out the most acceptable ways of preparing wool for market and adopted standard grades. They went fully into the question of seasonal demands for wool. When they had completed their investigation they shaped their findings into definite programs and carried their recommendations right down to the farm, where they were put into effect.

They were then in a position to guarantee to the trade an even supply of the kind of product desired. It was a simple process, yet it shortened the distance between the producer and the consumer. It worked to the advantage of the producer, the mill and the consumer. This is clearly the application of sound business methods to agriculture.

Another striking example of coöperative effort will be seen in the case of California raisins. If I remember the figures correctly, the raisin growers of California produced annually something in the neighborhood of 75,000 tons before the war. Due to high prices and a shortsighted production program, the output was increased to something more than 200,000 tons during the postwar period.

This production was far in excess of consuming requirements. The producers faced what appeared to be an impossible situation. Certain banks and business interests were placed in a precarious position. Independent dealers were in position to handle the normal quantity of raisins as used by consumers, but they had no obligation or concern about the amount above apparent requirements. Consequently this oversupply of raisins was a drug on the market and tended to pull down prices

As compared with independent dealers, the raisin coöperative was in an entirely different situation. It was not faced solely with the problem of supplying the normal needs of the consuming public. It was faced with maintaining the very existence of several thousand families and the disposal of a tremendous overproduction of a specialized commodity.

Selling Service

The management of the association set out on a comprehensive program of widening the markets. Several thousand tons of raisins were turned to new markets in Japan and China. Thousands of tons, through voluntary agreements, went to 20,000 bakers in this country by popularizing Wednesday as Raisin Bread Day. Other channels were opened, including the manufacture of raisin oil. Such a program could not be undertaken by independent dealers for many reasons, one being that any effort to open new markets would merely reflect to the advantage of competitors.

In the face of nearly insurmountable odds, the coöperative raisin association has saved the industry it represents.

A coöperative association marketing cotton has found that its chief possibilities lie in giving its customers—the manufacturers—superior service. The spinner wishes

Is your figure work costing too much?

A GOOD way to find out is to call up a Comptometer man and ask him to make a timed test on your work. (If you can't reach him by telephone, write us direct.)

Then when he comes in, let him figure an assortment of your everyday jobs—Adding, Extending Invoices, Figuring Payroll, Costs...anything you have.

If the Comptometer shows more work accurately done in less time than it is now being done—*then your figure work is costing too much.*

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The fastest machine made

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Mount Shuksan, Washington

to purchase cotton in even-running lots—that is, all of the same grade and character. He wants cotton which meets his special needs. The officials of the association quickly recognized that they must first ascertain the needs of their customers, develop standard types which meet these needs, and then deliver the exact grade and staple length which the customer desired—not once, not occasionally, but continuously. This appears to be a simple problem, but it is really very difficult for any agency but a cooperative association to meet it satisfactorily. The association can give its customers even-running lots because it has some 200,000 bales from which to select the exact cotton each buyer requires. By its system of classification and records, it knows the grade, staple length and weight of each bale, the warehouse where it is stored and the grower who produced it. The dealer who sells 100 bales to a manufacturer with the expectation of buying this cotton—one bale or ten bales at a time—as it becomes necessary to make deliveries, cannot guarantee the uniformity of his shipments with the same assurance as the coöperative association which knows it has that exact type of cotton on hand.

Two Kinds of Surplus

The coöperative system avoids dissatisfaction and wastes. The producer benefits because the manufacturers are willing to pay for the service given them by the association.

Less than five years ago, the local coöperative creameries in Minnesota were manufacturing butter which varied in quality from very good to very poor. Today 425 of these creameries are united in one federation, and more than 60 per cent of their output is sweet-cream butter which is uniformly of a high quality. When the quality was established the united creameries were able to adopt a trade-mark under which their butter could be sold and advertised to the trade and the consumers. They found they were able to sell direct to chain stores and other buyers who had no interest in the product until it was standardized. In 1925 this federation sold 80,000,000 pounds of butter and was unable to supply the demand for its trade-marked product. The present satisfactory condition of the dairy industry in Minnesota is due in no small part to the work of this coöperative. At the same time the consumer can buy butter of the highest quality at prices which are no higher than what he has been accustomed to paying.

During the past three years Congress has had before it any number of bills designed to take care of the surplus problem. These measures have ranged all the way from the appointment of a committee for the study of production to the establishment of guaranteed prices by deliberate call upon the Federal Treasury.

The surplus, as we speak of it, may assume various aspects. It may be a useful and necessary carry-over of some product from one producing season to another, part of which is involved in the process of manufacture and distribution and part of which is the national reserve against fluctuating seasonal production. It may be overproduction beyond domestic and world demand. These should not be confused.

There are two approaches to alleviation of agricultural surplus difficulties, and in both the Federal Government has certain obligations. One is through better management of production, as I have said, and the other through marketing and distribution

In the latter field we have three major issues. First there is the problem of storage of a given harvest pending consumption during the year or season, and the problem of storage of the carry-over. We have in all storage problems immediately the question of credit. Beyond these we have the third problem, and that is orderly control of the stream of supplies to the consumer. We can aid the first two by better provision of facilities, but we can solve the third only by collective action.

We have made great strides in recent years in the matter of storage and credit. Administration of the United States Warehouse Act has brought into wide use by coöperative associations a warehouse receipt which is universally accepted as sound collateral for loans, with which the farmer can carry his product and market it in an orderly way.

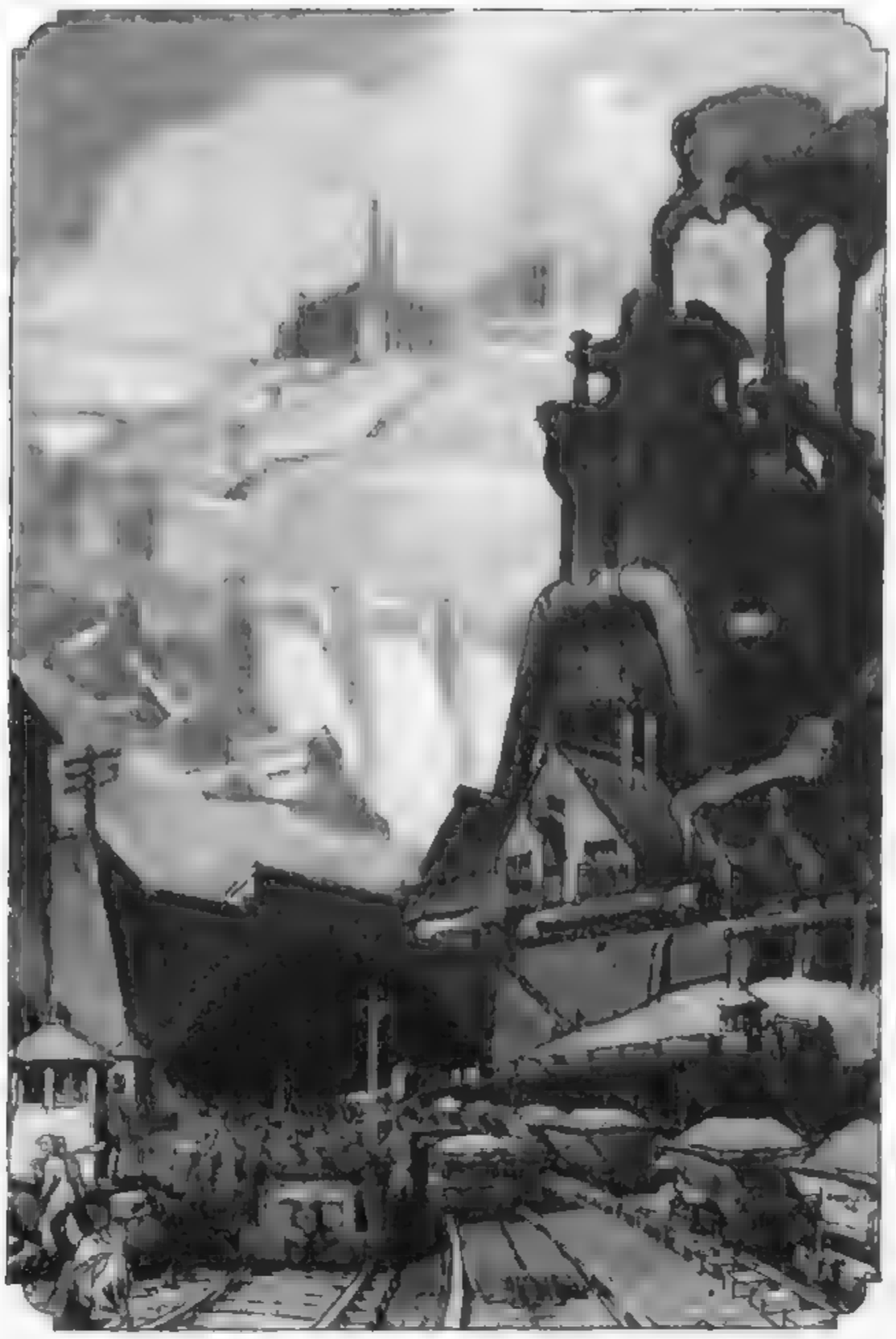
The Federal Government also has provided credit institutions through which farmers can obtain credit suited to their needs. During the past decade the Federal and joint-stock land banks have made loans of approximately $2,000,000,000. These loans have been made at reasonable interest rates and for periods which permit farmers to repay them from their earnings.

The Intermediate Credit System

At the present time there are no Federal funds available to coöperatives for the purchase of plant and equipment. It is my opinion that some provision should be made to assist the coöperatives in this direction.

The Federal intermediate credit system was established by Congress in 1923 to supply production and marketing credit suited to the needs of the agricultural industry. Full advantage has not been taken of these facilities. Though the twelve Federal intermediate credit banks established in 1923 have a loaning power of $660,000,000, their outstanding loans at the present time

(Continued on Page 177)



Materials of Empire

CLIMATE and soil which yield a varied and abundant harvest—timber—rich minerals—water power—these are among the raw materials of empire in the South.

The richness and variety of nature's gifts, and the hands in which fortune has placed them, have made the growth of the South inevitable. Possessed of the best in American traditions, hard-working, homogeneous and contented, the Southern people are superimposing a new industrial empire upon a proven agricultural one, giving it rank with the most prosperous regions of the earth.

Fortunate those who share in the achievements of Southern enterprise in these eventful years.

Operating economies achieved by the Southern Railway System enabled it to operate last year on freight charges that averaged 16% lower than those of 1921. These reductions applied to last year's traffic meant a saving of $27,000,000 to shippers on the Southern

The Development Service of Southern Railway System, Washington, D. C., will gladly aid in securing industrial locations, farms and home sites in the South.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH

Barns and Sheds on a Dairy Farm in Skagit County, Washington

Who Dares Be Too Positive About the Teeth?

The most positive claims have been made regarding the prevalence of pyorrhea, and the causes, treatment and prevention of tooth decay. But see how the cool sanity of scientific research clears doubt and confusion away.

THE LIFE EXTENSION INSTITUTE recently examined nearly 17,000 policy holders of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, and found that only *1* in *20* had pyorrhea—only 5.7% between the ages of 35 and 44; only 7.1% between 45 and 54; only 7.4% past 54.

Again, the eminent authorities at Johns Hopkins University admit that they do not actually know what causes tooth decay. They believe that it is faulty nutrition, but they are not sure.

And leading dentists point out that the first permanent molars of most children, which appear in the mouth at about the sixth year, have deep fissures. These cannot be reached by a tooth-brush. And unless they are properly filled, they harbor fermenting food particles and thus invite premature decay.

In the light of these scientific revelations, is it safe to desire or wise to expect more from a dentifrice than thorough tooth-cleanliness?

Only this reasonable, truthful claim is made for DR. LYON'S—that it contains just the right ingredients, of exactly the right quality, and in precisely the right proportions to *safely* and effectively clean and polish the teeth, and to enhance their dazzling whiteness and lustre.

MAKE SURE that all surfaces of yours and your children's teeth are put in proper condition by your dentist so that they can be easily reached by a tooth-brush. Then you can absolutely rely on DR. LYON'S to keep them free from unsightly stains and from enamel-weakening tartar or mucin plaques.

It is the only dentifrice old enough to prove that it can preserve teeth for life. It has flourished for 60 years, because for 60 years it has consistently been the safest and best dentifrice.

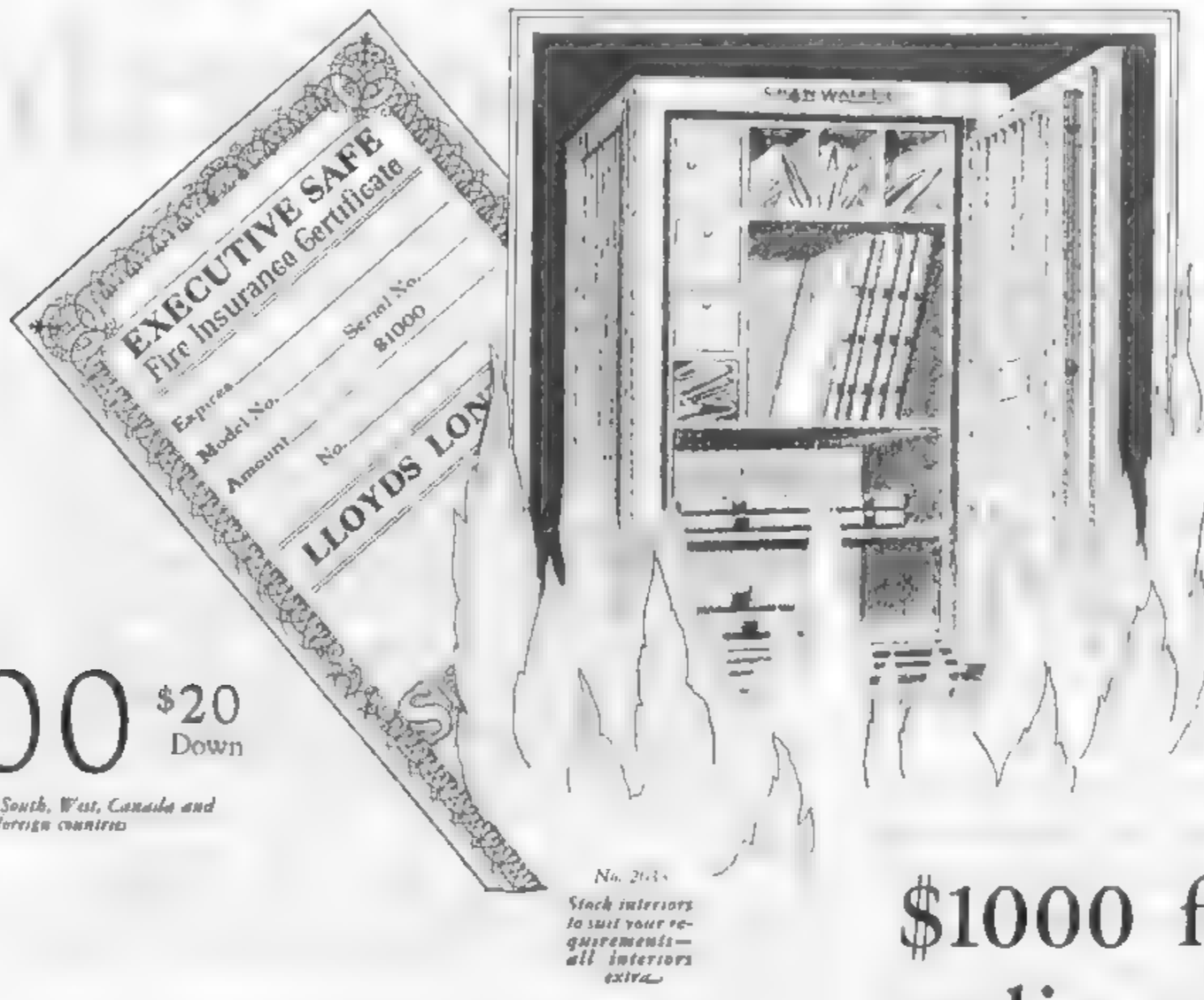
Dr. Lyon's

TOOTH POWDER

DENTAL CREAM

Dr. Lyon's is on sale everywhere. A special 10c. size of Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is now on sale at the leading 5-and-10c. stores

new Executive Safe



$100 $20 Down

Higher in South, West, Canada and foreign countries

No. 2033

Stock interiors to suit your requirements—all interiors extra

With

$1000 fire insurance policy covering contents for three years

EVERY 58 seconds another fire flares forth. And authorities say the loss due to *burned records* exceeds the value of the buildings and goods destroyed.

Don't gamble longer with the safety of *your* contracts, orders, inventories, securities, income tax records and other valuable papers. Keep them in your own private office—secure from fire, theft and prying eyes—in a *new* SHAW-WALKER Executive Safe. It is the only commercial safe on the market backed by a free $1000 Lloyds Fire Insurance policy.

As the name implies, this new safe was built especially for business executives: president, vice-president, secretary, office manager, sales manager, store owner or professional man.

One important paper saved will return the modest cost of the Executive Safe—$100—many times over. Other models $125 and $210. Also a full line of label safes for severe exposure. See them at your SHAW-WALKER dealer's—consult your phone book. Write for interesting book on record protection, "Years to Create—Minutes to Cremate".

"Built Like a Skyscraper"

DEALERS: *Some attractive exclusive territory is still open—write us.*

Address: SHAW-WALKER, Muskegon, Mich.

SHAW-WALKER

2700 ITEMS OF OFFICE EQUIPMENT

Including FILING CABINETS .. SAFES .. DESKS .. BANK EQUIPMENT .. SPECIALIZED INDEXING .. CARDS .. GUIDES .. ETC

(Continued from Page 174)

amount to less than $80,000,000. Through these banks direct loans are available to coöperatives for the marketing of staple agricultural commodities, but to date many of the cooperatives have failed fully to utilize this source of help.

On the other hand, farmers in some regions are greatly handicapped in getting credit at reasonable cost for the production of their crops. Crop liens and chattel mortgages often interfere with the marketing of these crops to the best advantage. Such conditions also at times hamper the development of coöperative marketing associations. There are still other regions where credit conditions have been seriously aggravated as the result of numerous bank failures. Impaired confidence has caused solvent banks to maintain extremely high cash reserves, and in many instances to shift their banking funds from agricultural investments to government and industrial securities. The Federal intermediate credit banks were established to help alleviate such conditions. This reservoir of credit, however, has not been made available to farmers for production purposes in some sections of the country, largely because the necessary agencies have not been established through which these sources of credit can be tapped.

The Federal intermediate credit system was established to supplement other credit agencies in financing the farmer and to make possible the more orderly marketing of farm products. In regions where existing credit agencies are not in position to meet the credit needs of the farmer, national agricultural credit corporations should be established to tap the credit resources of the Federal intermediate credit system. Bankers and other public-spirited men interested in promoting the welfare of agriculture could be of great help in furthering the establishment of such agencies. The further strengthening of Federal credit institutions to supplement the activities of commercial credit agencies now in the field will, in my opinion, go far to provide the credit needed in financing the production and effective marketing of farm products.

Government Interference

In the problem of control of the stream of products to the consumer we enter upon our most difficult field, a field which, as I have said, requires collective action.

I have opposed governmental price fixing or the handling of farm products by government agencies, though there is undoubtedly a sincere body of thought which holds otherwise. Even if direct governmental interference in the channels of trade were to be tolerated by the consuming public, it would, in my judgment, lead to heavier production and ultimately an aggravation of the whole problem. Government buying and selling, if successful, would smother the cooperative movement, because it would eliminate the only real incentive for collective action.

I have stood firmly in the belief that the basic surplus problem is not confined to any one section, and I have consistently opposed all legislation which would favor one class of farmers as against the interests of other groups of producers. Farmers of the East are heavy buyers of Western grain. The South is a heavy buyer of Northern pork products, grain and feedstuffs. The North is a buyer of cotton products. Even within the same region, the grain growers' finished product may be the livestock feeders' raw material, and so on.

A Necessary Solution

I believe that farmers have in their own organizations a most powerful instrument to control the production and the movement of farm products into consumptive channels. The activities of government agencies in this matter should supplement and assist rather than control and direct the efforts of farmers and their associations.

Our studies show that the supply of farm products frequently is out of line with the demand for them. Not only do we experience cycles in the production of some commodities when supplies are poorly balanced with demand, but we also experience marked variations in supplies from year to year due to climatic or other factors over which the farmer has only a limited control These variations in supply lead to wide fluctuations in prices, which are only partially reflected to the advantage of the consumer, but they do play havoc with the producer. A variation of a few cents a pound or of a bushel frequently represents a difference between profit and loss to the man on the farm.

Violent fluctuations in the prices of farm products clearly are not to the advantage of either producer or consumer. To iron out these detrimental price disturbances, however, is a difficult matter, but in my belief not beyond the realm of possibility. A solution must be sought through a better control and more effective and orderly marketing of the product when produced. The individual efforts of 6,500,000 farmers pulling often at cross purposes will get us nowhere. The organized effort of these same farmers, however, can exercise a profound influence upon both the production and distribution of their products.

Ultimate solution of the problems confronting agriculture must be found, for they are vital to the welfare of all our people. In my judgment the effective approach lies in a program embodying efficient farming, greater organization of farmers, and the adjustment of such factors as taxes, tariffs, freight rates, land development, and the like, into a comprehensive national policy that will assure to agriculture a just and secure share in our economic scheme.

How Bill Beefy, the Forward-Pass Artist of Whosit College, Kept in Form During the Summer

This Advertisement SAVED Thousands Of Dollars in 30 days

For People in all walks of life

Reprint of Warner Liquid Magic advertisement in Sept. 4th Saturday Evening Post.

Everybody Is Using It

EVERYWHERE people say it is truly "Magic". There is no end to the successful uses Warner Liquid Magic is being put to.

A wrecking company used it to take down a steel bridge, held by 3" bolts, at a tremendous saving.

One company saved the cost of a big press to remove solid tires from truck rims.

A farmer prevented having to sheer off stud bolts that hold head of wind-mill pump.

One man took down his furnace with it.

Another, after reading the above advertisement, stopped workmen who were cutting off the bolts in his greenhouse and saved hours of labor and cut costs by using Liquid Magic.

Another used it to remove pipe connections that had been under ground for years.

Another freed the frozen bearings in his automobile fan.

Thousands of garage men use it to remove rusted spark plugs, nuts and bolts, sticking valves, etc.

In shops everywhere it is being used to free gummed bearings in lathe heads, etc.

In one city it is used on fire alarm and police boxes to prevent rust.

In dis-assembling and re-building boilers steam fitters save hours of hard labor by using it.

Thousands of plumbers use it to remove rusted unions and elbows. Women use it a hundred places around home; sewing machines, hinges, etc.—boys use it on roller skates, tools and bicycles—men use it on typewriters, lawn mowers, guns, etc.—from farms to city apartments Warner Liquid Magic meets a universal need.

Get a can and see for yourself. Sold on money-back basis. Guaranteed by Mr. A. P. Warner, famous inventor of the speedometer. If your dealer can not supply you, use coupon.

WARNER-PATTERSON CO.
920 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Also makers of Warner Liquid Solder that stops auto radiator leaks.

Warner-Patterson Co.
920 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Gentlemen
Please send me (30c) (75c) can of Liquid Magic.
Name .....
Address .....

Monito

MO-KNIT-TOE

WOOL SOCKS

Style 641
Silk and Wool
Colors — Stone, Polo, Lovat, Buck, Slate, Oxford and Smoke
To retail at $1.00

Style 682
Full-fashioned Silk and Wool.
Colors Polo, Saxe, Sage, Lovat and Buck.
To retail at $1.50

Wear!

Plus the beauty, richness and individuality of unusual color effects obtainable heretofore only in imported socks.

For Monito Wool Socks are now made of Vigoureux Wool Yarns such as used by the finest European knitters.

Monito Wool Socks are setting new standards for style! Winning new laurels for comfort! Making new records for wear!

And They Are Not Expensive!

MOORHEAD KNITTING CO., Inc.
Harrisburg, Pa.

Makers of Men's Socks Exclusively

Look for the Golden Moor's Head on Each Pair

© M. K. Co. 1926

PLUPY'S FATHER SUPPLIES A FEW TALES OF HIS BOYHOOD

(Continued from Page 42)

i have split it. so i have been splitting pine wood whitch is eezier to split and not haff as heavy to carry in.

well mother told me she waisted a lot of time in putting pine wood into the stove and i must split and bring in more hard wood. then i asted her if she hadent always told me to save my time and she sed yes and i sed mother havent i saved jest as much time as you have waisted and mother she laffed and sed yes but her time was wirth moar than mine and i must split and bring in haff hard and haff pine wood and i sed i never had saw or hird of wood that was haff hard and haff pine and i guessed nobody elce had. then mother laffed again and sed she was afrade i was going to be as funny as Joshua Billings or Comical Brown and she thought i needed to do a little hard wirk and so she sed she wood start by maiking me come home this afternoon as soon as school was out and split hard wood until dark, and i was going up river with Fatty Melcher. aint that jest my luck.

i wish i gnew jest how to maik a stick of wood fly up and hit me a whang on the head and maik a big buntch there. if i did that peraps mother wood be afrade to let me split enny moar wood ever. but i dont dass to try it becaus i am afrade i wood put my ey out or brake my nose and look like Nick Rollins whitch had his nose smashed flat.

so i had to split all that wood alone becaus Beany and Pewt whitch cood have helped me were mad becaus i dident do ennything to get licked for and they did. i told them they had seen me licked so often when they dident that i had a rite to see them get licked when i dident.

ennyway i saw them licked and liked it and that was all there was to it. so i coodent ast them after that. and they got even with me by starting a three old cat game rite in the street by my house where i was splitting wood. if that aint bad luck i dont know what is.

so it looks as if i was going to have a long seeson of bad luck. sumtimes it seems that Beany is the luckiest feller i ever saw. when me and Pewt had to wirk a hoal week in the cemitory washing out the pictures of cock ey lamma and angels and cherubims and other things me and Pewt and Beany had drew on the tombstones, it was Beany whitch skinned out of all the wirk by having infirmation of the lungs and laying in bed hogging down chicken and gelly and ice creem while me and Pewt was wirking our heads off.

and when there is enny wirk to do Beany is always being took with scarlet fever or cancer or diptheria or yeller jandiss or consumption or sumthing.

ennyway tomorrow is Saterday and that is good luck.

Saterday, May 29, 186— i dident have to wirk verry hard this morning becaus i split up so mutch wood last nite. but i rubbed Nellie down until she shone like the seet of a pair of broadcloth britches. father was coming home on the 2 o'clock trane to taik mother and the baby to ride and i wanted to go fishing and i gnew if i did that i cood go. so i went fishing with Fatty Melcher and we went in swimming and had a good time in spite of my bad luck. we dident get enny fish.

well when i got home i found Beany waiting for me and terrible xcited. i dont blaim him. i was most as xcited as he was when he told me what had happened. old Kize the poliseman is going to move out of town and he has gave up his gob and Beanys father is going to be a poliseman. he was in the calvery in the war and he was sed to be a verry brave solger. he sed so himself so it must be true. but the best of it is that me and Beany and Pewt will have a frend on the polise force whitch we have never had befoar in our lifes. befoar this the polise officers was always laying for us and trying to get us into jale or stait prizzen or the reform school.

but now things will be different. Beany can do most ennything he wants to do if it aint two bad. of coarse he dont xpect to rob or merder ennyone or to brake into houses or the bank or set fire to barns but little things like braking windows and hooking apples and plugging cats and ringing door bells and drawing pictures of peeple on fenses and wrighting poims about them and things like that Beany can do and so can his friends. i bet we will have sum fun.

of coarse Beany feels pretty big about it and sed his father cood come over to my house with his billy and his revolver and give my father a whang on the head and put the handcuffs on his rists and drag him to the lockup in 2 minits. of coarse i wasent going to stand that and i sed huh old Beany while your father was triing to do that what wood my father be doing and Beany sed he wood be begging for mersy and hollering pleese officer Watson dont hit me again and i will go with you quiet and i sed huh i gess not old Beany, he wood be braking your father into 40 peaces and throwing him into the sope greece barril.

well me and Beany almost got mad with eech other but we maid up becaus we can have so mutch fun now that we cant afford to fite.

tonite i asted father if Beanys father cood do the things Beany sed and father he sed that the law had clothed Beanys father with verry important rites and duties and that if it ever became a part of his duties to give him a whang on the head with his billy and to put the bancuffs on him and drag him to jale, that he trusted that Wats, he calls Beanys father Wats, wood do his full duty under the law and constitution without feer favor or hoap of reward God save the stait. then father winked at mother and i gnew he wasent a bit afrade of Beanys father even if he was a poliseman and had been in a calvery reggiment in the war.

then i asted father why he had never tride to be a poliseman and he sed that when he was a boy and a young man he had spent so mutch of his time in escaiping from the unwelcome attensions of the Exeter Polisemen that he had contracted a pregudise that had lasted all his life.

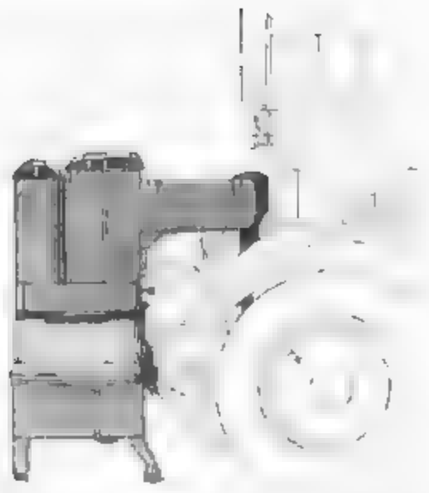
father sed that onct when he was a big boy that he and Gim Melcher and Charles Taylor and Bill Young and Gim Folsom and Gim Odlin had been rasing time and the consterbles whitch was what they called polisemen in them days, had been laying for them. father sed the consterbles was all verry respecktable men of the ferst famlies. there was old Eg shaped Robinson and old Joel Lane the blacksmith and old Charles Coffin Smith, fathers uncle, old Sherb Summerby and old Long Meeter Dow and sum others and old Spectacle Lang. they are all auful old men now but when father was a boy they were about as old as our polisemen are now.

well when father was a boy there was a bull frog pond in the Gnatt Gilman field on Hampton Road rite opposite old Charles Coffin Smiths house. it wasent verry deep water but the mud was deep. it aint there now becaus it was dreened off. beyond the pond the big field led down to the river whitch was a long way off. father sed it was the best bull frog pond in Exeter.

well the consterbles maid a plan to ketch the fellers but old Charles Coffin Smith whitch was a grate talker coodent keep his yap still and he told sumbody and he told sumbody elce and bimeby father herd jest what they was going to do.

you see father and the other fellers wood go up Auburn street and meet at Gim Folsoms. then after dark they wood come down the street towerds the bridge taiking off gates and tieing ropes where

(Continued on Page 180)



Ideal for use in garage. Note the special heat focusing hood which can be placed against the radiator. Recommended for all garages as an auxiliary in extreme cold weather.

A New Portable Oil Heater

Safe · Economical · Intensely Hot

A wonderful heater for any room in the house. Just what you need for that unheated room. Cleaner and more economical than coal or wood stoves. No danger of the children's tipping it over.

FOR GARAGE · HOME · OFFICE · SHOP · STORE · FARM BUILDING

Electrically lighted by button under tank. Heated by powerful 15 inch giant burner, operating on the most advanced principle of combustion engineering. Lever under door regulates heat at any desired intensity. Height of heater, 37 inches; width, including tank, 25 inches; depth, 17 inches; net weight, 62 pounds.

HERE is a new and different kind of oil heater. It is more than an emergency heater. It is built for permanent use and to give an abundant supply of intense heat. Where the expense of fueling coal stoves, installing or extending furnace or steam pipes is not warranted, the Florence Universal Oil Heater is just what you need.

Place it in your garage, office, store, shop, farm building or home. Place it anywhere that heat is needed and you have a source of heat that is economical and plentiful. Ideal either for a primary source of heat, or as an auxiliary to your present heating system.

Special features insure safety

The Florence Universal is scientifically constructed to insure safe, effective, economical heat anywhere. Note in the illustration how rugged this heater is built—how firmly it stands on its legs. No danger of tipping it over.

So safe you can put it completely off your mind. It has the same type of wickless high-powered burner, giant size, as the famous Florence Oil Range. Burns a clear gas flame from the vapor of kerosene. It is protected by a *double safety screen* on the same principle as the miner's safety lamp.

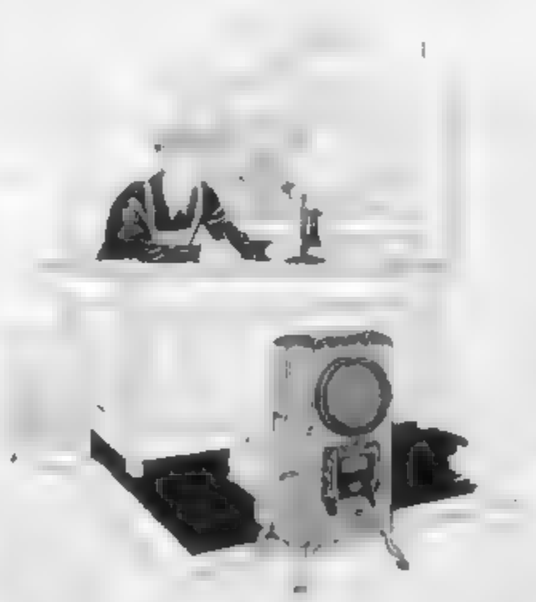
No flame can pass out through this protective screen—even inflammable gases from the outside can not ignite. Light it and forget it.

No matches needed

Lighted by electricity! Just press a button. An electric spark from the spark plug lights the burner. Could anything be simpler? And safer? A big tank holds two gallons of oil, enough for continuous use at top heat for 24 hours.

See the hood in illustration in upper left corner. This focuses intense heat on your car where it does the most good—right on the radiator and engine. This makes your car start easier and greatly reduces the possibility of costly damage by freezing.

You can see from the photographs that the Florence Universal is an attractive, business-like heater. No installation expense. Just place it where you want to use it and start it to work. Prices: $49 east of Mississippi River (hood, $2 extra); $50.50 Mississippi to Rocky Mountains (hood, $2.10 extra); $52 Pacific Coast (hood, $2.20 extra). Sold by the better department, furniture, hardware and automobile supply stores. Send for free folder. Use coupon if your dealer cannot supply you.



Just the thing for offices such as commercial garage, lumberyard, warehouse, farm building or unheated manufacturing plant. Gives abundant heat. Inexpensive to operate. Runs continuously with a minimum of attention.

Nothing better or more economical for the small store, shop or storeroom. No fuel bins, ashes or dirt. No installation expense. Burns kerosene, an inexpensive fuel you can get anywhere.

FLORENCE
Universal Oil Heater

FLORENCE STOVE COMPANY, Park Square Bldg., Boston, Mass.

DIVISION OFFICES: New York, Chicago, Atlanta, New Orleans, Dallas, San Francisco, Detroit, Columbus, Kansas City

Sold in Great Britain by E. W. French, [illegible] Upper Thames St., London, E. C. 4, England

Florence Stove Company
Park Square Building
Boston, Massachusetts

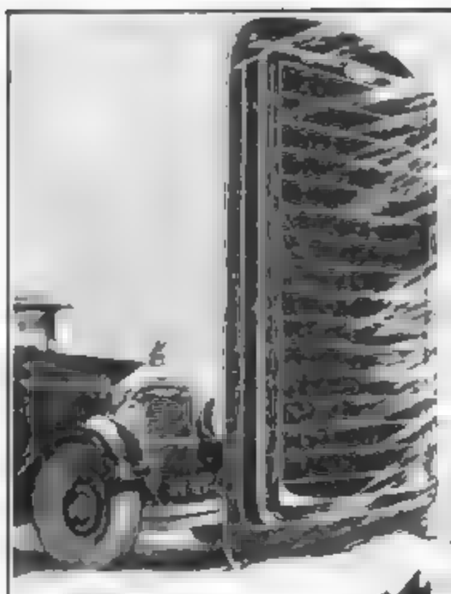
☐ Send folder

Enclosed is money order or check for Florence Universal Heater (prices above) to be expressed to

Name

Street Address

City State



Protect! Your Car with the finest Shutter made

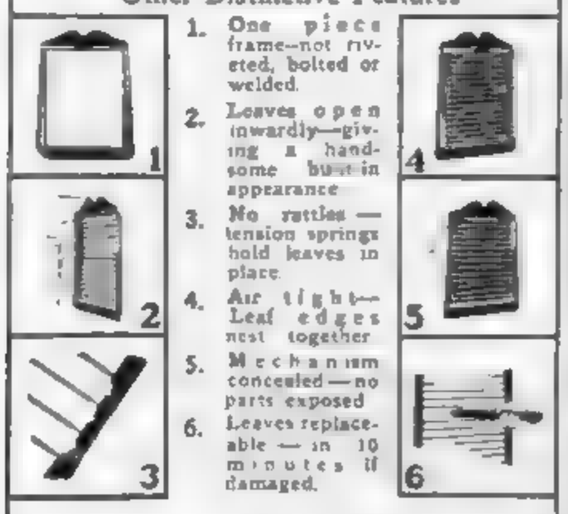
Which shall it be this year? Stewing and fretting and complaining about a shutter that gets stuck, overheats motor, burns up alcohol—or, MOTO-GARD that gives everything you've always wanted in a shutter?

MOTO-GARD provides, at your finger tips, the varying degrees of motor protection needed to meet all weather conditions. It is the easiest to operate, the smartest appearing, the finest all around shutter made.

Triple Service! Your Motor Needs it

MOTO-GARD gives what no other shutter on the market, today, can offer—TRIPLE SERVICE ACTION. This permits closing of the bottom half while the upper half can be opened or adjusted at will to any degree of opening until almost closed, thus protecting the bottom of the radiator where water freezes first, and giving closer control over motor temperature; entirely closed in severe cold weather; all open on warm days.

Other Distinctive Features



1. One piece frame—not rivited, bolted or welded.
2. Leaves open inwardly—giving a handsome built-in appearance.
3. No rattles — tension springs hold leaves in place.
4. Air tight—Leaf edges nest together.
5. Mechanism concealed—no parts exposed.
6. Leaves replaceable — in 10 minutes if damaged.

Moto-Gard

At your favorite dealers, or direct.

THE BREWER-TITCHENER CORP.

Cortland, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 178)

peeple wood ketch their hine legs in them and fall prostitute on the sidewalk. and sumtimes they wood ty them jest high enuf to ketch a feller whitch was chasing them rite under the chin and neerly yank his head off or maik him tirn a back summerset and land on his ear. these were good tricks but they wasent new ones becaus me and Pewt and Beany have did them lots of times. then when they got down neerly to Stratham road the ferst house on the other side was Joel Lanes blacksmith shop, the nex house was my uncle Gilman Smiths house and store. nex come the Odlin brothers shop where they maid carriges. they was Gim Bill Joe and Ben. nex was a store kep by old Robert and old Ike Shute.

father had 4 uncles and 2 cusins on that street. uncle George Smith whitch always carrys a pole with figgers and lines on it. father sed he used it to mesure wood and timber but mostly to give father a bat on the head when he got neer enuf. then there was uncle Charles Coffin Smith whitch always thougt father had augt to be in jale, and uncle Robert Shute whitch dident think it but gnew it, and uncle Gilman Smith which always liked father and father liked him, and cusin Gnatt Shute whitch liked father two and cusin Ike Shute whitch dident.

so whatever the fellers whitch was led by father done to uncle George and Uncle Robert and Uncle Charles Coffin Smith they never done ennything to uncle Gilman or to old Gnatt Shute. father sed he always saw to it that all his uncles xcept uncle Gilman received proper attension from the fellers. he sed he hoaped that uncle Gilman dident feal that they neglected him, but if he did feal so he dident say ennything about it.

well father found out that the consterbles was going to lay in wate for the fellers, part of them down by Uncle Gilmans store and part of them up by Joel Lanes house and when the fellers got between them to rush out and grab them and put the hancuffs on them and drag them to the jale on Plesant Street.

so father told the fellers that when the consterbles rushed out, to follow him and go over the wall and down in the dark to the bull frog pond and when they got to the bank whitch was kind of steep to throw themselves down flat under the bank and let the consterbles go fliing into the pond.

Gim Odlin sed that most of the consterbles gnew where the pond was but father sed if the fellers jest kep far enuf ahead and kep sassing the consterbles that they wood be so xcited and mad that they wood forget about the pond.

well that nite about 8 o'clock father and the rest of the fellers whitch had met at Gim Folsoms come down the street ringing door bells and banging door gnockers and holering and yelling like time. when they got down in front of Uncle Charles Coffin Smiths house out come the consterbles hollering surrender you scoundrels in the naim of the law. well away went the fellers over the stone wall and into the field and after them went the consterbles waving their staffs. father sed they dident have billys then to whang criminals with but long staffs with brass tips whitch cood give a feller a auful welt. it was pretty dark but peeple cood see better in the dark in those days becaus they dident have street lites and they had to.

the fellers was running all they gnew how and keeping jest ahead and sassing the consterbles and the consterbles was hollering to eech other to ketch them befoar they got to the river becaus they was desprit enuf to gump in and swim across. so evrybody was doing his darndest and when the fellers come to the bank father yelled at them and they all throwed themselfs down flat under the bank and jest in time to see a dimm form go fluking past and to hear a auful splash and sputtering and then another and another as evry consterble went heels over head into the mud and water. well father sed he never herd sutch langage in his life. ferst they thougt they had reeched the river and when they found they was in the pond he sed they cussed and swore at the pond and at Gnatt Gilman whitch owned it and at eech other and evrything and while they was doing this and draging their hine legs out of the mud father and the fellers sneeked up the field and back to the street again and then come back after lots of peeple whitch had herd the yells and swaring and were running across the field to see what the truble was.

well evrybody laffed about it and nobody cood sware that father and the others was the fellers whitch done it and so nothing was did about it. but evrybody sed they gnew father was the ring leader in it but they coodent sware to it. father sed he was glad i dident taik after him and i sed i was glad of it two but i wished i had been alive to see the consterbles pile up in the frog pond and hear them sware.

i asted father what he wood have did if he had been caugt becaus Gereral Marston was a boy then and coodent help him as he had me. and father sed that my grandfather wood have got Joseph Tilton or Honorible George Sullivan to get father out of the scraip and they wood have did it because evrybody liked my grandfather. i gess that is why i have got out of so menny scraips becaus evrybody likes my father. but now Beanys father is a poliseman we can do most ennything if it isent two bad.

father told sum moar stories about what he did when he was a boy becaus he sed it wood be a warning to me. a warning is a good thing becaus it shows a feller how to get out of rong things he has did or to ack so innosent that sum other feller will get snached bald headed. i dont beleeve i cood count the times i have got caugt and licked for what other fellers has did. i wasent as smart as father.

Sunday, May 30, 186— today i went to chirch as usual. Beanys father went whitch isent usual becaus he taiks cair of the congregational chirch but sence he is a poliseman he has gave up that gob. well today he set in a front phew in the Unitarial chirch and looked stirn and fearce. Beany dident dass to let the wind out of the organ or to peep out and maik up faces. so chirch was pretty dull. i think evrybody missed seeing Beany rase time.

after chirch me and Pewt and Beany talked it over and we desided to wate and see if ennything happened to give us a chanct to have sum fun. we put sum new elasticks in our slingshots for as Pewt sed a feller can always have sum fun with a slingshot and a handful of buckshot.

Monday, May 31, 186— nothing mutch happened today. we plugged 2 or 3 cats and set 2 dogs fiting by plugging one. Beanys father carrys a billy hiched to his rist and a revolver in his hipp pocket. he hasent maid an arrest yet. but he looks round pretty sharp for a chanct.

Tuesday, June 1, 186— Beanys father hasent maid a arrest yet. i gess he isent so smart as Beany thinks. Beany hit old printer Smith today in the hine leg and he chased Ros Tomson way up to Elliott Street befoar he gave up. Ros is a good runner and so is old Smith but Ros escaiped.

Wensday, June 2, 186— grate time today. Beanys father has made a arrest. he arrested a italian hand organ grinder and a munkey and a hand organ. it was verry xciting and peeple are all going down to the trial tomorow. it was a verry xciting scean. Beany is auful proud of his father. nobody but me and Pewt knows how it happened. i hoap nobody ever will know. but i dont see how ennybody will know becaus nobody will ever read this but me.

well they was a italian man with a big munkey and a organ, the munkey was bigger than the munkeys they usually have, and he had a long tale that he cood curl under him and set on. well the man had gone down Court Street playing at houses and the munkey wood hold out his hat for cents and taik off his hat and then gump up on the organ and give the cent to the man and then gump down. he was hiched by a string to a belt round his waste.

well the man was playing in front of the Swampscot stable when Beany sed i wunder how a munkey will ack if we hit him with a slingshot. so we hid behine my hedg and Pewt let ding as hard as he cood jest when the munkey had gumped on the mans sholder and hit the munkey jest above where his tale was hiched on. well that munkey squeeled jest like a rat and tride to bite himself where Pewt hit and then he gumped on the italian mans hed and bit him and scrached him and pulled his hair feerful and the man kep yelling cristo diablo cristo diablo. ennyway it sounded like that and he licked the munkey with a stick and jest then Beanys father rushed up and grabed him and hit him a auful whang on the head and put on the hancuffs. well sum of the men sed he hadent augt to be arested becaus the munkey bit him, and sum sed it sirved him rite and the man kep saying my munka bitta me i leek heem. he my munka. but Beanys father sed there wasent ennybody going to vilate the law while he held office and he arested him for cruilty to animals. so he drug him and the munkey and the hand organ off to the lockup with all the crowd following and put them all in the lockup and locked them up tite.

so they are going to have court tomorrow at 9 oh clock and old Francis has got to go as a witness becaus he was riding by and saw it and so there wont be enny school and we are all going to court. it is going to be in the town hall befoar old Bill Hunniwell. Alvy Wood, Pile Woods father is going to be Beanys fathers lawyer and Amos Tuck is going to be the italian mans lawyer. he got him out of the lockup and sent him to Ed Toles fathers hotel. Beanys father sed they bailed him out but i dont see why they had to do that becaus he hadent been drinking.

i can hardly wait for tomorrow. I hoap the trial will last until afternoon so that we wont have to go to school.

The Man Who Cuts Out of Line With His Automobile Tries it at the Theater

Editor's Note—This is the seventeenth of a series of sketches by Mr. Shute. The next will appear in an early issue.

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MAN, POOR MAN!

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there was only one conclusion to be drawn—a woman. Was there ever anything like the way women took the joy out of life? So Andy dined alone in the apartment café.

Mike, on his way to the service elevator, paused at his table. "Ah reckon it's all ovah with Mist' Gilligan by this tahm, Mist' Tyler."

That was more the right spirit. "Yes, Mike, the last rites were administered and Mr. Gilligan departed this life, in the hope of a happy hereafter. All over!"

"Yas-suh. No hahm in hoping. A right fine gen'man, he was; but we all has to go sooneh or lateh. Yas-suh. Cain't dodge it nohow, nos-suh. Eve'y tahm Ah gets mah'ied, Ah says to mahse'f, 'This yer's a-going to be the las' tahm.' But sho!"

At the captain's severe glance, he passed on, grinning, and Andy finished his dinner and went upstairs to his apartment, telling himself that now was the time for some real solid comfort. He made every preparation, getting into an old smoking jacket and slippers, placing his tobacco jar, some cigarettes, an ash tray and an extra pipe or two on a taboret by his easy-chair, augmenting the ease of the chair with pillows and adjusting the reading lamp. He then selected from his thirty-odd feet of shelving a book that people were talking about and settled himself with his feet on another cushioned chair—and what more could a man ask?

He read—or rather his eye followed the lines of the first two pages; and then, realizing that his mind had been elsewhere, he turned back and doggedly reread them. Still his interest was not excited, and he began to turn leaves at random, dipping into parts from which he half-heartedly deduced an ending, and then turned to the end to find that his deduction was entirely wrong—and didn't care a hang. It might be a proof of the author's profound knowledge of life and character, that this was so utterly illogical and inconsistent; but, perhaps, if one had followed the darned thing, step by step, through processes of thought to resulting action, its conclusion would have seemed more reasonable. Anyway, looking backward at his own career—latterly so smoothly and evenly progressive—he could see that its pivotal actions were caused by impulse rather than thought, and their consequences, therefore, could not have been [illegible] reflected.

It seemed to him that that was life. You could plan it for yourself with the utmost care, and follow the lines you had laid out with all the concentration and firmness that your nature permitted, and—bingo! some little thing would come along and knock plan and purpose all agley and galley-west. Here was Joe, for instance——

The book dropped from his knee and fell unregarded to the floor. Through the haze of tobacco smoke, Andy was trying to visualize Joe's pale, haggard, woebegone face as he first saw it, revealed by the top sergeant's carefully shielded flash light. Joe was huddled under a hedge in an attitude betokening his complete exhaustion. Beside him, in the overflowing ditch, was the major portion of an unpleasantly dead horse whose forelegs stuck ludicrously upright; their shoes, washed clean by the downpouring rain, gleaming for a moment as the light touched them.

"What the hell are you doing there?" demanded the top. "Pick up your equipment and hustle after your company, you"

Other words were added. Joe blinked at the light. He spoke with the languid drawl of a sick man. "Later on, *mon général*. I stopped for a few moments to rest and enjoy the soft perfume of the night air"—he sniffed and shuddered slightly—"and I beg not to be disturbed. Don't trouble about me. Join your friends, my good fellow. And you might see to it that my sheets are well aired and my covers turned back when you get to where the devil we're going—you dirty-mouthed, pig-headed ——"

The sergeant was a man of action when words failed him. He leaped the ditch and with much earnestness applied the toe of his shoe to that part of Joe's person that was least susceptible to serious injury, exhorting him the while. Joe remaining inert, the top was proceeding to more heroic measures when Private Tyler intervened with a respectful suggestion that the guy was all in, and at the same moment there came, above the distant reverberations of explosive sound, the drumming of a plane overhead, succeeded by a flash and a crash near by—too near to be pleasant. A succession of flashes and crashes, and the sergeant left abruptly to shepherd his milling flock ahead.

"Take a fairly moderate swig of this, fella, and see if you can't wabble on to dinner," said Andy, as the noise of the plane died away. "Jerry must think it's Easter, dropping his eggs around like that. Try it. We haven't far to go." This lippy weakling interested him.

"*Eau de vie* is right," said Joe, having swigged and gasped. "Water of life! You're one of Nature's noblemen, I'll say. Yes, I'll try. That's got more kick in it than the sarge gave me—and remind me to have him court-martialed if I should happen to forget it. . . . Well, here goes."

Andy had to carry his rifle for him and give him a helping elbow through the mire; but they made it to chow and to a shelter of a sort, provided by Francis X. Cassidy, formerly of the Notre Dame, Indiana, eleven, and then Andy's buddy. They squeezed Joe in with them and he joined his H Company next morning; but from that time on he saw a good deal of Andy, and when Francis X. got his, one busy day in September when the boys went a-nesting, Andy began to return his calls.

So they had, more or less, fought, bled and died together, had Andy and Joe. They had been boon companions on two or three occasions for a wild week in Paris, and partners in various crimes against property, edible and potable, whenever occasion offered. It was in Paris that Andy had diplomatically rescued Joe from a certain little devil inappropriately named Céleste; and Joe had tipped Andy off to the fact the blond Red Cross angel nurse was already engaged to a cheerful young butcher boy from Bellevue. She was a sure-enough angel, too, but careless with her eyes and criminally reckless with the touch of her gentle hands, to Andy's sorrow. That was when Andy was in the base hospital after a Heinie had tried to slice off the top of his skull with a cleaver—a most uncanonical weapon. He should have been a good Heinie, for he died young. Joe happened to see to that.

And who would have thought that this same Joe would one day be standing up in a beetle-back coat, topper and spats—yes, spats!—forswearing the vow that he made after the Céleste affair—just for a little snip of a fluff who had hornswoggled him into believing her to be the Creator's *chef-d'œuvre* and had already halfway reformed him, and would probably bully the unfortunate guy into being a pattern and an example with no endearing qualities left!

"I suppose I'll get used to it after a while," Andy reflected, "as that black-haired, boy-bobbed baby said. What was her name? Miss—oh, darn it—Miss—Miss Hubbard, of course! That was it—Hubbard. And Isobel called her Vera—Vera Hubbard. She had some glimmering of sense, that one. If Joe had married her—the fool—it mightn't have been so worse. But what the heck does a woman know about getting used to it? Her girl friend! Not Isobel; but at that, Isobel may be better than I think she is."

But Andy did get used to it, more or less—chiefly by dining out with some congenial man, or two or three congenial men, and taking in a snappy show later. Joe's honeymoon—somehow, Andy never included Isobel—was a Western one—New Orleans, San Antonio, the Grand Canyon and Los Angeles, and from there a motor trip up the coast to San Francisco. No slouch of an itinerary if nobody has happened to tell you. Andy got post-card pictures of the French Market, the Alamo, the Royal Gorge, the Ambassador Hotel and a flock of Spanish missions, with scrawls in Joe's hand to show that he was not forgotten. Isobel had added her spidery signature to the first two, which was damned sweet and perfectly darling of her. Also, on one of them Joe had started to write "I wish you was ——" And then he had obliterated the four words with a pen stroke—nearly. On another, he had said, "Will write a good letter tomorrow," and had done nothing of the sort. Oh, well, one can't expect too much of a person still under the influence.

Then came an afternoon when Andy answered a ring on his desk phone, and Joe's voice said to his hello, "Connect me with that degraded bum, Tyler, please, if he hasn't been fired yet."

"Mr. Andrew Tyler speaking," Andy responded frigidly. "I don't hear very distinctly, but I infer that this is a poor, uxorious simp I once knew who was miscalled Joseph. How are you stacking up, Joe, and when did you get back?"

"Yesterday. Howsa boy?"

"Rotten! Listen, useless, I'll come right out and see you."

"Fine! Bully! That's the chat! There's a train leaves the Penn Station at 3:43 you can make. I'll meet —— Eh? Hold the wire a moment, Andy"

Half a minute later: "You there, Andy? Say, Andy, make that tomorrow instead of this afternoon, will you? Reason—well, I'd forgotten that Isobel's folks are going to be here, and I want to have a good old chin by our own two —— Eh? Hold the wire a moment, Andy. . . .

"You there, old-timer? Isobel says to tell you that we want you all to ourselves. She —— Hold the wire; she wants to talk to you."

A soft cooing, exquisitely modulated: "How do you do-o, Mr. Tyler? . . . Well, Andy then. I forgot, for the moment"—a little ripple of treble laughter. "I'm so-o sorry that we aren't to have you with us this afternoon. Joe has been perfectly crazy to see you ever since we got back. . . . Yes, I have too. I thought you would take that for granted. But you know how it is, settling a house. . . . Well, you will know some day. You'll see. . . . Yes, we had a perfectly lovely time and we're crazy to tell you all about it. Tomorrow evening then, if you're sure you have no other engagement. We dine at eight. Don't trouble to dress if you don't feel like it; we're quite informal. . . . Keep still, Joe darling, please. How can I talk when you persist in interrupting me, dearest? . . . I was going to say, Mr. Ty—Andy, that we're so awfully sorry that we can't put you up yet. . . . Oh, but we want to, and as soon as we get our guest room —— Joe! As soon as —— Joe!—Oh, dear! It's no use, Mr.—Andy. Till tomorrow evening then. . . . Lovely! Au 'voir!"

Miss Mosely was plain shocked, you could see. Miss O'Brien's reaction was a giggle, stifled suddenly when she met Mr. Tyler's glare. Somehow Mr. Tyler had been mighty stuffy the last week or two, and he had hitherto looked to her like meat for the famishing—if a girl knew her table manners. Take it from little Kathleen, you could never tell about these elderly ginks. Liable to go moldy on you any minute.

Andy's first impulse after his profane explosion was to call back Flushing, asking for Mr. Gilligan. He thought better of that. He would write a polite note, telling Joe Gilligan and his beauteous bride to go plumb straight to. That would be the dignified course. But as he sat solitary at dinner, Mike told him that he was wanted on the phone, and it turned out to be Joe again.

"I thought I'd catch you while you were eating, old top," Joe said. "Central shut Isobel off a while back—I mean this afternoon—er—and I couldn't seem to get you after that." Joe was a poor liar, always. "About tomorrow," he went on. "You take that 3:43 train—see? I'll be at the station to meet you and tender you the freedom of the city. Y'see, it's like Isobel said about the folks. I figured that you and I could do a sneak up to my room my den—and let the family gab, but ——"

"Where are you, Joe?" Andy asked.

"In a drugstore," Joe answered. "Why?"

"I just asked." Andy grinned sardonically. "Well, I can't get away tomorrow before the shop closes, but I'll be along in time for dinner. Eight o'clock, Mrs.—Isobel said. Don't try to meet me. I have your address and I'll get a taxi at the station. G'-by!

"See how you like that," he said, and went back to his dinner, feeling a grim satisfaction in his comeback at the poor-spirited worm who was already so far under his wife's domination that he had to sneak out to a drug store on some paltry excuse to telephone to his friend. And lying! That wasn't so bad, though, trying to shield his woman. The crust of her, butting in! "We want you to ourselves!" We, we, we! How do they get that way? Well, he, Andy, would show up on the stroke of eight, or a little past, and clad in his rarely used evening things. Let her see that he could be as formal as hell when he took the notion!

"Wanted on er phome, Mist' Tyler."

"Tell 'em I'm at dinner and to call again in half an hour," said Andy. He would see if Joe dared wait and if he considered himself inventive enough to frame up a story to account to Isobel for the time he took—provided that he waited. But almost immediately he repented and hurried after the boy before the curt message was given.

It was Joe, as he had surmised, and Joe seemed troubled.

"Say, Andy, you ain't sore, are you? You ought to know better than to get sore at me, Andy. Listen, you supersensitive snipe! You just got Isobel wrong—and you got me wrong too. The point is, there's no argument. You come out on that 3:43 train, *mon vieux*, and bring along your pocket comb and toothbrush—get that? About that guest room—well, you don't understand women, that's all. They want to have things just so, if it's for somebody they think a lot of—get that? I explained to her that you were a roughneck, raised in the gutter and not used to luxury, so now it's all right—see?"

"That's all right, Joe." Andy was touched. "Still, I don't think that I shall ——"

"What you think isn't of any consequence, and never was. The 3:43. I'll meet it. Tha's all. God bless you, dear heart, and good-by."

For the second time Andy was snapped off by a member of the Gilligan family.

He made the train, and certainly it was good to see old Joe's sunbrowned face beaming at him. But could this be true, or was it but the fantasy of a fevered or otherwise disordered brain? Yes, Joe's shoulder seemed solid enough as Andy gripped it and swung him round for a better survey. Yes, Joe was wearing plus-fours and his gartered harlequin hose were, if anything, more noticeable still. A necktie of the gaudiest rainbowest hues decorated Joe's wishbone.

"Can the airy persiflage and quit the clowning and come along," said Joe, and led the way to a nifty little trick nosed up to the curb outside the station, the door of which he swung open. "Hop in. Where's your bag? . . . Oh, ve-ry well; we'll talk

(Continued on Page 184)

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(Continued from Page 182)

about that later. Gosh, Andy, I'm glad to see you! All set? Let's go!"

"Respecting of them voluminous nether habiliments ——" Andy began; and back and forth they kidded in quite their usual senseless manner, and were content and happy all the way to the new nine-room Dutch-Colonial love nest that stood on its emerald lawn cheek by jowl with a Tudor cottage and a Spanish bungalow. And there, a charming picture between the two clipped and tubbed cedars at the doorway, stood Isobel. The spirit of welcome at the open door! And she outstretched to Andy two graceful arms tapering into hands. Two, mind you! Both hands!

"Kiss her, you goof," Joe instructed jovially.

"Joe!" But she smilingly turned a cool cheek for Andy's respectful salute. How was it then that, in the face of such kindness and cordiality, a sort of impalpable pall should have fallen upon the two men? No hostess could have been more gracious, and it was easily seen that Joe was proud of her and soused to the ears in connubial bliss; yet there was evident a certain nervous repression in his manner toward her, as there was now in his manner toward Andy and in Andy's toward him. Spontaneity seemed to have departed. Andy was by no means devoid of the social graces, but Joe's too-obvious efforts to draw them out for Isobel's admiration made him a trifle stiff in spite of his honest intention to be friendly and agreeable. He found it difficult to keep smiling.

Isobel did that easily. And she found no lack of conversational material—the house, which was her father's wedding gift; the car that Joe had just bought—and only back two days; the local shops, the transportation to town, its convenience and its drawbacks, their expectations of social life in Flushing ——

"You're in for it, Joe."

"Right! I aim to shine. The lady's got a tailor picked out for me on Fifth Avenue to go on with until we get to dear Lunnon and she takes me to—where's the place, sweetness?"

"Savile Row. I don't care, I like a man to be well dressed, and Joe is the most careless thing!"

"I ask you!" said Joe, grinning. "Do I look it?"

"He was playing golf this morning, and I suppose he'd never dream of changing if I didn't remind him."

"No rest, and change of scenery—that's what the lady's strong for. She made me get this rig in Pasadena just because I was going to shoot a few holes at the Annandale one afternoon with a man. Can you beat that? Well, I can't say that you didn't tell me so, Andy."

"What did you tell him, Mr. Tyler?"

"Andy, my love," Joe corrected gently.

"What did you tell him, Andy? Or is it"—very sweetly—"one of those secrets between you that I am not to share?"

"I told him that you would civilize him," Andy replied. "I've been making fruitless efforts in that direction for some years, but I felt from the minute I saw you that your influence would be successful."

"It was lovely of you to try," said Isobel, giving him a queer look. "I must see what I can do. Joe darling, as Mr. Tyler so aptly put it, you're in for it."

Joe said that he would try to bear it with fortitude, and speaking of Pasadena—there was a great deal to say about that fair jewel in the California diadem, and Mrs. Gilligan said a great deal of it and then began on Hollywood.

"Why the devil doesn't she go and look after things in the kitchen?" Andy asked himself angrily. "Joe can't get a word in."

Not strictly true. Joe also had things to relate, and related them; but it must be confessed that he did so under correction of certain inaccuracies. Accuracy seemed to be Isobel's middle name. She seemed rather to insist upon it.

"Why the devil does she keep butting in?" Andy asked himself.

But she did go to the kitchen eventually—or somewhere; but she left the atmosphere of reserve behind her. In decency, Andy and Joe could hardly have burst into freedom at the instant of her departure, like children in a schoolroom during the absence of the teacher.

"Smoke, old lad, if you want to," said Joe.

"Sure Isobel wouldn't ——"

"Heavens, no! Well, yes, I'll have one with you. No, she won't mind. She's a regular feller. And most of her girl friends smoke."

He didn't sound quite convincing, but Andy craved smoke, and they lighted cigarettes. "Where do you get that heavens line?" Andy inquired. "Switched over from the bad place, haven't you? Some epithet, I'll say!"

"It's natural enough," Joe said, "being in a paradisaical state, fella. Andy, you'll never know what it is until you try it once."

"Ye-ah? I suppose so. Once enough, you reckon? . . . What's that for? Take it away."

"For your ashes," said Joe seriously, continuing to present the tray.

"Oh, heavens!" ejaculated Andy.

And it was a perfect little dinner that Joe changed for—merely into a dark business suit, so as not to embarrass our guest. The flowers were Andy's roses, sent out that morning; the napery, the silver and the crystal were absolutely *comme il faut* and perfectly *en règle*, and a neat maid served blamelessly in black. Isobel in full fig—filmy turquoise. More talk about the Spanish missions, a little about the political situation, less about the bootleg—Joe switching to the art of Benny Leonard and explaining that he meant Henry James. Who was Benny Leonard, Isobel wanted to know, and Joe did some more switching, and then proposed coffee in the living room. Isobel would play to them—some—er—Chopin.

"And I want you to sing for Isobel—some of the little ditties with which you were wont to beguile the tedium of our bachelor parties," said Joe, the idiot.

Isobel played a nocturne very nicely and then a little thing of Ravel's, and then Andy was obliged to oblige or seem ungracious. He had a fairly good barytone voice and could manage an accompaniment that wasn't too bad, so he chose one or two safe, time-hallowed selections from his repertoire.

"Now one or two of the French ones," Joe requested. "He's some Frog, this guy, Isobel."

But Andy positively declined. The French ones were—well, idiomatic. But Joe insisted and Isobel was even more insistent. Well, if they asked for it—Andy thereupon recklessly chanted L'amant d'Amanda, which, by the way, had been one of Céleste's war horses. That settled Joe and terminated the performance. Andy, soon after that, was obliged to ask about trains.

"Trains nothing whatever!" Joe roared. "You're staying here tonight."

There was an argument—which Isobel settled: "Darling, Mr. Tyler knows best whether he can stay. We would be delighted if he felt that he could, but we mustn't try to force him. If you must go, Mr.—Andy, there's one in just half an hour. I'm so sorry you can't stay, but perhaps next time ——"

So they drove him to the station. It was such a lovely moonlight night and Isobel thought she would enjoy a little fresh air.

"Well, how do you like old Andy, sweetness?" asked Joe, as they started back. "Great old scout, isn't he?"

Isobel shrugged. "To be perfectly candid, old dear, I don't see quite what makes you think he's so wonderful," she replied. "Personally, I'm not crazy about him."

"You're kidding," said Joe. "Aren't you kidding?" he demanded anxiously.

"I suppose I must try to like him, but I wish —— Never mind. Isn't the moon lovely? 'Member that night at the Torrey pines?"

"Uh-huh. But listen ——"

"Joe dearest, I wish you would break yourself of that slangy listen habit. I think you must have got that from your friend, Mr. Tyler. I must say his language isn't always very choice."

"Now you speak of it, you may be right," said Joe. "I don't know a living soul that uses only choice language. Even our English pro at Dartmouth eased off from the undefiled ever and anon. But listen! You don't mean to say that you don't like old Andy! I won't say that he was at his best tonight—probably a little shy, but—why, nobody could help liking him! You do, don't you? Honest now!"

"I like him as well as he does me, at least."

"That's the stuff! He thinks you are just about all right."

"Apple sauce!" snapped the purist. "He hates me. He loathes me, and you know it perfectly well. I suppose some husbands would resent that, but you don't mind. After all, he's your friend—your dearly beloved, sacred, perfect friend, and I'm only your wife, and I'd better be careful how I criticize him. I don't care; I think he has a mean, sinister face, with that disreputable scar and all, and that sarcastic smile; and you can say what you like—he's coarse. What was that song—Amanda's lover? Something horrid, I know, but he gabbled it off so fast—what was it?"

"I don't remember ever hearing it before," Joe lied miserably. "Something about pipe off that bird; he's —— Oh, what's the use? The point is ——"

"The point is, you colored up when he began to sing it, and ——"

"Listen, sweetheart ——"

"A nice thing for a man to sing indecent ——"

"Who said it was indecent? Say ——"

"Then you translate it. I dare you to! And I can just imagine the surroundings—where he took you in that detestable Paris."

"He took me nowhere. We went ——"

"Yes, you went with him to the Y. M. C. A. and you both read the magazines and drank a glass of lemonade and ——"

"Listen, Isobel," said the worm, turning and speaking with deadly softness. "We did nothing of the sort. We went to some of the lowest dives in Montmartre and filled our skins with brandy and absinth, and there was a flock of girls ——"

"Oh!" cried Isobel, in tones of anguish. "I knew he was going to make trouble between us! I knew it! I knew it! I knew it!"

Andy was not going to give Joe up without a struggle, ghastly as this experience had been. He went to Flushing again, and yet again, and strove, almost humbly, to propitiate the demon wife; but neither his nor Joe's effort could even mitigate Mrs. Gilligan's sugar-coated hostility. That fool Joe on one occasion increased it by telling her facetiously that but for Andy she would in all probability have waited at the church in the lurch and upset, like the forlorn lady in the song. The fact that Joe had actually overslept on his wedding morning and had been aroused by Andy was no screaming joke to Isobel, and that is no grave reflection on her sense of humor. The old-fashioned farewell stag party of the night before, far from being an excuse, was, to her, an added offense. Andy had got up the party—the orgy. He didn't serve anything stronger than coffee? Nonsense! Well, if it was the other men who brought it, Andy should not have permitted it to be drunk, and that was that. Joe might say what he liked, but Andy had exerted a bad influence on him.

Of course Joe didn't believe that. No denying, though, that Andy would have been the better for a good woman's companionship. He had the nerve to say that to Andy on one of his rare and getting-rarer visits to the apartment. Andy told him very plainly where he got off, and that shortened Joe's call by a good hour and caused Andy several bad quarter hours of regret.

There was no blinking the matter—Andy had lost his friend. Joe was no longer the old Joe. Ruined! Getting smug and would soon be fat. What was that line about the twain becoming one flesh? That wasn't the worst of it with marriage; the twain became one in spirit. A part of Isobel's aura seemed to have attached itself to her husband, and his self-satisfaction was exasperating. He looked about his old quarters sniffily.

"Andy, I wonder how the dickens I could ever have stood it here—looking back at it. . . . Something so futile about the life we led. And you're still leading it!"

"Haven't you pumped that bilge out of your system yet? Yes, too bad, isn't it? No mah-jongg, no pink teas, no garden parties, no receptions, nothing to do except what I damn please—excuse my profanity. I can drop my ashes on the rug, though, and I can stay out as late as eleven or twelve without having to account for myself. I can go for a week or ten days up into the Maine woods, camping and fishing—according to promise—and not be dragged off to Atlantic City against my will. Yes, I'm leading that life still. Leading it—get that? I'm not led by apron strings."

"I didn't say it was against my will," Joe protested. "We had a bully good time there too. Of course, when I promised to go with you ——"

"Oh, that's all right. Bless you, I understand. Anyway, you're too soft now for the hardships of camp life."

"Got those gloves still? I'll show you how soft I am!"

"And go back to Isobel with a black eye that brutal Andy gave you? Not any! Besides, you'd miss your train."

"That's so," said Joe, looking at his watch; and he left in a hurry.

Yes, it was too bad! Andy had half believed in that room of his—Andy's Room—in the mansionette at Flushing, and in the labeled dining-room chair. He had imagined himself growing old; dear Uncle Andy to Joe's golden-haired, prattling brats, and Isobel a sure-enough good fellow. He and Joe would go off on their annual fishing trip and all would be supracious and galumptious, while—oh, heavens—to quote Joe.

And it really might have been, if Isobel had been a different woman—or if he had married Vera Hubbard.

By the way, he had seen Vera Hubbard at the first night of Daughter Dear, You Mustn't, sitting right across the aisle from him a seat ahead. His gaze had been attracted to her almost immediately after he and Hulbert Wenstell, of the Earth-Girdle Rubber Company, had taken their seats—even before he quite recognized her, in spite of that glossy black head of hair and the wholly revealed nape of the white neck seeming vaguely familiar. Odd that such a perfectly boyish clipping should fail to make her seem anything but feminine! But one had to take into account the line of the neck curving graciously to the bosom, the long jet earrings almost touching the sloping shoulders, as well as the ermine wrap draping the back of the seat. The ensemble was sufficiently feminine and sufficiently striking to attract the attention of any male with eyes in his head and blood in his body. Wenstell was such a man, and he at once nudged Andy and murmured ecstatically, "Peach! Oh, boy!"

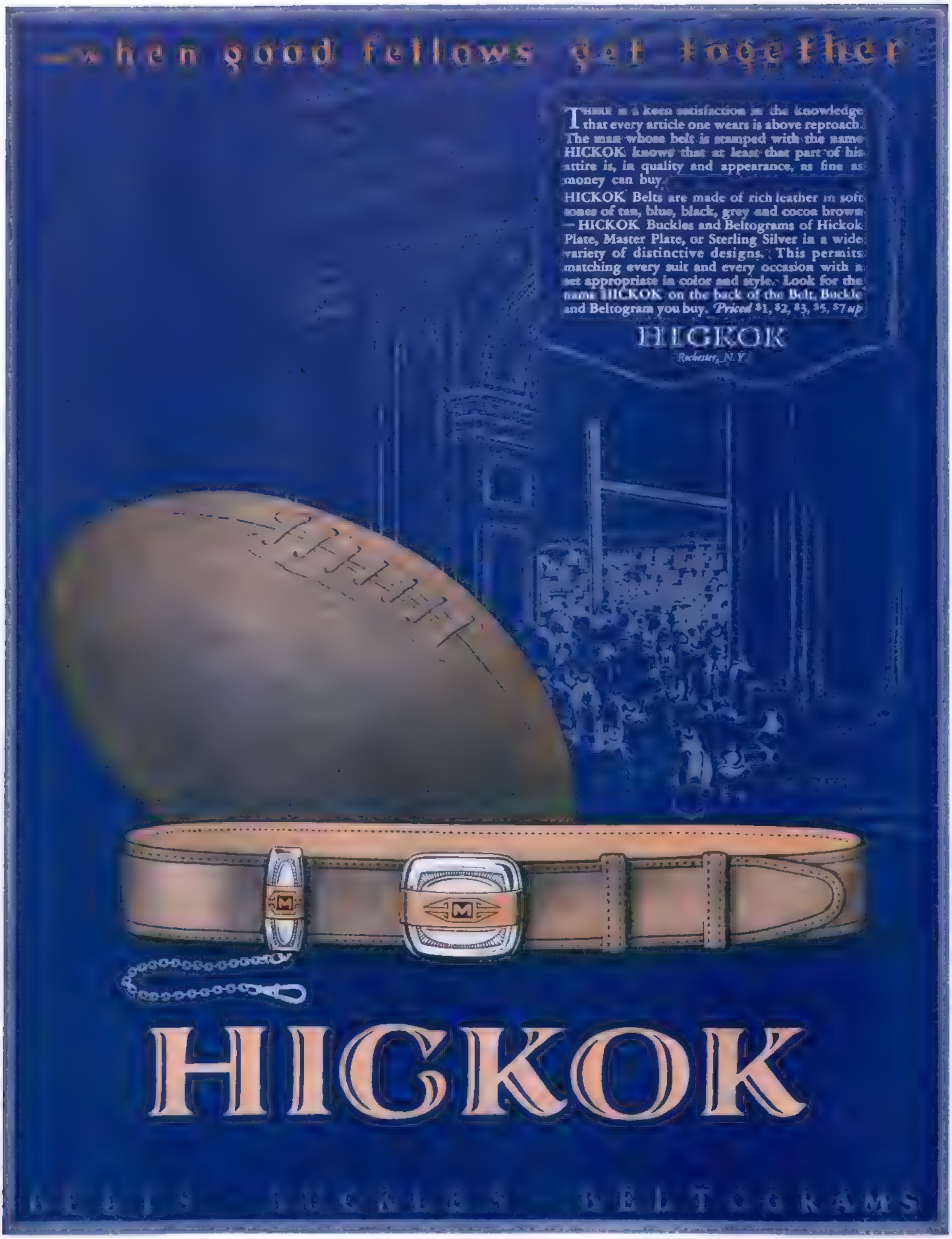
Just then the lady looked round, saw Andy, smiled and bowed. A funny little twist of a smile too; very fetching. Andy remembered noticing it at the fatal wedding. Then she turned and spoke to the bird sitting next to her. He wasn't such a washout, although he did wear a camellia in the buttonhole of his well-cut coat and wore his hair longer than Miss Hubbard's.

"Long-haired men and short-haired women!" was Andy's sneering mental reaction.

"Do you know her?" whispered Wenstell. There was joy in that whisper, and fond anticipation.

"No," replied Andy. "Met her somewhere, that's all."

Continued on Page 189


when good fellows get together
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—it's "Come in!" every time he calls.
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EVEN that drafty corner by the north window is comfortable now.

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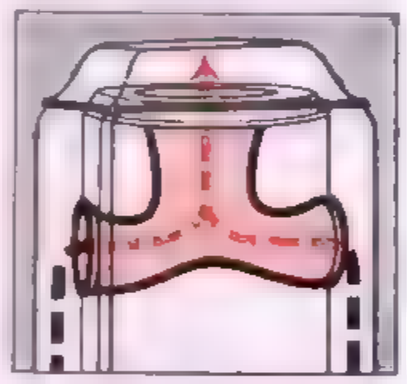

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LOWER COST *per* TON MILE

(Continued from Page 184)

Perfectly true. And when, after the show was over, he saw her in the foyer in the outgoing crowd, he would have avoided her by hurrying on but for Wenstell's strongly detaining hand on his arm.

But that was all the good it did the goof. He got the merest flicker of an indifferent glance, and then the peach looked at Andy's sober face, with frank amusement in her eyes.

"How do you do, Mr. Tyler? Haven't you got over your bereavement yet?"

"Oh, quite," Andy replied. "How are you, Miss Hubbard?" Her name came to him readily, as it happened.

"I told you that you would," she reminded him; and then, with a slight nod of farewell, turned and passed on with her escort.

Wenstell reproached him bitterly for not taking advantage of his opportunity, but he felt that Wenstell could go to the devil. He liked the fellow well enough too well to take the responsibility of introducing him. If he was fool enough to want to tangle with one of the silly, soft, seductive, siren sex, however boyishly bobbed, let him do it on his own hook.

But there was no denying that Vera would have been an improvement on Isobel. He felt, somehow, that he might have got along pretty well with Vera. But you never could tell. He would have sworn that Madge was the soul of honesty - Madge was the angel nurse—and when Joe broke the news to him about her engagement he would have licked Joe to a frazzle for the putrid liar that he called him—only he, Andy, had been too weak to deliver much of a wallop and Joe wouldn't hit back. Yet the girl had admitted her perfidy almost without batting an amethystine eye! Oh, to blazes with all of 'em! Why couldn't Joe have had some sense? Got over his bereavement? No, sir, by gosh, he hadn't.

Experience and observation teach us that day infallibly follows night, that sunshine comes after the heaviest and most prolonged rain and that blessed ease succeeds the torture of the worst toothache that ever twisted a nerve. Of course, if you are a pessimist, you can reverse the order of sucession; but it is better to believe in the certainty of ultimate relief from the unpleasant present than to anticipate misfortune and disaster when things are pretty well, thank you.

For relief is sure to come, whatever the trouble may be. Perhaps as unexpectedly as it came to Andy, just when, according to the testimony of the Misses O'Brien and Mosely, he was developing a chronic grouch. It came in the person of a snub-nosed, long-lipped, red-headed, gray-blue-eyed, broad-shouldered man, who, having ascertained that Mr. Tyler was in and sitting at that desk over there, ignored questions as to his name and business, opened the wicket that barred out the general public, lifted an obstructing office lad from his path and strode to the desk aforesaid.

"Would you take me for a ghost now, Andy?" he inquired, in a fine bass voice that had the suspicion of a brogue.

Apparently Andy did take him for a ghost. Miss O'Brien's hasty supposition was that the big guy was a dick and that Mr. Tyler was as guilty as hell and knew that they had the goods on him, for he turned the color of the paste in that pot, m'dear, and I looked to see him slump out of his chair and writhe on the floor with foam on his mouth or sumpin. But he didn't. What he said and what this other guy said I won't sully my maiden lips by repeating. I didn't hear it all, but I'll tell the high-class neighbors I got an earful, at that. Ain't men funny? Laughing and slapping each other and jerking out words that wouldn't hardly have been p'mitted on the stage. And finally they walk out together and not a whisper about when if ever he'd be back. Can y'magine! Gee!

Yes, Andy thought it was the ghost of Francis Xavier Cassidy when he first looked up, whereas it was Francis in the flesh, and more of it than he had had when Andy last saw him.

Francis had not died on the field of honor, the bullet that had laid him low having merely creased him. He was revived by a shower of rain a little after nightfall, and reasoning that a Cassidy could have fallen in no other way than with his face to the foe, he had walked cautiously in the other direction, arriving at last in a German trench.

"Another thing misled me was that somebody in that trench was snoring in pure United States without the least trace of an accent," Francis explained. "It might have been you. Then came prison. Details later."

"Do you know where you are stopping, Francis X.?"

Cassidy named a hotel and was promptly informed that he was several sorts and degrees of a liar. "You are staying, permanently, at the palatial Pan-American Apartments, Suite 1130," said Andy. "Let's go, buddy."

Buddy went without a question or a murmur. Transferred from the Galveston branch of a sizable shipping firm to its New York office, he had arrived a homeless stranger to whom one place would have been as good as another, other things being equal; but to be billeted with his old comrade in arms! Andy could have taken him to the frowziest hole in the city and he would have been more than satisfied. So he went with Andy to Suite 1130—and stayed.

"Joe Gilligan? That was the bird you wished on us at Plessis-lès-Tours, wasn't it? Was he with you here?"

"You're succeeding him. Joe kicked out on me. Got himself all married."

"Huh!"

"That's the way I feel about it."

"The poor fish! And for what did he want to do that, will you tell me?"

"Weak-minded. No backbone. I did all I could to argue him out of it."

"Huh!"

Andy was delighted. Here was his old buddy, seeing eye to eye with him as ever! What a night that was! Night? A good slice of the morning had gone before either of them thought of bed. Old times and times recent; the unavailing efforts that Francis X. had made to find Andy, and the lucky chance that had brought to the Galveston office the rubber man who knew an Andrew J. Tyler in New York.

"But I didn't believe it was you. When this bird said that you were highly respectable and had a big scar across your forehead —"

"I got that after you died that democracy might live. If it hadn't been for old Joe Gilligan, you'd have had to dig to find me. Joe swung a dirty bayonet them days. Now he's swinging brassies and niblicks and things. I'll show him to you sometime. You'd be surprised."

"Not if he got married. I know what it does to 'em. . . . How long did it take you to get a job after you got back?"

That brought a long and harrowing tale of the vicissitudes of the returned warriors, Andy and Joe, and Francis X. told his hard-luck story.

The last thing Andy said, as he wound the alarm of his clock, was:

"Oh, I might as well tell you Joe and I took turn and turn about, alternate weeks, for first crack at the bathroom. Time limit twenty-five minutes. You can take the first week if you like."

"Fair enough," said Francis X. "Suits me."

No more lonely evenings for Andy now. No batting around with uncongenials like Hulbert Wenstell or sitting silent and solitary in the apartment. If he and Francis X. wanted to step out, they did their stepping together; if they wanted to stay in, they stayed in, and talked or read—even reading is the better for the consciousness of a good companion—or otherwise occupied themselves together. Now and then they threw a little party. They fitted. And the best of it was that they both had the sense of permanence in their association, begotten and born of the similarity of their views regarding the institution of marriage and the gosh-dingedness of women.

Not that Francis X. was altogether a woman hater. You could get along with 'em, the darlings, if you knew how and had the knack of handling 'em. Treat 'em rough and tell 'em nothing. Love 'em where you find 'em and leave 'em where you loved 'em. Such were his reprehensible sentiments.

"For," said Francis X., "I take shame to say that I have acted otherwise in my day. Could you but look into my heart, Andy, my boy, you would see the scars of once-bleeding wounds inflicted by the creatures that would make the one on your marble brow look like a kitten scratch." Francis X. heaved a sigh. "There was a frail at Corpus Christi by the name of Agnes —— No, I'm wrong; it was Olga. You see, both names beginning with a vowel and having a *g* in 'em —— Well, I'll tell you what this Olga girl done to me."

It was a sad story of man's simple trust and woman's perfidy.

When it was finished, Andy began, in a burst of confidence, "When I was in the base hospital ——" And he went on to the bitter, bitter end.

"They're all alike, with a taste of difference," was Cassidy's comment.

"Double-crossers," said Andy.

"And worse. Some you'd think innocent, just to look at 'em."

"If you didn't know better."

They made a sort of litany of it.

"All the trouble of the world has been due to 'em."

"*Cherchez la femme!* Ain't that the truth!"

"Once they get after you ——"

"Run! It's the only safe way."

Joe was the horrible example. Joe came a few days after Cassidy's resurrection and took the kidding he got in good part. Further, he invited Francis X. to Flushing—very cordially; so, as he had set a date, Andy and Francis X. went out there and Isobel was lovely to both of them, but especially to Francis X., in spite of the fact that Joe had told her that he and Cassidy never did hit it off so well. But Francis had a soothing tongue of his own and no conscience whatever in certain matters. It may be said that he didn't treat Isobel rough and that he told her a great deal.

"It does a man no harm, an experience like this, now and then," he told Andy on their return. "Makes him humbly grateful for what he's escaped. If at times he's seized with a discontent by reason of the loss of a button or a hole in his sock, or the like, he can think of poor devils like Gilligan who have to listen to Mrs. Gilligan seven nights in the week, not to mention mornings and noons. We have much to be grateful for, Andy m'lad."

"You said it. Still, once in a while you'll find a woman that can talk sense and cut out the sex appeal—I mean square and straightforward—to all appearances."

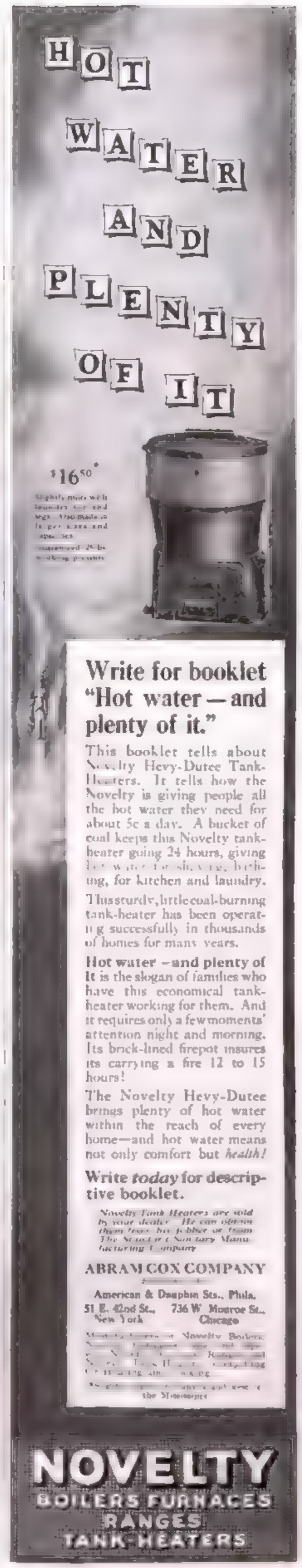
"Yeah," said Francis X. "And once in a while you'll find a two-tailed, five-legged, pale-pink hippopotamus—to all appearances." He stretched a long arm to his banjo, smote the sounding chords and sang:

"B—r—o—w—n!
I'll never set eyes on that gal again.
She did for me, and her name it was B——
[Andy, falsetto]
R—o ——
[Ensemble, fortissimo con gusto.]
—— n"

"Andy," said Francis X., muting the strings, "why don't us buy us a piano and other fixings—like the men of means what we are? We may be here for some years yet and we ought to take some pride in our home."

Andy agreed joyfully, and the piano was bought the next day, after which Cassidy sprung himself for some Kirghiz rugs, very hullygeegorgeous and niftical, and Andy

(Continued on Page 191)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New York Chicago San Francisco

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bought a couple of pictures from a water-color exhibit he had happened to go to with a friend whom he had happened to meet, and in a month or two Joe Gilligan no longer looked about the apartment pityingly when he came.

"You fellows are getting quite a collection of nice things," he remarked. "Too good for a couple of hard-boiled old celibates. When you get back from that fishing trip you'd better give a tea. I see you've got a samovar. I'd like Isobel to see all this elegance and grandeur."

"We'll think it over when we get back," Cassidy growled. But, to his surprise, Andy seemed rather to take to the idea—practically committed them. He took Andy to task for this when Joe had departed. "She'll bring a lot of other frills with her to inspect the animals in their lair. You'll see!"

"Of course there's that risk," Andy admitted. "Well, there won't be any of the fair triflers up in the woods," he added. "We shan't have to look at 'em, even. Did you ever think of that?"

And that was true. There was not so much as a squaw to offend their eyes after they left Winnepagchuck. A man's life, that! Days of loafing with savage abandon, of gorging with savage appetite on food of their own kill, days of going unshaven, of swimming in cool, clear waters, naked as savages and dancing aboriginal dances on sandy shores. Close to Nature's heart. And no ladies! God bless 'em!

"And yet it looks as if Nature was bound to countenance the female," Andy philosophized by their camp fire one evening, breaking into Francis X.'s banjo strumming. He relighted his pipe with a red ember and continued: "What do you suppose the birds around here are singing for in the morning? Look at those young rabbits, and the bear cub you saw yesterday."

"And the she-bear," said Francis X. "Glad I was she didn't see me. Yes, I grant you it's not easy to get away from the female of the species. She sticks." He began to sing:

"Who's always true to us?
[Ensemble]
Woman! Woman!
Who's stuck like glue to us
Since the world began?
Who murmurs, 'Ah, what bliss!'
Then tries to snatch a kiss
And on his face gets paint and powder?
[Ensemble]
Man, poor man!

"Paint and powder!" The sneer on Francis X.'s face was little short of diabolical. "Don't it make you sick? Look at 'em on the street—streets full of 'em, diked out in paint and powder and feathers and beads and all the rest of the wampum; mincing along on high heels! Bare arms, bare legs! Gabbing about fellas, about dresses, about hats, about scandals—streets full of 'em, houses full of 'em, beauty parlors full of 'em, Subways choked with 'em—painted, powdered parasites, gold diggers, looking for some poor sap to throw the hooks into. They want to marry you, to own you, to boss you and nag you. Look at the Gilligan woman! All alike! No exceptions! Andy, I'm glad you're like me—got no use for 'em."

"Francis X.," said Andy, "you talk like a section of summer sausage. I hold no brief for women; but if you think they're all alike, you simply betray your besotted ignorance. I'm not defending them, mind; but facts are facts, and there are some women so far above the best of us that we'd have to climb a thousand years to get near them. I try to keep an open mind, me, and I know. I met a girl not so long ago that—well, to begin with, she was dressed as sensibly as you and I dress, and there wasn't a grain of powder or a speck of paint on her. She didn't need it. And beautiful as she was—a sort of boyish beauty, if you get me ——"

He was interrupted by a sputtering sound that exploded into a yell. Francis X. fell back with his face to the stars and shrieked. He rolled over, beating his thigh, and whooped with insane mirth. Andy regarded him silently and contemptuously, until he sat up and wiped his eyes with his shirt sleeve.

"I thought that would bring it out of you," said Cassidy. "So that's what the little birdies were singing about, is it? And that's why we have to get back to town and give our tea, yes? And what's been making you sneak off at odd times during the past month or so. Thought I was too dumb to suspect a thing, didn't you? Well, now tell me all about it."

"You're quite mistaken," said Andy, in some confusion. "Nothing at all like that, and not at all likely to be. I was speaking of a lady that I haven't met more than half a dozen times in my life—seven, to be exact. No, she values her own independence too much to —— Listen, I meant to tell you I bought that samovar for her, but she wouldn't even accept that. We're just friends. Nothing in the world else."

"I'm going to miss you, Andy," said Francis X. sadly. "What's her name?"

"I'll be living with you right in Suite 1130 when they start to tear the building down, feller," said Andy positively. "Her name is Vera. I want you to meet her. Maybe Isobel will bring her along to our tea. And by the way, Isobel isn't really such a bad egglet. I guess old Joe's pretty well satisfied with her."

It was spring, and at 6:30, antemeridian, Andy Tyler's little alarm clock went off with its jubilant and beneficent summons to supreme happiness; and, as Andy's bare feet struck the floor, there came from Francis X. Cassidy's adjoining bedroom a roar of protest against the musical sound.

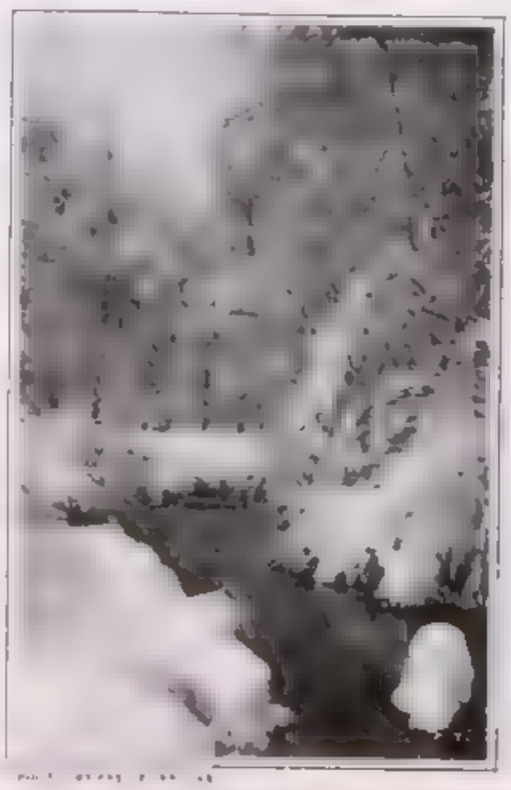
Andy heeded it not, but hastened to the bathroom, pausing only for a moment at a window to note that the sky was clear and that the tops of the higher buildings across the park were tinged with rose pink from the rising sun.

Happy omen! Real sunshine had come into his life at last and would leave it nevermore. Nevermore! Francis X., slowly and reluctantly abandoning the drowsy delights of his bed, heard him singing under the shower:

"The lady I love will soon be a bride,
With a diadem o-on her brow-ow ——"

"Poor guy!" yawned Francis X. "Poor guy!"

He blinked at unfamiliar garments on hangers depending upon a hook in the door—a morning coat, striped trousers—and then lighted a cigarette, threw the burned match on the floor and lay back on his pillow to await Andy's emergence. Andy had stopped singing to shave, but one can think while shaving. He was now thinking that the lady he loved would soon be a bride, and he knew just how she would look, having been already permitted a glimpse of her in her bridal array of mist and gossamer. The heart-stopping marvel of that sight!



A Scene in Upshur County, West Virginia

After all, women had the right idea about dress. It was with no thought of alluring men that they stressed it so much; it was their instinctive love of all things beautiful—the expression of their beautiful souls. Yet Vera had never been more lovely in his eyes than in her riding kit the morning that he had encountered her in the park, not long after their meeting at the theater. She had reined in her horse, talked with him for some minutes and given him permission to call. Oh, that dear little twist of a smile! They had been friends from that moment, and would always be friends as well as lovers. She, too, had been bereaved, as she had told him at Joe's wedding; and marriage had spoiled her friend, who was absurdly devoted to her husband and could talk of nothing but that darned Everett and her stupid little house and was no longer *simpatico*. Love and marriage were silly, she thought, and was glad to find a man who agreed with her. She ——

"Going to be in there all morning? Say, nobody's going to take any notice of you, guy."

"Be out in a minute." But he took his time with the bay rum and talcum. He frowned at the disfiguring scar on his forehead, and then remembered what tender lips had been pressed to it, and he smiled idiotically.

"I love it, Andy darling!" That was what she had said. And meant it!

A moment or two later he pranced out, shouting "Next!" and half an hour after that Mike brought up the heavily loaded breakfast tray, his eyes rolling and his mouth agrin.

"Lawdy, Mist' Tyler, it don' seem but yist'd'y 'at Mist' Gilligan ——"

"I know," said Andy. "Every time I get married, I think it will be the last; but there it is!" So, shamelessly, he stole Mike's thunder.

"Yas-suh. 'At's er way it is wiv me. Yas-suh. Mist' Tyler, Ah suhtenly does hope ——"

"It's all we can do. Beat it, Mike!"

"Listen, Andy," said Francis X., as they sat to eat. "You really mean seriously to go through with this, do you? Quite in earnest as to your intention? Because, if so, I want you distinctly to understand that I disclaim all responsibility. Get that? It's against my wishes and my judgment that you're leaving me. Understand that clearly."

"And you understand this," said Andy. "Vera and I want you to look on our home as your home too. Vera likes you, and ——"

"Banana oil!" said Francis X., and Andy, remembering what Vera had recently said about Mr. Cassidy, and her manner of saying it, only replied, "No banana oil about it, you sap! Gee! I wish it was all over!"

Over at last! A jumble of impressions in Andy's mind—red carpet, dim religious light, a heavy perfume of flowers, a goddess in gossamer and mist, deep, rich intonations of magic words—words of power, making us twain one flesh; laughter, handshaking, kissing—Isobel kissing him with a real warmth—faces, faces tearful, faces smiling; music pealing triumphantly, rumbling, reverberating—a light touch on his arm that sent his head up and his cheat out. He was a god, of course, or how should the goddess be at his side?

Something dreamlike about it all, and in the dream he is telling the cock-eyed world that, hackneyed though the statement may appear, this is the happiest moment in his life.

But among all these things, one of the two that he is to recall most clearly is Joe Gilligan's face, with something in it familiar of old, but long absent. His old friend! A barrier somehow fallen! Joe, redivivus, pump-handling him vigorously and saying, "Well, you darned rapscallion, you're one of us now!"

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SOME OTHERS AND MYSELF

(Continued from Page 13)

never forgets. Then, forsaking the sea because of failing eyesight, he became a bookkeeper, farmer, short-story writer, theater manager, playwright and play producer; but even now he still clings to his early love, and at the first approach of the warmer days he hurries to the Sound to get in readiness his little boat in preparation for the many happy hours he anticipates spending on her.

Three years after the birth of the boy, a daughter was born and christened Susannah Jane; three years later another daughter was born and christened Ann Elizabeth, and again in three years, on June 3, 1866, another son, and the last child, was born and was christened George Howells.

Walsall, my native town, is on the border of what is known in England as the Black Country, because of the coal mines, the iron and steel works and the belching smokestacks in the district. For miles it is a continuous Pittsburgh. Walsall, however, is a saddlery town and is noted for the manufacture of leather goods. One of the surprises of my life was to meet on one of its streets Patrick Francis Murphy, the head of the Mark Cross Company, and to learn that their principal factory was located there.

Walsall is built on and around a high hill and its dominating feature is an old and beautiful church standing right on the hill's crest. When I lived there Walsall had a population of nearly 70,000, but street railways and omnibuses were unknown to it and it did not have a single daily paper. Even now, with a population of 100,000, it has no newspaper except weekly ones.

My life in Walsall divides itself naturally into two parts, the first being the Infant School period and the second the Blue Coat School period. The Infant School was exactly what its name implies. The early age at which I was sent to this school is evidenced by the fact that among my mother's most treasured possessions was a small book entitled William and His Uncle Ben, and in it was the inscription: "Presented to G. H. Broadhurst for saying his alphabet." The date was 1868.

Like every mother, ours had her pet anecdotes about her children. She used to tell how my brother, when a child of four, wandered away early in the afternoon and could not be found. Just as night came he returned in the most nonchalant manner. To the question as to where he had been he answered, "Round"; and when asked if he had not been afraid of being lost he replied, "Couldn't I see the steeple?"

Not a Channel Aspirant

Her most-repeated story regarding my childhood was that while I was still in the Infant School, a visitor, at the request of the schoolmistress, set me a sum in addition. I gazed at it for a while, but did not start to foot it. The visitor asked, "Can't you do it?" And the reply was, "Yes; but look at the nines in it."

The Blue Coat School was so called because a certain number of boys, in conformity with a charity bequest, received their education and their clothing free. The clothing consisted of a blue cap, a loose blue coat, a brown belt, corduroy trousers and heavy but serviceable shoes. My brother warned me if an offer for me to become one of them was given, to jump into Beech's Pool rather than agree to it. Such a proposition was soon made and my parents left the decision to me. Following my brother's advice, though not understanding it, I declined.

Mother accepted the decision somewhat regretfully, for with her every penny counted and it would have meant my clothing and tuition free. Father only chuckled and smiled. It did not take me long to discover the reason for my brother's warning. Every Blue Coat boy was a marked lad. He could not enter into any mischief without being found out, for his uniform betrayed him. He dared not play with the joyous recklessness of boyhood for fear of tearing or soiling his clothing, and that would mean prompt and severe punishment by the schoolmaster. His attire yelled "Charity!" and set him apart. His spirit was quelled and his soul intimidated. For my escape from this servitude I have always been most grateful.

Looking back on the years at the Blue Coat School, it seems to me that they were filled with much more incident than falls to the lot of the average boy, but I shall show but two or three of their highest lights. Soon after I entered that school my brother took me to the public baths with the intention of teaching me to swim. He jumped off the springboard and swam about to prove to me how easy and what fun it was. Then he told me to jump from the board into the water. Without thought of fright or danger, I was poised for the spring, when a fat, red-faced man threw a cupful of cold drinking water over me. I did not jump, nor have I ever jumped. Nor have I learned to swim. I can go through all the motions with precise and mathematical accuracy, but I get nowhere. There is motion, but not propulsion. The four-wheel brakes are not needed, because I never start. In a nonmoving swimming race for the world's championship I would back myself to win the first prize with ease.

Sharing the Honors

Some three years after the above incident, it was the custom for one of the assistant masters to take a number of boys weekly to the baths for the purpose of giving them swimming lessons. Although I could not swim, I joined in the games by pulling myself hand over hand along the ropes and by jumping across the corners and catching the rope on the other side. At this I became quite expert, and, as is so often the case, proficiency and familiarity led to carelessness, the result being that once I jumped, missed and sank in six feet of water.

The sensations which followed seem almost as vivid today as they were then. I kicked with all my might and threshed about desperately with my arms. I seemed to be in the embrace of some monster which yielded to my faintest effort and yet constantly embraced me gently but suffocatingly. There was no pain and no fear. My only thought was to fight against the velvet monster which enveloped me. This I did with all my might.

After a while I felt myself getting weaker and my struggles growing correspondingly more feeble. Then I ceased to struggle and felt myself going down, down, down, and sinking into a calm and untroubled sleep. When I awoke, the assistant master, whose attention had been called by the cries of one of the boys and who had dived and brought me up, was administering first aid. Everything has its compensations, and, being unable to walk home, I had my first and for many years my only ride in a cab. That made it a memorable day.

Our curriculum comprised reading, writing, arithmetic, spelling and composition, grammar, geography and lessons on the prayer book and the Scriptures. Every year an examination was held in these subjects, and also in general knowledge and current events. For each subject three prizes were awarded; and a boy named Mark Bates, with whom I had been transferred from the Infant School and next to whom I sat until our school days ended, and I figured that between us we could get all the firsts and the seconds, leaving the thirds to the other ninety-and-odd boys in the class.

Although he gave me a hard struggle, my impression is that I won more firsts than he did and that I was the leader in the class and he the runner-up.

In the playground, however, Bates led with practically no opposition. Both on account of his natural aptitude for leadership and of his physical prowess—for he was a big and powerful boy for his age—he was the class captain from the start. His position was never questioned until his last year as a scholar, when he was the captain of the school also.

In that year there came a boy named Frank Worrall. He was a year older than Bates, and somewhat bigger. His presence was ominous from the day of his coming. Finally he flatly refused to obey Bates' orders. Of that there could be but one outcome. According to the unwritten law of the school, they had to fight. Friday afternoon, immediately after school, was the time selected for the battle, because it would give both boys Friday night, all day Saturday and all day Sunday to recover from the effects before coming again under the head master's inquisitorial eye. The place selected was an unused barn on the outskirts of the town and each contestant was to be accompanied by one boy to act as second and see fair play for his principal. I, of course, went with Bates.

Arriving at the barn by separate routes, both principals promptly stripped to the waist. This was to be a fight to a finish with bare knuckles, and each boy preferred to have the blood on his skin rather than on his shirt. The preliminaries were conducted almost as formally and importantly as though for a duel. There was to be no kicking, no wrestling, no gouging, no butting and no hitting below the belt. Every knock-down was to be a round. When a boy fell, the other was to retire to his own corner. If the fallen one were able to get up and wished to continue, he was allowed to go to his corner to be sponged off by his second. Then the fight was to be resumed until one was unable to respond or was willing to admit the other's superiority. These points being agreed upon, the boys shook hands and the battle was on.

All the real champions of the ring, those who live in affection as well as in memory, have had that greatest of all physical qualities, the fighting heart; but never was it shown by Ketchel, Nelson, Wolgast or even Lavigne, nor yet in that never-to-be-forgotten tenth round between Carpentier and Tunney, where Carpentier established himself as one of the heroic spirits of the roped arena, more than in the battle between those two thirteen-year-old boys. I realize that years add glamour to events and am making allowances.

A Battle of Champions

But they fought with bare knuckles; there was no roaring crowd to urge them on; there was no great money prize at stake; the newspapers would not headline the winner and chronicle his doings for months, perhaps years, to come; and yet for nearly an hour, and without a minute's rest after every three minutes of fighting, battered, bruised and bleeding, and toward the end so arm-tired that they could hardly put up their hands—they fought on grimly and gamely, asking no quarter and giving none, so evenly matched that only one thing was left to decide the issue, and that was—which had the greater heart.

Once, when Bates had fallen, and he was sitting for a second or two on my knee, I whispered, "Shall I ask if they'll call it a draw?" He shook his head. "They'll do it," I said, at which Bates, squinting at his adversary out of his one open eye, replied, "I can lick him yet."

The fight went on, and after a while Worrall's second, while they were still engaged, came to me and suggested that we should call it a draw.

"Is that a proposition?" I asked. He said that it was. "I agree," I replied, and at that each of us rushed to his man, pulled him away and told him what we had settled.

A minute later two dead-tired and badly bruised boys, reluctant and yet willing, were shaking hands.

Before he left school, Worrall almost toppled Bates from his pedestal. Corporal punishment was in vogue in those days and the head master was a firm believer in its efficacy. Once when he caned Worrall with unusual severity, the boy in a fit of anger and desperation seized the master's whiskers with his left hand and punched him all over the room with his right, and for the first time in my life I realized what whiskers were for.

That was a day of days. In the garden of my remembrance it stands a blazing tulip among the forget-me-nots.

The other and last incident of the period which I shall describe had a greater influence on my life than all the others combined.

A boy named Watson and I were going to see the town team play a cricket match. To get to the grounds one had to pass the football field. There a number of rich boys, sons, brothers and cousins of the cricketers, were playing football; and, as the regulation goals were too far apart, they had taken off their hats and coats and were using them to mark the goal posts.

Political Influence

As there were not enough of them to make the full teams, they asked us to play. We agreed and placed our hats and coats with theirs. Presently the captain of the football team came from the cricket ground, gathered up the hats and coats and returned them to their owners. But when he came to Watson's and mine, he took our names and addresses and summoned us for trespassing—summoned only us, the two poor boys who had been invited to play by the others whom he let go free.

That meant that we had to appear for trial before the magistrates, which was in itself a disgrace. If we were found guilty and fined it would take years to live it down, and if the magistrates took it into their heads to send us to prison for a week, which they were quite capable of doing, it meant that we were jailbirds and ruined for life. I went to plead with and explain to the man who was president of both the cricket and the football clubs, but it was useless. An example must be made and we were to be the victims. The secretary of the clubs, however, was one of our assistant masters and he succeeded in having the summons against me dropped. But Watson did not belong to our school and he went to trial. Among the magistrates was the president of the clubs who had refused to listen to me. The captain of the football club told how he had caught Watson playing on his team's field. He said nothing about the boys with whom Watson was playing and no questions were asked.

Neither was Watson allowed to tell the story. All he was permitted to do was to confirm or deny the captain's evidence. Was he playing there as testified or was he not? He was. Therefore he was guilty and the verdict was ten shilling and costs, or seven days in prison.

Watson's parents, who were poorer even than mine, managed to raise the money, probably by pawning the family's Sunday clothes, and the boy went free. But I could not get over the outrage and the injustice of it, and I have not got over it to this day. I made up my mind to leave a town where such a thing could happen at the first minute that I possibly could.

After I had passed, at the age of fourteen, the highest class in the school, I became a pupil teacher. This meant that for one year I should be a candidate for apprenticeship. If I survived the year and successfully passed the government examination, I should then be articled, or apprenticed, to the school for five years. During that

(Continued on Page 197)

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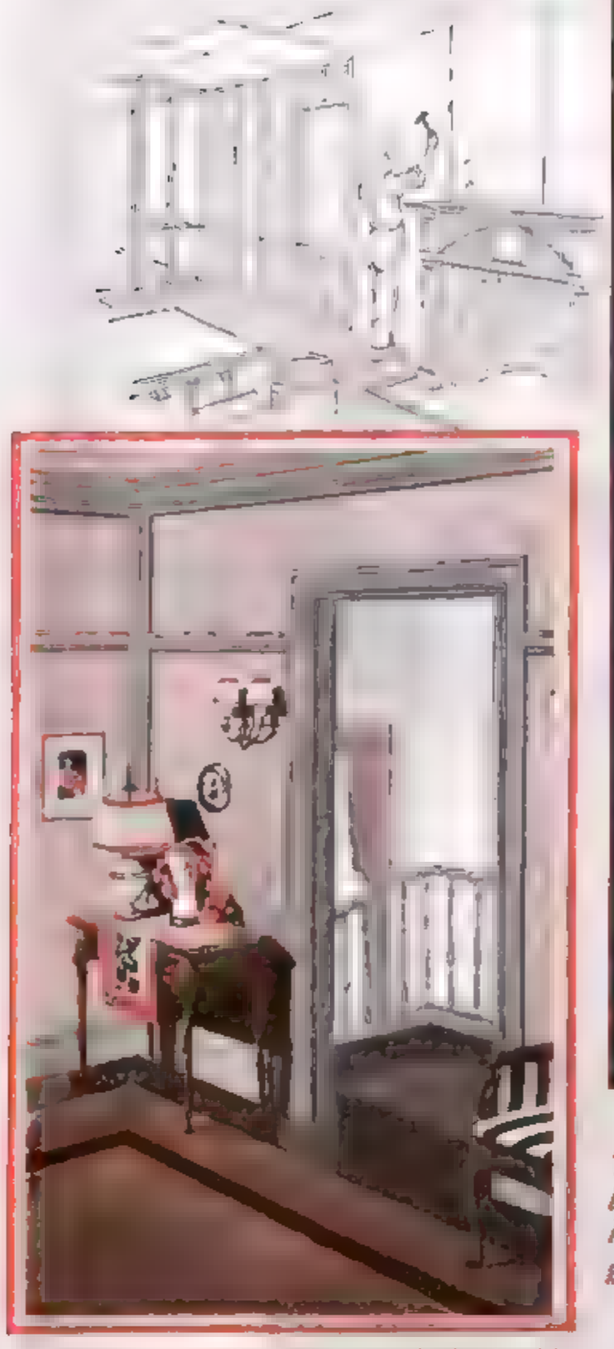

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PLASTERS - WALL BOARDS - ROOFINGS

(Continued from Page 192)

period I should, together with the other pupil teachers, of whom there were four, receive instructions from the master every morning before the regular school began and be a teacher while it was in progress. At the end of the five years I should go to college for two years, when, if successful, I should graduate as a certificated or qualified assistant master.

The idea appealed greatly to my mother. It seemed to her a stepping-stone toward the wish of her heart, which was, as she so fervently expressed, that she should live to see a son of hers a minister of the Church of England

As my brother was at this time sailing the China Sea, from which long voyage he brought mother from Hong-Kong a real, genuine antique China tea cabinet purchased in Liverpool, it seemed that I was the only one through whom this wish could be fulfilled.

Father, however, had different ideas on the subject. "It's this way, my lad," he said: "Remember that, even when you're a head master, you'll always have to take off your hat to the vicar and say sir to the church wardens! And you won't have only one master to please, you'll always have about six! And, no matter how successful you are, you can never be rich! But the other side of the screen is this: When the school closes at half-past four, you're through for the day. You won't have to worry about the high price of raw materials and you'll have no labor troubles. You'll have all day Saturday to yourself and eight weeks' holiday every year with full pay, when you can go where you like and do what you like so long as nobody catches you!

"Eight weeks' holiday a year at full pay! There's a juicy apple for a man to bite! You must choose for yourself, my lad; and whichever you pick, don't complain because you miss something the other would give. You can't have everything, for, after all, there are only four legs to a horse."

Born to the Cloth

I became a candidate, passed successfully and was duly articled. In addition to the secular subjects, there was a competition every year among the church-school teachers for the Bishop's Bible, which was given for the best examination in knowledge of the Holy Scriptures and of the prayer book in the Diocese of Lichfield and the Archdeanery of Stafford and Stoke. This was an outside examination and one's success or failure in it counted nothing in the one conducted by the government in the secular subjects, which decided whether the examined was to continue as a pupil teacher or not. For this reason, I imagine, many of the candidates did not treat it so seriously as they did the government examination, which was probably the reason why I, in my first year, won the prize which became my mother's pet personal treasure to her dying day.

As a result of my success I was invited to Lichfield to have luncheon with His Lordship, the bishop. It was my first great adventure. The bishop's open carriage met me at the station and I was greatly embarrassed by my solitary drive to the palace in such luxurious and unaccustomed splendor. I imagined that the eyes of everyone we passed were on me and that their owners were wondering what my incongruous figure was doing in such surroundings.

At the luncheon itself another shock awaited me. I found that, sometimes even before I had finished with the food, my plate was whisked away by a melancholy and mysterious stranger who stood behind me and breathed on me silently.

After luncheon the bishop, a courtly and kindly man, escorted me round the cathedral, told me to sit on his throne chair and said that he could see no reason why, at some future time, I should not have the right to occupy that one or a similar one.

When this was reported at Walsall it settled the matter. I was born to be a minister. In some undefined way I was to go through Cambridge University, blithely plucking all the honors on the trip, emerge as a master of arts, become so famous a preacher that I would catch the eye, or rather the ear, of those in authority and end my days as the Archbishop of Canterbury after a glorious and unspeckled career. That and a few other little things! All of which so closely conformed with my own plans that, very shortly, a boy of fifteen, I was on my way to the United States, alone and in the steerage.

It is seldom given to anyone, and especially to a boy of fifteen, to have two events, pregnant with fate, come on successive days. That is what happened to me. The second of these events was my sailing to New York on the old White Star Line steamship Republic; the first was that, on the previous night, in Liverpool, I went, for the first time in my life, to a real theater and saw a real play. It was The Two Orphans, and never was a naïve and unsophisticated lad more thrilled and harrowed, more depressed and uplifted, than I was on that occasion. It left me dazed but delighted. Had I known earlier that such things existed in England, America might never have seen me.

Thrown to the Lions

In those days the steerage was the steerage and something worse. The United States needed immigrants. In consequence there were no quotas, and moral turpitude was not even included in the commissioner's vocabulary. At Liverpool each passenger had to provide himself with a straw mattress, a tin cup, a plate and a knife and fork. The unmarried males were in one division and the unmarried females in another, and the males at least slept in bunks like Chinese in an opium joint. The soup was brought in buckets and ladled splashingly into the recipient's plate. There was plenty of food; but even had it been appetizing, that quality would have been eliminated by the manner in which it was served.

Green as I was, something prompted me to inquire of one of the stewards if things could not be remedied, and I was told that by the payment of ten shillings in advance I could receive special food, confidentially served in the cook's galley, during the entire voyage. I thought there might be a catch in it somewhere, and ten shillings made quite a hole in my modest store of cash, but I risked it and it turned out honest.

In a day or two my fellow passengers noticed that I took no food with them, and my evasive answers caused them to look on me with the eye of suspicion. Finally, in some way, my secret was discovered and I immediately became a plutocrat and a thing apart.

Shortly before we landed a doctor pushed back my eyelids and gazed solicitously into my eyes. Then he bade me open my mouth, into which he peered earnestly and inquiringly, after which, in spite of the fact that recent vaccination marks were plainly visible, he lymphed me again. The joke, however, was on him, for it did not take.

In those days, to a mid-Englander New York was only a name, whereas Chicago was a reality. In consequence, I remained in New York only long enough to catch the first train for the West, and after a wonderful journey through what appeared to me as a never-ending country—before starting on this journey I had never been more than fifty miles from home, had never been on a street car and had never seen the sea—I arrived at the station in Chicago, where my brother, who had now settled there and who had sent me my transportation, was awaiting me. Soon I was taking my first ride in a street car, which I celebrated by facing the wrong way when I descended and by falling ignominiously, a feat which I think I never repeated.

I had been taught at school, both dogmatically and inferentially, that an Englishman's superiority, especially as regards honor and honesty, was unquestioningly accepted the world over, and I was imbued with the idea that all I had to do was to stand on a street corner, announce my nationality and business men would flock to me joyously and ask me to take charge of their money. I soon discovered, however, that the people of Chicago, though they did not regard my nationality as a heavy liability, certainly did not look upon it as an asset of any great value; and I also learned that every country in Europe, and they were all represented, had taught its youth the same thing that my country had taught me. According to itself, every country was the grandest in the world and its men were the greatest, which promptly brought them all to a common level.

Less than a week after my arrival, owing to some mysterious and inexplicable workings of Providence, I procured a position on the Board of Trade. The first day I went to work they threw me to the lions.

As I was to be a settlement clerk, I was sent into the settling room, a medium-sized hall in which were gathered a hundred or more of the toughest and brightest American youths breathing. They had to be hellions or they could not hold their jobs, and why I was selected to become one of them I have never been able to understand—except on the theory that my employer had a diabolical sense of humor.

With my spectacles abridge my nose, my derby hat on my head, wearing a truly British suit of clothes, a fancy shirt and a somewhat clamorous tie—in fact, with every inch of me shrieking, "I'm English, my lad"—with the courage of ignorance and no intimation as to my fate, I calmly and blandly stepped over the threshold.

Instantly one of the boys caught sight of me and yelled, "Hey, fellows, look what we've got!" While another shouted, "Step on it; it's breathing!" I was pushed into the room and gleefully surrounded by a bunch of the world's greatest rapscallions, from whom my first greeting was: "In Hengland I'm known as the hauburn-'aired gentleman, but 'ere they call me the red-'eaded son of a gun."

The Use for Feet

For two weeks I was to them a source of unfailing joy. They used to make me sing Rule Britannia and recite The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck. My clothes afforded them infinite amusement, and when I referred to my hat as a bowler, there was a shout of glee which could be heard for a mile. They made me repeat, in their style, "It's the 'ammer, 'ammer, 'ammer on the 'ard, 'ard road what 'urts the 'orse's 'oofs." Also they had a couplet I have never heard anywhere else, which ran:

"The wounded deer 'as reached 'er 'ome,
The harrow in 'er 'eart."

When they were feeling particularly hilarious, they would pass me round and pretend to kiss me. They were rough, but never vicious, and I happened to have sense enough to fall in with their moods rather than oppose them. Besides, I was getting five dollars a week and I needed the money. This treatment was, in fact, the best thing that could have happened to me. It quickly knocked any lingering mamma's darling clean out of me and made it quite evident that feet were given for the purpose of standing on them.

Three months later I went to the station and met a boy who had his money in a belt round his waist and all his other belongings in a sack tied with a rope which he carried over his shoulder. It was Bates. Soon he also was earning five dollars a week by working on the Board of Trade.

The two of us went to board with Mrs. John Dean, who lived in Ogden Avenue on the West Side. For our board and lodging, including luncheons, we paid three dollars each week, which left us two dollars a week to spend riotously on ourselves and in lavishly entertaining our friends. To save car fare, which would have meant sixty cents a week, morning and evening, each

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with his luncheon box in his hand, we walked two miles to work and two miles back, and thought nothing of it because it was part of the job.

The winter was a hard one, so I bought a cap to cover my ears. Bates, however, would not offer such an insult to his British hardihood, and more than once, when the weather was below zero, I rubbed his ears with snow to keep them from freezing. When the sidewalks were practically sheets of ice, I bought a pair of rubbers, but Bates would have none of them; and when the thaws came and the streets were ankle deep with slush, and I suggested that on such an occasion we might break our rule and ride, the inexorable Bates promptly vetoed the plan, and so all through the winter and in all weathers we tramped our four miles daily and saved our weekly sixty cents. That is, Bates saved his sixty cents, for, no matter how hard I would try to avoid it, mine regularly slipped away and at the end of practically every week I was in his debt. On each occasion he would vow never to lend me another nickel, and those were the only times I have known him to break his word.

Spring having come and its audacity having got into my blood, after reviewing the labor market appraisingly, I asked for a raise, which was promptly refused. Soon, however, having by this time learned my job, I obtained another position at a 50 per cent increase in wages and left the original firm to prosper without me, which, in the interests of good reporting, I must admit that it promptly proceeded to do.

Trade was splendid on the Board of Trade—the biggest grain and provision market in the world, where those commodities are speculated in just as stocks are traded in on the New York Stock Exchange—and clerks were in demand, the result being that I leaped from job to job, promptly transferring my services, like the mercenary that I was, to the firm that would pay me most.

With me, a sure two dollars now seemed infinitely to be preferred to a problematical three dollars when. Not so with Bates. His theory was that it paid in the long run to get with a good firm and stick to it. He stuck. In fact, he stuck so well that he was connected with but one house in his life; and when, after forty years, he retired from it and from business, he was not only its president, but he owned a controlling interest in it and had done so for more than a decade. His theory certainly worked out well for him, but to me it lacked vividness and venture.

The Bill-Clerk Interlude

After two or three years, the rather unimportant firm where I was employed as cashier died of chronic anæmia. Business on the board being greatly impoverished, I failed to obtain another situation there; and, as food was necessary for my existence and as I could not get food without money or money without work, I went as an extra bill clerk with a wholesale grocery house at ten dollars a week, which was exactly half what I had been getting on the board.

I explained to the head of the firm—a dour old Scotchman with pepper-and salt side whiskers, a fishy eye and ice water in his veins—that, as the job was not a permanent one, and as he could throw me out without a minute's notice, I reserved the right to quit him without notice in case I found employment better to my liking. As he undoubtedly thought that, owing to the hours I would have to work for him, it would be impossible for me to look for other employment, he agreed.

Now if there is anything more depressing, more spirit-killing, more doleful and more drab than that job I had as bill clerk it has not yet appeared on my horizon. On the board, there was variety both of work and of interest; there was, in a way, an air of battle; fortunes were being made and lost; there was no set routine. So long as a man did his work, no one cared how long he took for his luncheon. If business required it, he would work all night without a thought; but if conditions allowed it, he threw his books into the vault at half-past two and went to the baseball game, with no questions asked.

But in our office a man punched a clock when he arrived in the morning, when he went out to luncheon, when he returned, and when he quit for the day. From eight in the morning till six at night, with an hour's intermission, he stood at a high desk, entering in his books the latest order of Mr. Gioliskivitch, proprietor of the New York grocery in Carter's Creek, Montana, or of Mr. Pumperkittens, owner of the International Delicatessen and Feed Store at Flitten's Corners, South Dakota. Then he wrestled to a finish with the cost of a case of eggs, a barrel of soused herring, two dozen jars of assorted pickles, three boxes of dried codfish and twenty-seven pounds of onions. This was the unvaried monotony of his whole working existence, and heaven help him if he made an error!

In Again, Out Again

At various times in my life I have been broke, busted, battered and bruised, but this was the most depressing period I have ever known. It is easy, then, to imagine my joy when I received a note from my former employer, saying he was about to resume business and offering me my old position at my former salary. This note was received on Saturday after the head of the grocery firm had gone for the day, and I was asked to report at the broker's office on the following Monday. As a result, I wrote the grocer that, according to our agreement, I was leaving, and without a thought of any possible wrong, said where I was going.

On Monday morning I received a note from the grocer, delivered by hand, and reading, "Come over and save trouble." On it, with the brashness of youth I wrote, "Will save trouble by not coming over," and sent it back by the messenger.

Next morning my employer received a letter from the grocery man, stating that he considered it his duty to advise him that I had left his employ without notice and with my account overdrawn, and suggested that under the circumstances it might be wise for him to keep a watchful eye on me. To one who knew the writer the letter was its own refutation, for he would have been aware that I would have had as much chance to overdraw as a sheep would have to kill the butcher.

My employer wrote the grocer, saying that evidently he had not known I had worked for him previously; that I had handled many thousands of dollars and that my accounts had always been correct. He suggested that the grocer send to him a statement of my account. If it showed that I owed anything, he would see that it was promptly paid, but if it did not show it, he would urge me to sue him for libel.

With this letter in my pocket and outrage in my heart, I called on the grocer. After being kept waiting for some time, I was shown into his office. There was a dull gleam in his codlike eyes and on his face was the nearest possible approach to a triumphant smile.

"I thought I could fix you," he said; "and, seeing that you are here, I guess I have."

I handed him the letter. As he read it I thought he would have apoplexy then and there. His face changed color until it became a tinge of purple which I have since seen advertised in the ladies' dress column as dregs of wine. He stammered, stuttered and spluttered, and then came up for air. He alternately attempted jollying and bullying. Then he tried being conciliatory and diplomatic, in which he succeeded about as well as would a Rocky Mountain bear before his first meal after a winter's sleep.

Knowing I had an unbeatable hand, I stood pat. My verdict was a written apology or a suit, and he could impale himself on whichever spear he pleased. In the end the apology, carefully edited by me, was forthcoming, and yielding precedence only to the football captain, he became the second villain of the play.

A year later, the firm having found itself, after its failure, unable to get on a paying basis, I was again jobless. This time I procured a position as option clerk with one of the most important houses on the board. Soon after I went to work there I discovered, through the initials on the trading cards, that a heavy speculator who had traded through the firm for which I had previously worked was starting to trade through the present one. Though it was no business of mine, I kept track of his trades and found in a short time that he was some thousand dollars loser. He had been speculating for years and was considered a wealthy man, but as I had had considerable difficulty on previous occasions in getting from him, in my position of cashier, the money which he owed, I had concluded that his tether would soon become taut and if pulled too hard might snap.

I confided this to the office manager, a pleasant but apprehensive man who always went back twice to see if he had shut the safe properly. He said without rancor that the customer was perfectly solvent; that the office had been trying to get his account for a long time; and that, after all, such matters were in his hands, not in mine—a plain statement of an undeniable fact.

Still, I kept track of the account, and when it was a further five thousand dollars behind, I went to him again. This time my story evidently impressed him, for he asked the customer to put up thirty thousand dollars, which he did; but in less than a week he failed, and when his trades were closed he still owed the firm seven thousand dollars.

When Curiosity Paid Dividends

On Saturday afternoon the head partner sent for me and the dialogue ran about as follows:

"Sit down."

"Thank you, sir."

"The office manager says it was your suggestion that he call on Mr. —— for that margin."

"That was very good of him, sir."

"You saved the firm thirty thousand dollars and I'm much obliged."

"Thank you, sir."

"You're an option clerk here, I understand."

"Yes, sir."

"Then it wasn't your business to keep track of the account at all?"

"No, sir."

"Why did you do it?"

"I don't know, sir—curiosity probably."

"What salary are you getting?"

"Seventy-five dollars a month."

"Can you do any other work besides the options?"

"Yes, sir. I've been both bookkeeper and cashier."

"From today on your salary is a hundred a month."

"Thank you, sir."

"And I'll see if I can't find you a better job."

"Thank you again, sir."

"That's all,"

"Good afternoon, sir."

Soon afterward the cashier was made a floor trader, the bookkeeper was given his job and I was promoted to bookkeeper. In a few months, owing to the new cashier leaving, I found myself occupying his position. So at twenty-one, much to my surprise, I was cashier for one of the biggest firms on the board and drawing a salary of forty dollars a week, which at that time was no inconsiderable stipend.

The important figures on the Board of Trade, in those days, were P. D. Armour, B. P. Hutchinson, Samuel Allerton, C. T. Yerkes, Charles Counselman, Nathaniel Jones and John Dupee, and of them all the outstanding one in my memory is Hutchinson, commonly called Old Hutch. About six feet six inches in height, a well-proportioned figure, straight as a steel rod,

(Continued on Page 201)

The greatest 'Possum Dinner the old South ever gave

How a President-Elect was welcomed to Dixie years ago

"CARVE dat 'possum to de heart," this was the plantation melody sung at the supreme moment of that great feast.

"Just then," says one newspaper account, "a darky was seen strutting up the aisle toward the speaker's table. He bore a trencher on which a barbecued 'possum sat grinning in a bed of gravy and sweet potatoes."

It was a banquet true to all the traditions of the South which the leading men of Georgia tendered a President-Elect that January day in Atlanta years ago. Every dish from the 'possum with persimmon sauce to the beaten biscuit and the watermelon, expressed a welcome straight from the heart of old Dixie.

And naturally enough, for this great dinner the coffee was chosen which was already famous throughout the whole South —the blend which had been served so long at the fine, old hotel in Nashville, Tennessee.

Every year the fame of this coffee spread further

Since the days of the Civil War the Maxwell House in Nashville had been the gathering

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A special blend of fine coffees was used there, so rich, so mellow that those who tasted it once, always remembered it.

To all the southern states—to Louisiana, to Maryland, to Virginia the fame of Maxwell House Coffee spread long ago. And in Georgia that day it was this same blend that was served to the President-Elect in honor of his victory at the polls.

Today this blend with its same, rare goodness is on sale in sealed tins throughout the entire country. And the same firm of coffee merchants who perfected it years ago still blend and roast it now. It has pleased more people than any other coffee ever offered for sale. In a long list of America's greatest cities—in New York, in Washington, D. C., in Cincinnati, in Atlanta, in Louisville, and in many others, it is the first choice. It is by far the largest selling high grade coffee in the United States.

For your own table you can have the alluring flavor and rich aroma that so delighted the old South. The same blend that was served for years to the illustrious visitors to old Dixie is now offered to your family. You will find a new, keen pleasure in your very first cup. Your grocer has Maxwell House Coffee in the famous blue tins. Cheek-Neal Coffee Company, Nashville, Houston, Jacksonville, Richmond, New York, Los Angeles.

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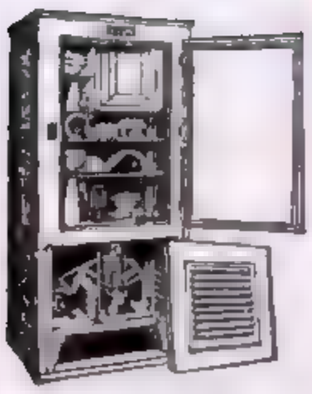

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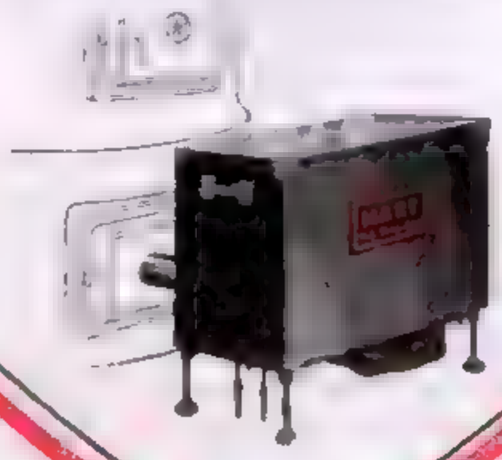

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HART OIL BURNER

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(Continued from Page 198)

although approaching seventy, an eagle face with piercing eyes, always dressed in black, with a long coat and a big black felt hat, he looked the noblest Roman of them all and would have been a distinguished figure and dominating personality in any assemblage. He was a mighty and successful speculator and owned the Corn Exchange Bank, of which his son, Charles L. Hutchinson, the famous patron of the arts in Chicago, was the chief executive for so many years after him.

The luck of Old Hutch was proverbial, and on one occasion at least it stood both him and the other man in good stead. A party of us played poker all night and into the early hours of the morning. One player, a clerk in Hutchinson's office, who lived in the suburbs, missed his last train home and went to the office to sleep on a couch there. Awakened about half-past six by the cleaners, he tossed about for a time and then, finding that sleep eluded him, he gave up his chase of it. Strolling to the window, he looked out and saw Old Hutch himself coming toward the office with his usual swinging stride. The clerk quickly took out his books and started to work. Old Hutch came in. Every generation has considered the following one soft and without knowledge either of the value of or the desire to do hard work. This is especially so as regards a man who has made his way by long and weary hours of labor, and to this class Old Hutch belonged.

He was so pleased that he offered to take the young man out to breakfast, which offer, suspecting guile and an attempt to verify his story, the young man becomingly declined.

The incident so pleased the employer that he took a great interest in his supposedly industrious clerk and promoted him rapidly, the clerk making good at each step, the result being that he is now a well-known and prosperous member of the board.

That there was a moral in this adventure I knew, and after careful and assiduous search, I found it. It deals with the relative values of a nimble mind and a truthful tongue, and, try as I will, I have never been able to reconcile it with the proverbs and maxims which adorned the copy books of my boyhood days.

One day a customer of the firm's pushed twenty one-thousand-dollar bills through the grating of the cashier's window and asked me to give him a check for them. As I had no doubt either of the genuineness of the bills or of the man's honesty, I had no hesitancy in doing as he wished; but while writing the check I could not help wondering what was the motive back of the transaction.

Why did he have such an amount in currency? And having it, why did he not deposit it in his own bank and draw a check of his own against it? Finding no answer to these questions, and my curiosity aroused in consequence and increased by the fact that he left the office immediately, I followed him. He went directly to another broker's office, and, as he handed in the check I heard him say, "There it is, just as I told you. There's plenty more where that came from, so don't hesitate to ask for it if you think you need it."

Now the fact was that he had an extremely small balance with us, one which hardly covered the trades he had open. Why then had he striven to convey to the cashier of the other firm the impression that he had a large balance with us and confirmed it by the prompt production of our check for twenty thousand dollars? So far as I could see, there was only one answer—he was short of funds and was striving very shrewdly to build up a line of credit with the other house. If he were short of funds, there was only one thing for us to do—protect ourselves by calling for additional margin.

When this was done, he was magnificently indignant. He had enough money with us to protect his open trades at the market and he had traded with us for years. Why then the call for more money before his balance with us was exhausted? Rather than be treated in such a way he would, if necessary, close his account with us. The account was closed and he received a check for some two thousand dollars.

A month later events showed that my deductions were correct.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Broadhurst. The next will appear in an early issue

ELIZABETH DAINGERFIELD, BREEDER OF THOROUGHBREDS

(Continued from Page 25)

"Who is it?" she demanded. "Go find out what he wants. Tell him I'm busy, and take the message."

The groom returned with the information that the gentleman must speak to Miss Daingerfield herself on a matter of high importance touching her own interests. So she dropped her work, climbed into her flivver and burned the road to the office. A matter of high importance—what could it be? Perhaps the King of England desired the services of Man o' War. She got the unknown on the wire—and what do you think was this matter of high importance? A demand to know if she did not wish to buy up the entire issue of a certain publication which contained an account of herself, to distribute among her friends! And for such nonsense she had been summoned from an important task. If wrath could be transmitted like electricity, the high voltage of her remarks would have electrocuted that man on the spot.

But at Faraway, remote from the madding crowd, she is not bothered; she can run her organization, look in on her stallion and yearling stables, keep an eye on ailing foals and mares, jack up her slack workmen and confer with her grooms, some of whom have been with her for years, and before that worked at Castleton, the home of her father, Major Foxhall Daingerfield, a famous breeder of Kentucky in his day, brother-in-law of James R. Keene—another name to conjure with in the annals of the American turf. And with this hint at her ancestry you begin to glimpse the taproot of her success—breeding is in her blood, the dominant strain.

It is worth while to sketch a working day in her life at Faraway. I arrived in the evening. Followed dinner with friends, names which are writ large in Kentucky's history. The talk ran on horses, always on horses—on racing, gambling, its literature, famous horse stories, on its politics. Here were men who knew their subject as an artist knows his paints. Miss Lizzie, as her friends call her, is not a voluble talker; but she is a fine listener. Inarticulate is the word her family uses to describe a certain still, deep quality of her nature. And yet when she has something to say she says it, not emphatically but casually, and men stop their talk and turn their heads to listen; they listen with vast respect when Miss Lizzie puts in her oar. She knows what she's talking about and they know she knows it. Not that she mounts a pedestal or is aggressive in making her points. She just mentions them casually; drops them in the stream of talk, and if you're not watchful they slip by.

The discussion at dinner turned on the relative intelligence of horses and dogs. Miss Daingerfield knows both intimately. There are scores of dogs on the farm—great, shaggy, affectionate sheep dogs, Boston terriers, Airedales, Scotties, Pekingese, not to mention their numerous progeny and the mixed stable breeds. She owns so many that she counts them but once a year—at license time.

Apropos of comparisons, she remarked, "But it isn't fair to compare the intelligence of a horse with that of a dog, since each has its own type of intelligence best fitted to its needs."

"But does a horse have a memory?" demanded a guest.

"Certainly it has a memory," she replied tranquilly. "I've seen a horse that has been away from me three years go to the stable on his return and walk straight into his own stall. They're just like people; as different as people. You have to know them, that's all."

"Come now, Miss Lizzie," persisted a guest. "You can't honestly say that a horse is as intelligent as a dog?"

"Oh, I wasn't comparing them with dogs," said Miss Daingerfield mildly. "I was just comparing them with men."

She is not simple, for all her naturalness, but subtle; with her the current runs still and deep, without much outward splash. Sometimes no splash for days.

Late that night we planned our schedule.

"But there's nothing interesting in what I do," she protested. "Just a lot of odds and ends. I usually look in at the stables to see if things are going all right, drive around the farms, sort of show myself, for the best of workmen will slump if they think they can get away with it, and I notice if I keep an eye on them they like it better too. Then, of course, if there's any trouble I try to be on hand."

It was arranged that we should start on a casual tour of inspection the next morning after breakfast. But eight o'clock came and no Miss Daingerfield. Nine o'clock. Ten o'clock. Was this a case of that famous absent-mindedness of hers? Disposing of a hearty Southern breakfast consisting of—gentle readers who diet, turn away your horrified gaze—melon, bacon and eggs, beefsteak and hashed browned potatoes, two kinds of hot bread with fresh butter and jam, washed down with strong black coffee and thick yellow cream, I made the tour of the grounds and discovered innumerable dogs, chickens, doves, two outcast, homeless kittens which Miss Daingerfield had rescued the evening before by the roadside, where they had been left to perish, a murmuring creek beneath my window, glimpses of dusky mulatto gals in the kitchen quarters crooning over their work, a darky on the kitchen steps churning butter, another eating an apple while he recounted a yarn, punctuated by throaty chuckles; and all around, noble old trees, Thoroughbred youngsters out in the meadows having their second breakfasts; in a near-by paddock a mare with a newborn baby wabbling about on fragile legs; and up aloft, soft, billowy clouds to enchant a movie director's heart, lazily drifting, drifting—but no Miss Daingerfield.

Discreet inquiries elicited the information that "Mis' Lizzie had done got up close on two o'clock, and went down to the stable where a mare with foal was sick. Kind of expaicted the new baby that night. An' it done come to town all right. Yassum, that was the foal staggerin' araoun' oveh theah in the paddock. By Man o' Wah. Finally, Mis' Lizzie done got in this mawnin' all tuckered out, and she ain't no moah'n swallowed a sip of coffee befo' they was a-callin' huh long distance an' she went right out again."

So these were her odds and ends. Out all night. A cup of coffee and off again. I knew she would not mention her vigil to me, nor did she, save indirectly when, upon her return, she waved a hand at the new arrival and remarked:

"Nice little filly. Looks sort of serious, doesn't she, as if she didn't exactly know what to make of this world yet."

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As she stepped out of her muddy car, her traveling workshop, crammed with feed, medicine, crates, pails, a box of butter and eggs, and sundry pups, all the dogs on the place made a joyous rush at her and climbed aboard; the atmosphere was filled with them.

She disengaged herself laughing and stood fondling them in the dappled sunshine under a great tree, a sturdy, vital figure of ample lines. She wore a weathered tweed coat, stout boots and a battered felt hat pulled down over her eyes, which looked a trifle tired and absent as if she were still absorbed in the mysterious spectacle of birth, so near to death, at which she had assisted in the night. Her eyes, indeed, are the most striking feature of a calm, rather impassive face which reveals very little of what is going on in her mind. They are clear, steady, straight-gazing eyes, the eyes of a physician intent to catch slight signs invisible to the layman's gaze and to interpret their inner meaning. Dreamy, imaginative, creative, absorbed, instinctively hiding her personality under a self-protective impassiveness, and above all splendidly vital with superb health and the power to throw herself unsparingly into the breach when crises arise. These impressions of a remarkable personality did not come all at once; they accrued slowly as we walked and drove, looked at stables and yearlings, and she explained about her work.

"I've known Miss Lizzie twenty-five years," remarked a friend, a breeder himself, "and for eighteen of them I've known her intimately, and I'd hate to have to sum her up. She can't be summed up. I don't know yet what she'll do in given circumstances; I only know some things she won't do. And as for her way with horses, she comes pretty near to being a miracle."

"You'll find her terrible about talking," confided a relative. "She's the most inarticulate person I ever saw. When she's thinking on a problem she scarcely speaks for days on end. And of course she never knows what she has on. She's the most absent-minded woman about her clothes the Creator ever made." More of that later on.

But I did not find her inarticulate, perhaps because she was speaking of her work in its larger, impersonal phases; the welfare of the Thoroughbred horse in America, his future possibilities, ideal conditions of breeding, raising the standards of racing and training in America—in short, looking and working toward the best interests of the horse itself as opposed to the sheerly commercial aspects of the game.

Owners and Breeders

"I think," she began as we strolled over to Man o' War's stable, "that the first important distinction you should make is that I am a breeder. I do not train horses for the race track. I never go near the race track. I'm not interested in the commercial end. Any millionaire with a sufficient income can buy horses and race them; he is the owner and often does not know anything about them save as track winners. But the breeder is the producer; he creates the product; he studies blood lines; he watches the careers and follows all his horses long after they have left him and are out on the track. Ownership, that's a matter, often, of mere money; but being a breeder, making the product, watching it, trying to create the finest possible animal—that's the real fun. I sometimes feel sorry for these absentee owners who run down once or twice a year to look at their horses and don't know a thing about them; they can't possibly get out of them the deep creative pleasure enjoyed by the breeder who knows them and is with them day by day. That is the real ownership.

"Of course many of the owners do know their horses from the ground up. Take, for example, E R Bradley, whose Bubbling Over won the Derby this year. he knows the producing side as well as the racing side. he knows what a horse is made of and what it can endure. Personally, the commercial and race-track aspects of the business do not interest me; but breeding, the horse itself, obtaining the finest product, looking after its welfare and putting through protective laws are the problems which attract me.

"The work of managing these two stock farms in addition to my own keeps me busy day and night. I'm always having offers to manage others, but I can't stretch myself out like that, so long as I have only one body and one head. For the thing is so personal. It's personal supervision every foot of the way.

"And then there's a lot of technical work, all the pedigree books to be kept, and construction, new stables, and so on. Of course I have excellent help. Some of these grooms have been with me for years; and George Miller, the head groom, knows all about horses there is to know. They don't come any better than George. But these horses are extremely valuable property; we can't afford to lose even one; and you know how it is with young live things, if you're not on hand something generally manages to turn up which may grow serious any moment unless you're right there on the ground; and by not being slack myself, and going over the farms every day, I check slackness in my organization and keep them up on their tiptoes. Even at that, labor is a serious question with us here. The old days are gone."

The Privilege of Racing

"A stock farm of this kind costs a mint of money to maintain. It's money, money, money every step of the way; the best buildings, the best equipment, plenty of acreage—it takes ten acres to maintain properly a mare and foal—the best care, constant attention and plenty of workmen."

"And are the young Thoroughbreds more than ordinarily delicate?"

"Not at all. But they are so valuable that we can't afford to give them less than the best of care. And then, the fact is, they have to be forced. A horse doesn't really reach its fullest development until about its fourth or fifth year; but the biggest races, those with the heaviest stakes, are run with two and three year olds; and so they have to be forced and watched constantly with the commercial end in view. We have been trying to get through a law so that big races won't be for the two-year-olds; but that is hard because most of the owners want results. They're after the prizes, the prestige; they're not so vitally interested in the welfare of the horse itself. The fact is, racing is too much commercialized in America. The standards are not sufficiently high. It should be considered a privilege to race horses. It was in the old days. But after the Civil War a different type of ownership came to the fore—men who didn't know or care for the horses themselves as much as they did for race-track results. We're only just beginning to get back to where we were."

"Do you race your own horses?"

"Occasionally. But even then I can't bear to watch them. I stay away from the track. At present I have two two-year-olds, Joyland and Two Bits. But usually I sell my yearlings at the annual auction in Saratoga where the Western and Eastern horses meet. Some day we shall hold the great auctions in Kentucky, for the yearlings sold up there have to be shipped up and then reshipped back here again, so why go through all those useless motions? Why not have the great auctions where the horses are born and trained? They say people wouldn't come so far; but I know that those who are interested will always come wherever good horses are sold."

She showed me through a stable, calling attention to the double rows of roomy box stalls, divided by a wide central hall for walking use in inclement weather, floored by good red Kentucky clay. Each stall had its outside door in case of fire.

"That's the great danger," she said.

Then we looked in on a stable full of yearlings, the prettiest sight in the world. The grooms led forth the slim, satin-skinned young beauties, spirited yet trusting, sensitive yet unafraid, docile as well-bred children. They nuzzled in Miss Daingerfield's coat pocket for sugar lumps; and found them too.

"They stay with me during the first year," she explained, "after which they go away for training, and I have nothing to do with that. But I am responsible for their health, their well-being the first year. And it is the first year that counts. For horses, like all young growing things, have to be started right. So many defects can be cured if taken early enough. They are so pliant and supple, the little bones so soft, that they can be turned into almost any shape if you go at it soon enough. For example, one of the babies had rheumatism; we had to carry it around on a blanket, its little legs dangling useless; but we treated it and got it well. There is scarcely anything which cannot be cured if taken in time and treated intelligently." Intelligently—ah, there's the rub!

"Of course defects may sometimes prevent a colt from racing, but if he has good blood lines he may become a great sire. One has to watch the baby at first to see if its little stomach is acting right; sometimes it may be born with some member crooked, a leg or a neck perhaps; but given the right care it soon straightens out."

All of which sounds simple, but it is not quite so simple as it sounds. But Miss Daingerfield has a kind of sixth sense for telling what's the matter and prescribing a cure. Sometimes the doctor says one thing and she says another; and usually her diagnosis and method of treatment are right. For example, last year she had a filly out of a good mare by that magnificent sire, Man o' War, but the daughter had weak legs and the doctor's verdict was: "Let her go; nothing on earth can be done." But to his "no," Miss Daingerfield said strongly "yes"; and she stayed in the stall day and night, massaging the feeble limbs. She had a certain type of boot made to straighten and strengthen the legs, and now that filly is well, quite as strong and fast as other fillies of her age. She may never train, but she is extremely valuable as a brood mare. So watching after their health is her first task. It is essentially a nursery task, you see, for which women have always had a flair.

The Whole Law in Training

"They have quantities of sense," she said, "when they're twenty-four hours old, and when they're thirty-six hours old they begin to look out for themselves. After two or three weeks we put the halter on them, get them used to leading, to handling, teach them confidence in man, to regard him as a friend. That's an extremely important quality for a race horse to possess. And in order to create this confidence the grooms have strict orders to be gentle. I discharge a man on the spot whom I catch talking in a loud, angry fashion or using rough ways.

"Gentleness—that is the whole law in training a horse. I never let the grooms even raise their voices; their orders are to keep them low, gentle, easy, friendly. What I'm trying to instill in these high-spirited young things, who later will make the supreme effort of their lives out on the race track, is confidence in man, coöperation with man, response, affection; and that I accomplish by insisting on gentleness. As a result, these yearlings do not know fear. Horses naturally have good dispositions, and when you see one with a vicious temper, save with extremely rare exceptions, you know he has been ruined by brutal treatment. Some man has been afraid of him or beat him in a vicious rage and the animal has resisted. Horses always know when men fear them. Of course they do! They have sense. I cannot overemphasize the necessity of quietness and gentleness in dealing with a horse. More fine horses have been ruined by roughness than by anything else. For the horse is an honest animal and if it once understands what is wanted it will do its utmost, break its gallant heart to please. It never goes back on a friend.

"Well, so we gentle them. We get them used to leading in the first few weeks, teach them to lift up their feet, and in short to be handled by man, who is their friend. Then, at the end of a year they are taken away to be trained. With that I have nothing to do.

"I should like to say something about trainers. Those of us who are interested in the welfare of the horse from the breeder's point of view hope that racing men and trainers who get young horses ready for the track will take more thought for the horse itself. The average trainer is interested in a horse only from the time he comes to the race track until the time he leaves it. To many of them he is only a stake-winning machine. They treat him like an automobile—step on the gas and make him go. But such an attitude is destructive of the best interests of a horse, and breeders would like to see a law making it obligatory for a trainer to spend at least one year on a stock farm in order to get the gradual growth and development of a horse and understand his powers. Many trainers at present know nothing but the race track. Some, of course, do know more. What makes Sam H —— such a great trainer is the fact that he grew up in the stables."

We came to a small field reserved for mares and foals who are sick, and I commented on the luxuriant beauty of the blue grass, which grew up to our knees.

Blue Grass and Horses

"Some of the blue grass," she explained, "is still virgin sod untouched by the plow, and year by year breeders are buying up old farms and reseeding them to blue grass. Once the original sod is plowed under it takes some time to get it back. Tobacco growing has ruined some of the finest blue-grass country, but now tobacco is yielding to the pressure of breeders and owners who need the blue-grass region for the nurture of Thoroughbreds."

"Why especially blue grass?" I inquired. "And doesn't blue grass grow all over Kentucky?"

"No, and that's just the rub," she smiled. "The blue grass is concentrated in four counties, Fayette, Bourbon, Jessamine and Woodford, with a scattering in the adjoining counties. And that is a very limited space in which to confine this great and rapidly expanding industry."

"Why don't the breeders go to some other place?"

"They have tried other places," she laughed, "but the horses didn't do so well, so they returned to Kentucky."

"Then it all boils down to the superiority of blue grass over other forms of feed? Why is that?"

"It's this way," she explained. "This is a great limestone country. What makes blue grass so fine for the young horse is the large quantity of lime and phosphorus it absorbs from the soil; and these are the bone formers; they make young growing animals vigorous and strong. This is especially important under the present forcing conditions in which the horse runs his greatest races. For that supreme ordeal he must have bone and muscle or he will buckle and crack under the terrific strain.

"For you must remember that the horse does not attain his full development until his fourth or fifth year, and the fact that most of the great races with the heaviest stakes are the two and three year olds means that from the day of his birth the young race horse has to be forced. And for this swift development blue grass, with its lime and phosphorus, is practically indispensable. Not for a moment is the commercial goal lost sight of, and everything is done to strengthen and fit the young horse for the supreme effort he must make before Nature has had time to develop him to his fullest powers. So, to assist the natural process, we begin feeding the foals very

(Continued on Page 207)

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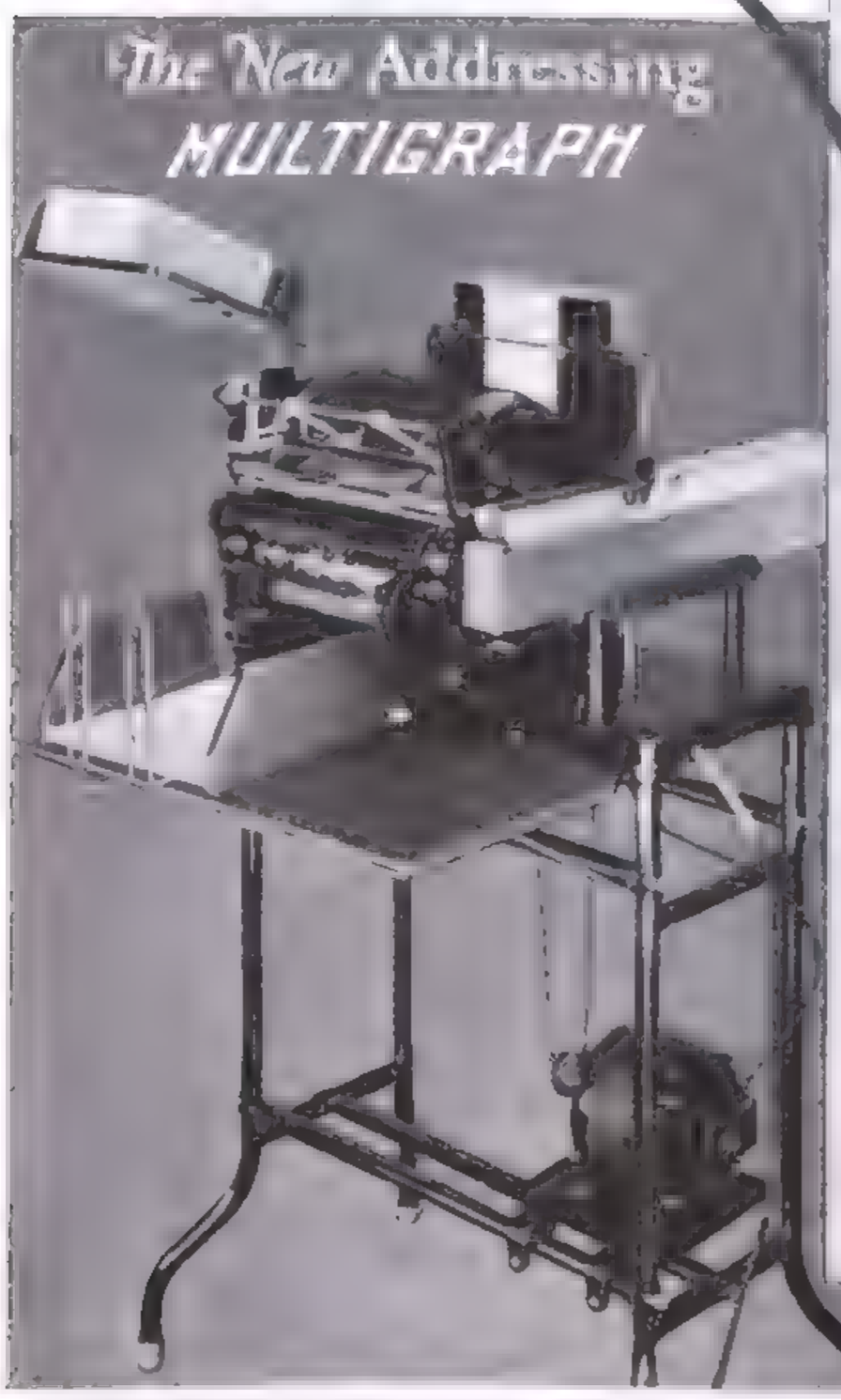

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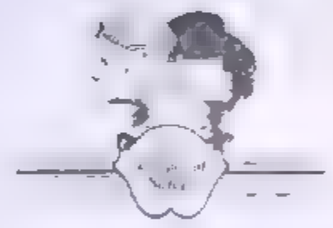

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HOOD

QUALITY • ALWAYS • MAINTAINED

(Continued from Page 202)

soon. Not too much exercise, and everything worked out from the angle of swift development."

"Wouldn't it be better in the long run not to hurry Nature in this wise, and to develop the young animal over a longer period of time?"

"Undoubtedly. And it is this system of artificial forcing which causes so many splendid young horses to buckle and crack on the track—that, added to the fact that many jockeys and trainers do not know anything about horses outside the race track. Consequently they do not even make the best of the material they have. Think of those big races at Churchill Downs, Belmont and Saratoga! Think of the ordeal! In order to come through successfully, a horse must be a perfect machine. He must have perfect coördination of every part, and on top of that, directing it, he must have personality, stamina, the will to win. Think of the lung power, the muscle power, the heart power and the will power necessary for that great struggle! But all these qualities require time to develop to their fullest capacity."

A Natural Mistake

"Well, that's our problem—how to protect the horse against the commercial pressure; and breeders who are concerned with the future welfare of the horse are fighting the battle along two lines. First, they are trying to get through a law making it obligatory for trainers to spend at least one year on a stock farm, so that they can watch the gradual growth and development of horses and thus understand their living material; and second, they are trying to extend the period of development by having more important races with the three and four year olds.

"Well, in this situation of forcing development the blue grass is a powerful ally, for with its lime and phosphorus it gives the young animal bone and muscle. That's why the two-year-olds bred in Kentucky show up so well against the two-year-olds bred in other states. Here all the natural conditions are ideal. That, also, is why the tobacco farms in this region are being bought up and reseeded to blue grass. You can grow tobacco in other places, but you can't grow Thoroughbreds—at least, not to the same advantage. You must remember that the blue-grass region of Kentucky used to be the natural winter feeding grounds of the great herds of buffalo, elk and deer. No matter how deep the snow, there was always this succulent grass; they just had to paw it out. So Nature itself has created this part of Kentucky as a great feeding ground where good bone and muscle are made."

She paused to beckon a groom. We were dining that night at the H's, and Miss Daingerfield's clothes for social occasions were at the home farm.

"George," she said, "go over to Haylands and tell them to pack a suitcase with my black lace dress, evening slippers and bones and bring them over to Faraway."

George bobbed his head, and as we continued on our way I pondered over the last mentioned article of attire. Black lace dress, evening slippers and bones. But ladies had given over wearing those stiff things ages ago. Finally I could contain my curiosity no longer.

"Bones?" I queried aloud. "What for?"

"For the dog," she said simply. Underneath the thought of conventional habiliments ran the deeper undercurrent of concern for the dumb creatures whose welfare depended on her.

A relative recounted an even more characteristic episode. It happened a wild, snowy night when the limousine was out of commission, and in order to keep a theater engagement they were forced to take the street car. Miss Daingerfield wore a chiffon evening gown and fur coat. Observing that she was the object of discreet amusement to the other occupants of the car, her relative furtively surveyed her kinswoman to see what was awry, and to her horrified amazement descried, plainly visible beneath the diaphanous chiffon, a pair of black riding breeches!

"Have you told Miss Frazer about the Futurity, Biggie?" demanded Keene Daingerfield, Jr., of his aunt, as he joined us at the stable of Man o' War. A word about this young son of the South, who is running true to form. Miss Daingerfield's able lieutenant—he takes charge of her business during her absences, and this year he managed her Saratoga auction sales—he knows horses from the ground up, and is held, with justice, to be one of the greatest hands with the racing forms in Central Kentucky, and therefore in large demand at picking Derby winners.

"He really belongs in your picture," explained Miss Daingerfield, "for he's a very important part of my organization. Knows all about horses. Last summer he worked in the stables along with the grooms and when I'm away he looks after things.

"Keene comes by his interest in horses naturally. Named after his great-uncle, James R. Keene; grandson of my father, Major Foxhall Daingerfield, of Castleton, and with a long line of Virginia ancestors from the tidewater region, who bred and raced their own horses, it would be surprising if love of horses were not a dominant strain."

The groom called Miss Daingerfield away on a long-distance message, and her nephew, who has not yet decided whether he will be a great criminal lawyer—law being also a dominant strain—or a great handicapper or a great sports writer—he received a handsome offer from a Saratoga paper to cover this season's races—took up the story.

"A large percentage of the winning horses today," he said, "have in their pedigree some blood from the Thoroughbreds of Castleton, where Major Daingerfield had his breeding farm in partnership with James R. Keene." And here at Castleton it was that Elizabeth Daingerfield as a young girl, driving about with her father, discussing with him problems of breeding, living and breathing in the atmosphere of horses, absorbed those fundamental principles and ideas which have made her such a notable success.

Knowing How Little You Know

"Major Daingerfield," continued Keene, "was a great and successful exponent of the principle of inbreeding. He used to declare that inbreeding was the most dangerous thing in the world in the hands of a man who didn't know how to use it; but when practiced by a breeder who did know, it was most valuable. Take, for example, Ultimus and his son, Hightide, the sire of Sarazen, who was such a phenomenon, and is still carrying on. Ultimus was a very intensely inbred horse and was called Ultimus because he represented the goal of the major's ambitions, the result of years of patient study and research in the process of mating." He branched off into a brilliant but technical discussion of the subject of breeding of which Miss Daingerfield, returning, caught the tail end.

"Ah," she commented soberly, "now you're on a very big subject! It's hard to put anything about it into words, for the more you study and search and experiment, the more you discover how little you know. For example, you may be working on a certain theory, with certain blood lines, and suddenly some new factor will drop out of a clear sky and throw all your predictions out. And that's the charm of the whole thing! Nobody knows. In working with blood lines some forgotten or unknown factor is always cropping up, and that's why the subject is so eternally fascinating. You never get to the end. Did Keene tell you about the Futurity—why it is such an important event to breeders?"

"No, I left that for you, Biggie."

"The Futurity," she explained, "is one of the great races with two-year-olds. Each racing association has a futurity, but that of New York is the greatest. In the Futurity the breeder nominates with the Jockey Club a certain mare to be mated with a certain horse a year before the foal is born. That's why it is called the Futurity; the foal is entered for the race before it is born. It is important because it represents the breeder's belief in the crossing of certain blood lines; it shows his judgment in blood lines and, of course, if the foal wins it brings him great prestige."

Well Fed on Mash Notes

Not a word about herself, whether she had ever won a Futurity. In order to satisfy my curiosity I dropped back with Keene, who was chatting with a groom.

"Did Miss Daingerfield ever ——"

He nodded, divining my request. "She bred the winner of the Futurity, Step Lightly, out of Tripping, and she also nominated Fluvana, who finished second in another Futurity." No wonder men sought her advice!

George Miller led forth Man o' War, popular favorite the world around and one of the most magnificent sires in the annals of the American turf. His guest book shows names of clergymen, missionaries from China and Japan, sisters of charity, jockeys and trainers, professional and business men, flappers and old ladies scarcely able to creep out of their cars. On the Sunday following the last Derby more than a thousand visitors came to pay homage to this king of the turf. He receives almost as many mash notes as Mary Pickford. Some of them are addressed simply: Man o' War, America. George Miller, a past master in the knowledge and care of Thoroughbreds, who has been with Miss Daingerfield for years, led him into the meadow for a picture. Gentle as a lamb, he posed like amiable royalty. He knew he was great. I interrogated Miss Daingerfield on this point—did he know?

"Oh, yes, he knows. Of course he knows! He is perfectly conscious of his greatness; but not spoiled."

"What constitutes beauty in a race horse? Why is Man o' War so great?"

"Because he is a perfect machine. All his parts are perfect and fit perfectly, with marvelous coördination, symmetry and power. Then, of course, there enters into every great race horse that intangible thing we call personality; you can't describe it, but you can't mistake it. And you can't mistake a great champion like Man o' War. His personality shines out all over him. You know you are in the presence of a great horse."

We drove back through the deepening dusk, the air heavy with the fragrance of honeysuckle, the sickle of a new moon showing faintly in a pale-green sky, and at the gates the dogs met us in a solid reception party, almost swamping the car. Miss Lizzie was immediately wanted in half a dozen different directions at once. She listened, gave orders, explained, as calm, serene, unflurried as if she had not been out all day and all night; and it was borne in upon me that Elizabeth Daingerfield is a great breeder of Thoroughbreds because she is a great woman.

Corns

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Drop a little "Freezone" on a touchy corn or callus for a few nights. Instantly it stops aching, then shortly you lift it right off. Doesn't hurt a bit. You can lift off every hard corn, soft corn, corn between the toes, and the "hard-skin" calluses on bottom of feet. Just get a bottle of "Freezone" at any drug store, anywhere.

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HOME OWNERS can equip exposed doors and windows with Wirfs Home Comfort Weatherstrip for so little money they can't afford not to do it. $16 will make 10 average doors or windows weatherproof, dustproof and vermin-proof with

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Caution. Use only Pyrene Fire Extinguishing Liquid (patented) with Pyrene Fire Extinguishers.

A PORTRAIT OF THE WRITER

(Continued from Page 17)

the early West defended themselves so valiantly against the onslaughts of savage red-skinned human devils, there was a mystery.

"The mystery was not a phenomenal outburst of underground bandits nor the James boys nor the Dalton brothers rejuvenated, but in the open spaces behind a lake I could every once in a while get a glimpse of a beautiful young woman of about twenty riding about in the most gorgeous evening gowns that I ever seen. Trimmed with gold and silver, they seemed. From afar she seemed to gaze at me with languishing eyes. Sometimes she raised her hands and waved. Yet when I galloped towards her she was off like a antelope. She seemed obsessed with a curious desire to see me, but when I responded in kind she ran, or rather galloped, off to some secret recess I knew not what. Her habitat was evidently not of the lowly log cabin type such as I dwelt in, yet I could see no place where a lady, for I judged that presumably she was one, could live. And from her frequency I judged she was not living in a hotel.

"I assigned myself to get the facts. The trouble was to get the facts. The lady in the case could evidently handle herself. She was not relying on somebody else to defend and shield her. With my strong field glasses I could see that though her apparel showed her to be a woman of refinement, accustomed to such evening dresses, she had a holster strapped around her waist, so I judged she was not taking no chances with anybody molesting her.

"Now I think I can say literally without thought that when I was on the Daily Outcry, before my normalcy broke down from work, women and booze, I used to beat the other papers. In fact, all the time the city editor had to give me admonishments about playing up little things and making it one of the features of the day. He was perfectly satisfied with the way I wrote it up, but I was scooping all the rival papers and they would raise such a outcry, publishing editorials against the way I scooped them, that the editor would say, 'Curb it down a little, Jim. The public can be bunked all right, and they're d—— good reading at that, but those soreheads on the other papers are raising h——. So curb it down.' So I would have to curb it down."

The first reader cleared his throat speculatively and wondered if this were really seriously intended.

"But the late hours, the sapping of energy, and I didn't care till what time of morning I worked till, sometimes from eight o'clock in the morning, after boozing all night, till six o'clock the next morning, and then starting to work again at eight o'clock on another brilliant story, my jaded appearance was an element that no human could stand for long and still stand the pace, and I was no acception. The result—my cabin on Pike's Peak and the mystery.

"On Pike's Peak, though not wholly mad over the pleasures of the fair sex of woman, I sometimes enjoyed a visit to the near by town of Riverside. Of course, not being susceptible to the wiles and tricks of the females of the species, of which there was a goodly proportion there, I was not enveigled into a fluke marriage, like so many of them so craved for me to do. But it was not a sincere, just wedlock that they all craved for, as I would say, but the insidious, vile, course, despicable desire for gold. Tiring quickly of the men, when their money was exhausted, these women would desert the male party to the union and cared not a whit what became of him. The matter of giving them a square deal never entered their minds. Their debasement was too apparent and too deeply grooved for that. Their petting babyish tones would fairly eat their way into a man's heart, but little did they care!

"A veritable hell-hole of humanity was indeed the town of Riverside, and that is where I sought another adventure. Going into the cabarets of the town one night, I saw a pretty woman, obviously about twenty. Shining black hair and the other requisites which the average cabaret girl has for the proprietor of the place to think her a good asset.

"This girl was of a type which seemed almost unknown in this vile place. Yet when I sat down at the table where she was sitting alone, she welcomed me with almost a smile of welcome. It was curious, unbelieveable. She was different. Yet she was welcoming me. I formed my opinion of her at that moment. An opinion that I soon learned to regret I formed for her.

"Yet I recalled some of the others at the place. They too, some of them, had seemed so innocent and affectionate.

"Where had I seen her? Was it in church? For, yes, there was a church. A dingy, inconspicuous little edifice of which the minister was so unjustly proud. He preached what the people thought were elaborate services, but compared to some I had witnessed in the great cathedrals of Europe and especially France they were almost absurd.

"The congregation consisted of four old women, an old man, and at very infrequent intervals me. When I went to those services I actually enjoyed myself. The deep intonations of the preacher. His fatherly advice to old men and women who were now past their h——ish life and for the most part living as religiously as the pastor.

"But perhaps he was giving these stirring sermons directly for my benefit. I doubted it. It would not be possible. He had seen me but once in the cabaret. He knew little of my past. But when he spoke, his eyes reverted to mine. His eyes! Piercing. Burning. Seemed trying to find my eyes and impart to them a message. He was trying to save me from myself. I sensed it. Yes, it was true.

"My health rapidly left me when I visited the town. Fagged me out. The women and the drink. Unbearable, and yet to me irresistable. I could not fathom it. Was I to live only for women and drink? Was I to be the same wreck after ten months living here I was when I came from the East?

"The thought was unbearable. Yet I recuperated fast in the cabin. Ah, that was it! The cabin. A refuge. Wife—children? No! Never would I marry such a woman as there was in this town.

"All this reverted to my mind as I sat gazing at the girl sitting opposite on the table from me. She was probably another of these women. Yet I hadn't seen her before. Bleary-eyed, I gazed at her. And as I gazed her smile faded. A look of repugnance spread across her face. She detested me, I figured. She looked strangely familiar. I couldn't fathom it. I started talking to her. I don't know what I said, but suddenly I have a dim recollect of her rising suddenly and striking me across the face. Ah, I had it now—the woman in the evening gowns!

"Ah, I thought, I will fathom this mystery now. I grabbed for her, intending to force her to tell me who she was—and the next thing I knew I was waking up in my cabin."

The first reader raised his eyes to the ceiling and reflected on the strange exigencies of fate.

"It was different. It was spotlessly clean. And there before me was her who I was beginning to think of as the Mystery Girl. Clad in fluffy raiment, she seemed to personify Innocence Itself.

"The next instant she was moving towards me. Her eyes seemed full of glowing love and her sweet mouth parted in a sweet smile revealing her pearly teeth. How I would love to see that smile again and watch those teeth. Never again will I regard the teeth as insignificant. In her they represented to me something of an ideal.

"Then in a flash I realized I loved this girl, and I saw too that she loved me. I cannot describe clearly the next few minutes. I know we exchanged smiles, saw our mutual love—and then—once again I lost conscience.

"But before I did so I have a dim recollection of sweet, warm arms encircling me and hot kisses on my brow. I know that I returned them – and that is all. It was unusual.

"Then the mystery straightened itself out for me.

"When I woke again I heard the story of our love. It seemed that four years ago I was assigned to a story. An inherent drunkard had died in the streets of New York. I was sent down to get the drift of the family. I went.

"Going down past the residential section of the city, I came to the dingy tenement houses that sheltered the poor of the city. Down the sloping street I trudged. As I went along, slouched hat pulled over my face and my tall, rather attracting figure standing out against the tall buildings, I saw three girls. They were very young, about sixteen. I went up a dingy stairway. The girls stopped to watch me. Something was wrong, they figured. I could see the white face of one of the girls. She evidently had a premonution of what was coming. An old lady opened the door. At least she looked old. I learned afterward she was only sixty-five. She had the look of a woman of seventy.

"She looked pale. The young girl with the pale face came in. All of the family looked pale and faces drawn. There was a young boy of six, an aged grandma of eighty and the girl and the wife of the dead man.

"I asked for information concerning the man's death. Carelessness and damnation! For I learnt they had not been notified yet! I had broken the news too suddenly! The entire family was stupified. I felt downcast. Of all the dumb things to do!

"The grandmother seemed overcome and broken up. And the girl, just completely gone. I knew that it hit her hard. Lips trembling, she was stifling her tears back, and succeeding. My heart went out to that family as I gave them the details of the bread winner's death.

"He had taken too much of a poisonous alcohol. He had been a tinsmith. His body was even now resting in a morgue. It was pitiable. And the grief resulting from his death was pitiable. I learnt that though he had a strong tendency to drink, he had nevertheless been a faithful husband and good father. He spent his overtime on the demon enemy of mankind -booze.

"I learnt that they hadn't no means of support. I couldn't resist helping them. I made arrangements for the man's funeral. I helped her mother get a position as laundress in a family where she could board her son and mother. The girl I got a job in a office.

"Ah, that girl, she had been grateful! When the funeral was over she threw her arms around my neck and promised she'd love me all my life. That was such a sweet moment. It was the first time that a woman had told me with such fervor that she loved me. Not for my money but for myself. I will never forget it. The girl vowed she would help me if she had to give the blood

(Continued on Page 210)

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The A-B-C of Oil Regulation

(A)—is the *lubricating groove* which holds the oil (shown in red) and distributes it over the cylinder walls in just the right amount for perfect lubrication. (*See illustration above.*)

(B)—points to the scientifically located *slots* which drain the surplus oil—and only the surplus—back into the crankcase.

(C)—is the vital film of oil which is left on the cylinder walls, protecting cylinders, pistons and rings against the ravages of friction.

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Oil-Regulating Type	Compression Type*
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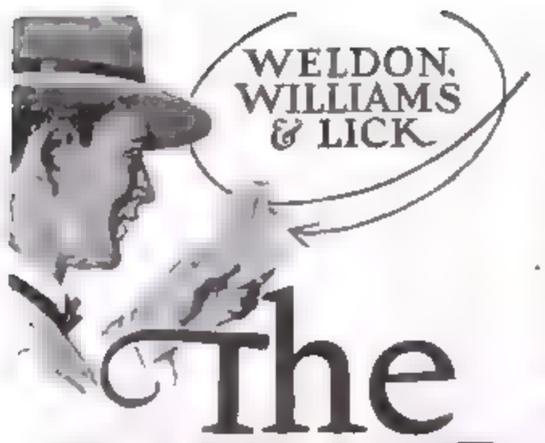
How It Works

The red shows the path of the oil—up the cylinder wall and into the lubricating groove on the face of the ring, through the oil-draining slots in the ring, and then back into the crankcase, through holes drilled in the piston behind the ring.



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Please send me two Blaisdell's, one regular and one thin lead, and booklet, "Efficiency Uses for Colored Pencils." I enclose 10c to cover packing and postage. P5

Name
Street
City State

(Continued from Page 208)

out of her body to do it. I reassured her. I needed no help. And then—six months later. Ill health had forced me out of my position. I was practically a derelict. But just when luck seemed down on me I received an anonymous check for five hundred dollars in the mail. It was a life saver. I set out for the great boundless West, to work on my novel. Ah, that was to be a gem of its kind. A novel, stirring, of love. A girl. Romance.

"All of this reverted to my mind as I gazed at the childwoman at my bedside. I noted the resemblance to that little girl in the basement tenement. It was she, and I soon heard her story. It was she who had sent the check. She had kept in touch with me through the Daily Outcry, my signed stories. And it was she whom I had seen when I started on my debauchery in Riverside. The result was the night in the cabaret. I had mistaken her. I had thought she was one of them. In my torpid condition I had attacked her and she had knocked me down and I lost conscience.

"Followed my return to the cabin accompanied by her. She had carefully nursed me to health. I was now even stronger than before she had struck me. I had been unconscience four weeks, I learned. And I had never known of the time I spent in a comma. A fitful sleep it had been, accompanied by nightmares. I learned that I had screamed for the women in my life. She had soothed me.

"From that moment I have never touched another drop of liquor!

"And now my return to health. It was wonderful. My novel was finished. My being was restored to normalcy.

"I was ready to go. And then I asked Yvette, for that was her name, who had been living in another cottage just over Pike's Peak and coming every day to tidy up my place, what she was going to do. Live here alone? I fast realized that a hidden fire in me was belching its tale of love. I wanted to take the girl in my arms, crush her to me, and tell her in endearing terms that I loved her. But the words would not come. I did not know how to deal with a girl of this type. Angelically beautiful.

"Then I started to take leave of her. I had seen her face. Still beautiful, but so much like the face of the little girl four years ago when told of her father's death. I then knew that she loved me. What should I do? I had not dared hope of such a thing, and even after what had happened, here it was! I had won the love of the girl even with my faults. And I loved her.

"Ready to go, both of us suddenly embraced. I asked her a question. It is age old. I think it descended from Adam. Just a simple little question. "Will you be my mate?" Her reply had been but to clasp me tighter in her arms. Then our lips touched. More than touched, lingered. We were united.

"Six months later I was back in the newspaper world. Not as a reporter, but as a feature writer for a syndicate at an almost fabulous salary. My novel had gone across. I was famous. And our child—ah, how I hoped it would be a boy!

"The End."

The first reader let his feet drop to the floor. "Miss Fitch," he addressed a typist, "this magazine has been honored with an autobiographical sketch from the life of a wonder man. It is pretty—very, very pretty, but I am afraid it is not art. Please return it with an explanation that as deeply as we regret to admit it the contribution does not, somehow, fit precisely into our policy. This, of course, Miss Fitch, is not to imply that it lacks merit." He tossed the manuscript across the desk.

III

IT STILL lacked a few minutes of eight, and the assistant night city editor was drifting idly by the copy boys' desk when his eye was caught by a long, thick envelope lying there—a long, thick envelope marked "The International Magazine" in the upper left-hand corner. The assistant night city editor had seen too many such envelopes not to recognize the sad return of a story when he saw one. He picked it up to see who now was due to bitter disappointment.

Then suddenly he chuckled. "Ed!" A rewrite man stopped. The assistant night city editor held out the envelope. "Mr. A. Hatton Gibbons," he said, "our handsome young copy boy, has distinguished the International Magazine with his attention. And the editor of the International Magazine," he added, "has evidently been grossly unappreciative." He felt the envelope speculatively. "Can you beat it?"

The rewrite man studied it thoughtfully. "I don't believe," he said finally, "that there is a jury in the country that would convict us if we opened this envelope very, very carefully, so carefully that we could seal it up again. I really feel that it would be our duty. An injustice may have been done."

"I feel just as strongly in the matter," agreed the assistant night city editor.

A minute later, a safety-razor blade having been equal to the task, the formal rejection slip dropped out and the rewrite man and the assistant night city editor were flattening the manuscript of The Best o' Luck on a desk. Then, for fifteen minutes, they chuckled; but when finally the assistant night city editor began slowly to refold the sheets his face was solemn.

"Mr. A. Hatton Gibbons," he said gravely, "will be in presently to get his pay envelope. Now, personally, I feel that it would be criminal of us if we did not do all in our power to preserve Mr. Gibbons' high hopes as long as possible."

"You mean ——"

"I mean," the assistant night city editor said, "that if we should fix up a little telegram from the International Magazine to Mr. A. Hatton Gibbons, accepting this manuscript and being a little frothily hysterical over its merits, Mr. Gibbons would be as happy a young man as you and I are likely to see tonight. And we," he added hollowly, "would be rewarded by the consciousness of having brought a little touch of sunshine to an otherwise drab life."

"But afterward," objected the rewrite man.

"Afterward he might suffer," agreed the assistant night city editor; "but haven't we all suffered? Is his life to be held more free of suffering than ours?"

The question was unanswerable, so the assistant night city editor turned to his typewriter. From a drawer he produced a telegraph blank and slid it into the machine.

"A few mysterious numbers and code marks at the top," he explained as he wrote, "to give it local color. Then the words of high praise and congratulation." He paused, reflected, then typed quickly, and at length jerked the sheet out of the machine and handed it to the rewrite man, who read it thoughtfully.

"It seems a bit cruel," he ventured.

"In the end, yes," the assistant night city editor agreed; "but will the heartache be more poignant than his happiness at first?"

It was eight o'clock and the rewrite man went back to his typewriter. The assistant night city editor thrust the telegram in an envelope, laid it on the copy boys' desk and dropped the manuscript in a drawer of his own desk.

It was perhaps a half hour later that he looked up from a pile of copy to find a radiant, shining creature shuffling nervously through the pay envelopes left on his desk. Young Mr. Gibbons wore a funereal black suit, a glistening white shirt, his tallest wing collar and a black bow tie of staggering dimensions, and the ensemble effect was practically that of a gentleman in dinner clothes.

The assistant night city editor admired him openly. "Semi-informal?" he asked.

"Semi—ah—formal," Arthur corrected him gently.

The assistant night city editor addressed the night city editor. "Joseph Conrad," he said, "is stepping out this evening with Rudyard Kipling, Edna St. Vincent Millay and George Sand. Is there any message you'd like delivered to any of them?"

The city editor looked up. "Yes," he said, "tell George howdy for me." He returned to his work.

The assistant turned back to Arthur. "There's a telegram for you on the boys' desk," he said. "It came about an hour ago."

Arthur started and the blood rushed to his face. "Th-thanks," he stammered, and hurried across the room. The assistant watched him.

Arthur fumbled feverishly and finally got the sheet out of the envelope. He read:

A. Hatton Gibbons. Accepting the best o' luck. Magnificent work, with touches of genuine genius. We must get together at lunch soon to talk over future stories. Forwarding check by special delivery. Should reach you this evening.

Editor International Magazine.

For a minute he stood perfectly still, his eyes a little damp, his face burning. Then he read it over again and again. "Touches of genuine genius." He read the line again. "Touches of genuine genius." Then he looked up, about, slowly, and dampened his dry lips with his tongue. He wanted to show it to somebody—anybody.

"Your cousins," he heard the assistant asking politely, "coming to town again?"

He walked over and dropped the telegram on the assistant's desk. One glance then and the assistant was on his feet. "Why, Arthur!" he exclaimed. "This is immense! Why, my goodness, man, this means you're a made man! What luck! Congratulations, a thousand congratulations, old man! Ed!" he called. "Take a look at this, will you?"

The rewrite man ran his eyes over it. "Well!" he said. "That's great stuff!"

The assistant, though, was still not satisfied. "Joe! Charlie!" he called to the rewrite desk. "Take a look at this telegram, will you?" Two passing reporters were drawn in. The night city editor asked for a glance. Three copy boys edged about curiously.

They shook Arthur's hand heartily, while he, debonair in his delirium, endeavored to look as one might be expected to look who has done his duty and asks praise for no more than that.

But his face was hot and his eyes burned, and in all of his life he could remember no such sublime sweetness as that he felt now. One could not, however, be so juvenile as to betray it.

Then he had to leave. He had to. "I'll—ah—be back a little later," he informed the assistant night city editor gravely.

The assistant nodded understandingly. "I'll watch for the special delivery," he promised. "And maybe," he added in a confidential whisper, "you won't be on the staff now!" He waved an affectionate good-by. Then he turned and grinned at the rewrite staff, but for some reason they did not grin back.

A quarter of an hour later Patrolman Francis X. Moriarty, walking beat on Tenth Avenue, was somewhat puzzled to see a slender young man making his way down the street with odd little skips and occasionally uttering faint maniacal whoops which may have been interpreted as the hall marks of an unparalleled and barely contained joy. Patrolman Moriarty called to him, but the young man only stared at him blankly and continued on his way, skipping and whooping. Patrolman Moriarty would have investigated further, but he knew of no rule covering such a contingency.

Miss Muso herself answered the doorbell. "Oh, baby Jean!" she murmured, and with the fervor of a lass who greets her beloved just returned from the wars she threw herself at him, staggering him slightly but in no otherwise annoying him. Indeed, it came to him that in his modesty he must

(Continued on Page 213)

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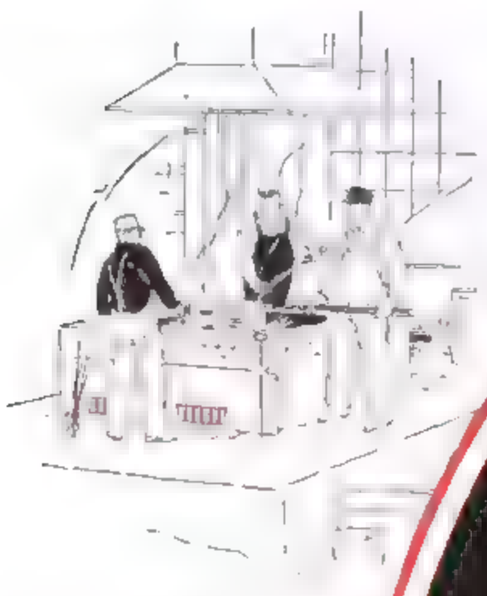

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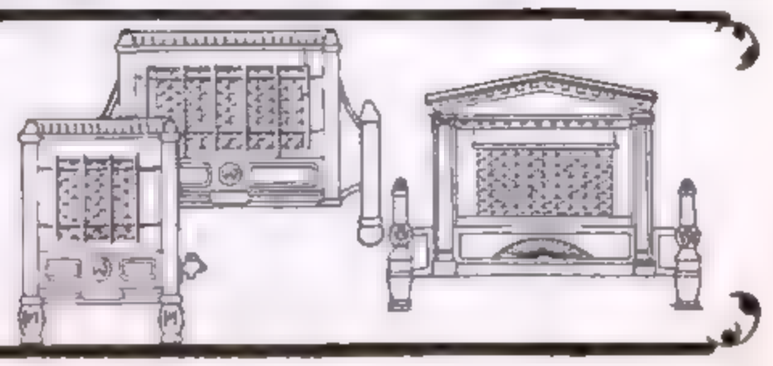

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(Continued from Page 210)

have underestimated the depth and richness of this passion.

"Why—ah ——" he said.

"Oh, baby," she ran on pantingly, "I just read another article by my baby love—and, gee, but you was s'rastic! Full-dress evening clothes, ain't they?"

"Why—ah," he admitted—"in a way."

"It was about the movies. Some of it was a scream. I gotta laugh when I think about some of them wise cracks."

"Ah—boob jerkers."

"It was sure a scream. I gotta get my hat, baby. Oo isn't gonna wun away f'm Jeanie's baby, is oo?"

"Ah—no," he promised sincerely.

She hung heavily on his arm as they walked toward Forty-third Street, hung lovingly, tightly, and the stars shone and the night was bright and young Mr. Gibbons' head swirled with it all. Love, success, everything—all his!

She rattled on, her words dulcet music, her shadowy face and hat Beauty's utmost. And he walked with his eyes half shut. This was a dream. "Touches of genuine genius." He gurgled a little; he couldn't help it. "And maybe you won't be on the staff now!" His feet and legs were light. They barely existed. The street lamps were auras of blue and gold and green and red.

"Say, baby, with all that jack you drag down," Miss Muso interrupted a homily on what one of the fellows at the office said to her, "you ain't gonna walk me to the Biltmore!"

"Why—ah I want to step into the—ah—Globe office," he said. "This is it now. Ah—come in with me."

"You don't work here, too, do you?"

"Why—ah—I sometimes—ah—write my articles here," he explained. "I—ah—find I can work better—ah—in the teeming hustle of the—ah—newspaper office. An—ah—eccentricity."

Stunned by the final polysyllable, Miss Muso silently followed him into the marble hall, into the elevator. Arthur studied her thoughtfully on the way up. There was no further need, he reflected, for passing as Mr. Nathan. He'd tell her—over the white and silver of a table for two at the Biltmore. Who, after all, was George Jean Nathan?

He paused for a second at the door to straighten his gigantic bow tie, and then stepped with Miss Muso into the glare of the hundred lights. He smiled happily, grandly, and as the assistant night city editor turned he waved an airy hand. Then he led Miss Muso, who was slightly bewildered at the spacious brightness, to a point of vantage.

"This," he informed her as one shows a visitor over the plantation, "is—ah—the—ah—city room."

This information delivered, he bowed his apology and almost ran for the copy boys' desk. Left alone, Miss Muso stared unabashedly at the men about, and her sharp eyes noted suddenly that those gathered about what appeared to be the fountain-head of activity had at that same minute lost interest in their typewriters. Their heads had turned, their eyes were fixed, cautiously, it seemed to her, on her gentleman friend. He was picking up an envelope. Her eyes narrowed in a faintly puzzled frown. Then somebody spoke to her.

"Watch him! Just watch him when he opens 'at envelope! He's gettin' a joke played on 'im."

"Who is?" She asked the question before she had even looked at her confidant, a somewhat disreputable young man whose business it was to carry copy.

"Artie—Artie's gettin' a joke played on 'im."

"What do you mean, Artie?"

"Him—Artie," explained the copy boy. "Watch 'im!"

"Artie?" Miss Muso persisted. "Ain't his name Nathan?"

"Nathan!" exclaimed the boy. "He's Irish. Watch 'im!"

Miss Muso's carmine lips tightened into a straight line. What was all this anyway? So his name was Artie—and kidding her he was named Nathan. Thought he could kid her, did he? She took a step forward, and stopped, suddenly conscious of something unusual.

Young Mr. Gibbons stood holding a sheaf of papers in his hands, which trembled a little. His head was bent. He was reading again the letter inclosed. He knew it—knew it and understood it with the first few lines, but he couldn't raise his head, his eyes, from the faint protection of its whiteness. He wanted to. He wanted to raise his eyes and smile, too, with them, but he couldn't—he couldn't.

He saw the lines hazily: "—— must have been crazy to have sent wire this afternoon. . . . Showed the story to all the boys in the Globe office and they enjoyed it. . . . It is as good as all your work, Mr. Conrad, but still—copy boy ——"

They were quiet. The machines had stopped. He knew they were watching him. Something wrenched in his heart, in his throat. He wanted to lie down and not get up, ever, or ever open his eyes and look them in the face. . . . And then he remembered her.

He swallowed, and slowly raised his eyes. He looked around at faces that he could not understand were expressionless. He looked around slowly, and then he smiled. The corners of his mouth ached at the effort. He felt that it fooled nobody, but he couldn't force the dead weariness out of his eyes. A hand touched his arm.

He turned and Miss Muso was looking up at him. He blinked at her, blinked rapidly, and dampened his lips with his tongue. He looked into her eyes, looked for something he was sure would be there—but it wasn't. He looked longer, to make certain, but it wasn't there. He smiled.

"Why—ah—it's a little—ah—joke."

"A little joke?" She mimicked him faintly. "And I'm the patsy for it, I suppose. You'll kid me, will you—Mr. George Jean Nathan?"

The assistant night city editor suddenly exploded into laughter. "George Jean Nathan!" he exclaimed. "Is that what he calls himself now?" Two of the rewrite men were unable to restrain themselves. They laughed too.

"Why ah," Arthur smiled his ghastly smile and blinked furiously, "that's ah a little joke of my own."

"A little joke, eh!" Miss Muso was flushed with anger. "Well, you want to know what I think of you?" Arthur didn't, but he could see no simple way of avoiding it. "Well, I'll tell you what I think of you—I think you think you're a pretty wise guy! That's what I think of you, see? You just think you're a pretty wise guy! Well, I'm just as wise, see? I'm just as wise as any office boy that ever walked!"

Arthur cast his fixed grimace around again, offering to enjoy the incident with them all, but this time there were no answering smiles. The faces before him were suddenly sober.

"A wise guy, eh? Well, just drop around to the Joyland some evening and I'll show you a couple of guys just as wise as you!"

She turned on her heel and ran for the door. Arthur's eyes followed her until she disappeared. Then, without risking another look at anybody, he stalked after her, out of the door.

He walked down the stairs, his face white and cold, his aching mouth curled in a smile, and into the street. He turned west and walked steadily, monotonously, block after block, down through smelly streets, under elevated railroads, until he came to long dark piers thrust out into the water. He walked to the end of a pier.

For a minute he looked hopelessly at the opaque blackness below, and then slowly he slid out of his coat, took off his shoes. Once he shuddered, but it was not at the water. It was at a recollection—a shameful recollection. For some reason he undid his collar.

Then he sat down, his feet hanging off the pier, and stared across at the firefly twinkle of lights on the Jersey shore. Somehow they seemed to hold him fascinated. His shoulders drooped, his body slumped, but he was looking steadily into the distance.

Presently he drew a deep breath. He squared his shoulders for a second. The tense expression on his face relaxed. His eyes became softer. He touched his lips with his tongue and blinked. Then, ever so faintly, he smiled. He closed his eyes.

"In those days, before Mr. Gibbons' real worth was recognized, he was often subjected to good-natured chaffing on the part of his coworkers in the old days of the Globe. Not realizing his sensitiveness, they were inclined to tease him about his writings, manuscripts of those early days now being well-nigh priceless for collectors of Gibbonsana. He always took it, however, in all good humor.

"He was wont to tell, over the wines and walnuts in later years, of one trifling incident at a time when he was engulfed in what he laughingly described as a puppy love with a child whose very name he had long since forgotten. She was but a moron and it was his whim to toy with her, although she took it seriously. The joke was perpetrated by the assistant night city editor, whose name will not be distinguished by mention here; and many years after, this same man came to him, a miserable outcast, broke, shabby, and ill unto death, and begged on bended knees Mr. Gibbons' forgiveness, a favor which Mr. Gibbons granted and gave him a lot of money out of his vast plethora of wealth. The man was extraordinarily regretful, and Mr. Gibbons, at that time both famous and wealthy, helped him."

He buttoned his collar and began to put on his shoes again.

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LADIES NEED DAUGHTERS

(Continued from Page 9)

For a moment he looked blank, and then the meaning of her insinuation came to him. He gave her a look almost of dislike. "Oh, for the love of Pete!" he groaned. "I give up!" There was no use, he saw, in going farther along this road. "Have it your own way!" he said, in a cold, courteous voice. "Send her to six hospitals, if you want to."

From this point onward the thing was devoid of hope. He was a mere man and utterly impotent against a wife. His protests were good for that day and train only.

He would have liked to do something for Caroline—fix things up somehow, if only from a masculine sense of fair play; but the impulse was not strong enough to force him to enter the lists against his wife, particularly with her weapons and with no rules and no bounds.

"I was warned," said Frances, looking into the past. "Everyone told me that adoption was a bad thing. I have only myself to blame."

"Well, I don't see what's to be done about it," he said, with the air of a man who has finished with a subject. He could not see that the fact that Frances was bored or irritated by Caroline meant, necessarily, that there was something inherently wrong with the institution of adoption. But he was starting no such argument after what had gone before. Ten years of marriage with Frances had shown him that she had a devouring passion for running the whole world. It was instructive to see her work, to realize that somehow, by fair means or foul, she always got what she wanted.

"Shall we go?" Frances rose. She left the room like a betrayed woman in a play, bearing her husband's treachery nobly.

From that moment her whole attitude was that Caroline had taken his affection from her. Once more a great-hearted woman had fallen victim to her own generous, unsuspecting blindness and, in her utter innocence, had opened the door of her home to the destroyer. She said nothing of this to Caroline. But it was clear to her that the faithless girl could not be routed out of her house any too soon.

Two weeks later she and the bewildered Caroline were saying good-by to each other before the stained-glass doorway in the entrance hall of St. Martha's. Frances, wrapping her moleskin coat about her, while the February hail rattled on the window outside, said, "I am sorry that all my high hopes for you have come to this."

Caroline could not speak. From a ward came the shrill cry of a child. Frances hurried her preparations for departure. She had meant to deliver a suitable homily on the text: "More bitter than the sting of an adder is an ungrateful child," but something in the atmosphere of the hospital roused in her a desire to get away.

She drew on her loosely fitting gloves and looked at Caroline. The latter was staring straight ahead and it was no doubt the peculiar color of the glass that made her face so pale.

"I think," said Frances, raising her carefully cultivated voice—for stolidity at such a moment was exasperating; after all, it was a dramatic situation—"I think you might at least express regret at the way you have acted. Have you nothing to say?"

Apparently Caroline had nothing to say. In fact, overwhelmed by lonesomeness, she was longing to throw herself on the other woman's breast and cry.

"Remember that you must do well here," said Frances, "for you cannot come home to us after all this."

"I know," said Caroline, trying to keep her lips from twitching. She was confused—had been confused for the whole two weeks. She did not know what Frances could possibly mean by "all this." But there was no use arguing, trying to find out. One simply accepted things with Frances. One minute she touched her wand and turned your pumpkin into a golden coach. The next you were sitting back in the ashes again, watching your mice scurrying off. That was Frances.

"Good-by, then," said Frances.

"Good-by," said Caroline. The stained-glass door closed with a click of the latch.

It was a curious thing to have happen to you—to have a door click and to be shut off in that instant from the familiar world that you knew; to be starting in all over again, just as if you were newborn and in a planet where you were none too welcome. She turned slowly from the door that had hidden Frances and her beautiful world and looked around her. She was an alien here. Everything was stripped, unfamiliar, incomprehensible; everything different; nothing the way it was in that outside world. The very air was laden with drugs, and even the thick-hanging silence seemed to be only repressed groans.

Miss Rhoda, who had evidently been waiting for Frances to go, emerged from the doorway, her full skirts flapping against her insteps.

"I shall take you to your room," she said impersonally. She glided along the white-tiled corridors and around corners, and Caroline hurried after her, smelling queer smells, avoiding nurses with stretchers, until they came to a small elevator of the type that runs by itself.

"After you," said Miss Rhoda. She shut the door behind them and the little cage woke into sudden life and began climbing slowly toward heaven, with Caroline and her suitcase.

Miss Rhoda opened the door when the cage stopped and fluttered down a long oak corridor, skirt flapping, white cap sailing out from her head. She stopped at one of a line of closed doors and explained that she would return in half an hour to take Caroline to her ward.

"Yes, Miss Rhoda," said Caroline in a low voice, and looked into the little room. It had white plaster walls and a black iron bed, with a gray blanket folded at the foot.

"You will assume your uniform."

"Yes," said Caroline, a slight coldness passing down her spine.

The superintendent left her and she closed the door and opened her suitcase. She took out the pink wash dress and the white apron made of Indian head, stiff and white and endurable, and put them on. At home, these clothes had looked improbable. She could not have imagined herself actually wearing them. She removed her gray buckskin slippers and put them in the closet. Her feet looked like someone else's in the arch-support, low-heeled ones that she had been told to buy. Last of all she put on the cap. She was very self-conscious in it. But it was—she could see that—extremely becoming. It was the only warm spot in the day, the becomingness of that airy fluted cap.

It was, however, a warmth that soon evaporated. Soundlessly, Miss Rhoda appeared again, and once more they entered the elevator.

Caroline had supposed and hoped that she would be taken into the ward by degrees; that there would be lessons first in theory before the dreaded practice. Instead, Miss Rhoda took her through a door labeled Children's Ward, and stopped.

Caroline looked around. It was her first sight of a hospital ward, and it was as bad as she had expected. Beds and beds and beds, all full of children under white covers. Faces, white and gray and drawn, not looking at anything or else looking her way with a dull curiosity. All up and down the ward stretched this row of faces. No health anywhere, of course; no child that looked happy or normal. The colorful good world of well people, of amusement and laughter, faded away and the sound of it ceased, and this antiseptic cold white universe took its place.

(Continued on Page 217)

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Skinner's lining satins are designed and woven for lining service alone—they are not just ordinary silks adapted to lining purposes.

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In your suit and topcoat you insist on good cloth and good tailoring. Why not insist on the lining you can be sure of?

Look for the Skinner label. It is the "sterling" sign of the satin trade, and the best clothing bears it. In ordering from a merchant tailor *"Look for the Name in the Selvage."*

This label is supplied to clothing manufacturers for garments lined with Skinner's Satin

WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS, *Established 1848*
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA. *Mills:* HOLYOKE, MASS.

"LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"

Linings for men's suits and topcoats. Linings for women's coats, suits and furs. Dress Satins, Millinery Satins, Shoe Satins.

Skinner's Satins

Not *for just an* Hour Not *for just a* Day

But automatic, never-failing radio power that gets the most from your set—

ALWAYS

YES, ALWAYS! . . . . . rich radio "A" power that is *continuous* . . . . that flows never-failingly from light socket to set . . . that never requires extravagant cost nor bothersome attention . . . . that improves for all time the tone quality of your reception!

Unipower will bring just that kind of "A" power to *your* set, in less than 3 minutes! Hook two wires to the set, plug in on the light socket and Unipower is connected. Three simple motions in as many minutes! Yet the results are immediate and permanent:

Your reception is no longer subject to failure of run-down, worn-out "A" batteries . . . you need never again be without the use of your set for days—even hours at a time . . . for you the deadly, periodic cost of "A" battery recharge, or renewal, is completely eliminated . . . and obviously, with exactly the right "A" power, in exactly the amount required, your set will produce the maximum results expected of it.

Expertly designed—
economically operated

Yet Unipower is not expensive—its first cost is practically the last. A slight monthly addition to the electric light bill gives you this never-failing power with its finer, clearer results.

Unipower is a miniature power plant, carefully designed to furnish radio "A" power from the light socket. Incorporated in it is the trickle charge principle, which changes electric light current into satisfactory radio power.

In addition, however, it contains the extra, rapid charge, rate so necessary to keep your set at full power always—even under unusual conditions caused by overwork or neglect.

Time and performance have proven Unipower totally fool-proof. It is constructed without breakable parts or tubes it cannot fail. Radio engineers and manufacturers everywhere gladly endorse it—heartily recommend it.

Unipower, radio's pioneer "A" power unit, was designed by the same experts who, for 30 years, have been responsible for the renowned quality of all Gould products.

Your dealer will show you Unipower. Have him demonstrate it for you. Or, we shall gladly mail you, free, complete descriptions. Start today to experience the relief of unfaltering power—of undisturbed reception. The Gould Storage Battery Company, Inc., 250 Park Ave., New York.

Unipower is especially recommended for these sets:

Atwater-Kent	Federal	Radiola
All American	Ferguson	Stromberg-Carlson
American Bosch	Freed-Eisemann	Splitdorf
Brunswick Radiola	Grebe	Stewart-Warner
Crosley	Howard	Thompson
Eagle	Kellogg	Victor Radiola
Fada	Kolster	Zenith Six
	Pfanstiehl	

Unipower supplies rich, unfailing "A" power and controls "B" power automatically—at the click of the set switch! It contains a Balkite charging unit of Gould design.

Automatic "A" Power —that cannot Fail

Unipower

A GOULD PRODUCT

(Continued from Page 214)

A nurse upholstered in blue stripes with a black ribbon around her cap approached.

"Your new probationer, Miss Jagoe," said Miss Rhoda, and disappeared.

Miss Jagoe looked as though she were undecided whether to accept this gift or not. But later, at the senior supper table, she was heard to say that if there was anything she did despise it was getting a probationer that put on airs.

Caroline was not putting on airs. She was doing her best to keep a stiff upper lip, and making, she feared, a fairly bad job of it. Miss Jagoe had to turn this soft piece of nothing into a nurse, and she promptly set about the business. Not that she thought much could be done. It was generally taken for granted in the small world of the hospital, which knew everything, that Caroline was a wealthy girl slumming.

There was a general procedure for probationers, and Caroline was embarked upon it. She polished brass memorial tablets and washed white paint and carried luncheon trays and bathed faces and brushed hair. The children accepted her. They showed her how they could drink from cups through drinking tubes without lifting their heads from the mattress. One of them said Caroline looked like Mary Pickford. A second one said he liked the feeling of her hands, they were so soft and nice.

It was the busiest and the most despairing morning of Caroline's life. It was all so new, such a strain, that presently she felt that she had been in the ward a week. She lost all sense of time and space. She had never been in such a place in her life. Outwardly, the ward seemed so still, so unhurried. But to her, she seemed to be an atom in a seemingly inert mass, continually dashing hither and thither, impinging upon or retreating from other atoms, or circling around Miss Jagoe or the second nurse like a miniature solar system.

The interne came in and began making rounds with Miss Jagoe. It was her first sight of an interne, and he too was just the sort of person one would expect. Plain and unromantic and not at all handsome, and very much occupied with his duties. Everybody got out of the way of the two important figures making their way from bed to bed. Caroline tried to make herself small, invisible. She slipped past with a tray of empty milk glasses.

"Miss Page," said Miss Jagoe, "you may go to dinner now."

Caroline started off meekly. "Report to me when you return," added Miss Jagoe.

Return! Caroline stopped in her tracks. For though it was only noon of the same morning, she had thought it was the end of the day; that she was going down to seven o'clock dinner; that she was through.

"Return!" she cried, groping, and stared at the two august figures before her. "But do we work all night too?" Not that anything in this astonishing hospital could really surprise her. Already she was numb from new sensations. Goodness knew, she was going to go through with this nursing thing if it killed her. Other girls did it and so could she. But to work day and night! Were the ordinary laws of human nature set aside in this place?

To her horror, she remembered that she had no right to address her superior in that way, to seem to argue—and in front of the interne! She felt crushed and longed to sink through the floor. She supposed that she would be dismissed, and she could not go home. What would happen to her?

She was roused from further reflection by a voice that was not Miss Jagoe's: "Let me listen to Tony's chest," said the interne; and Miss Jagoe, turning her back on Caroline, proceeded to open up the front of Tony's nightgown.

And then, to Caroline's astonishment, the interne pulled out his watch and held it before her face. The hands pointed to twelve o'clock. Caroline stared at it and the truth dawned on her. She looked up and met the interne's eyes. They were cool and kind and a little amused. Caroline felt very much like a small stray dog that has been expecting a kick and instead receives a pat on the head. Nothing was said. Miss Jagoe pulled herself up with a superior smile to show that Tony was ready. The interne moved forward and bent over the patient. Caroline, glad to escape, hurried off. The incident was closed. Miss Jagoe did not bother to think what Caroline had meant by that question about night. You could trust probationers—any probationer—to act as though she hadn't a grain of sense. This one was, perhaps, just a little more senseless than the general run. All you could do was to grin and bear them.

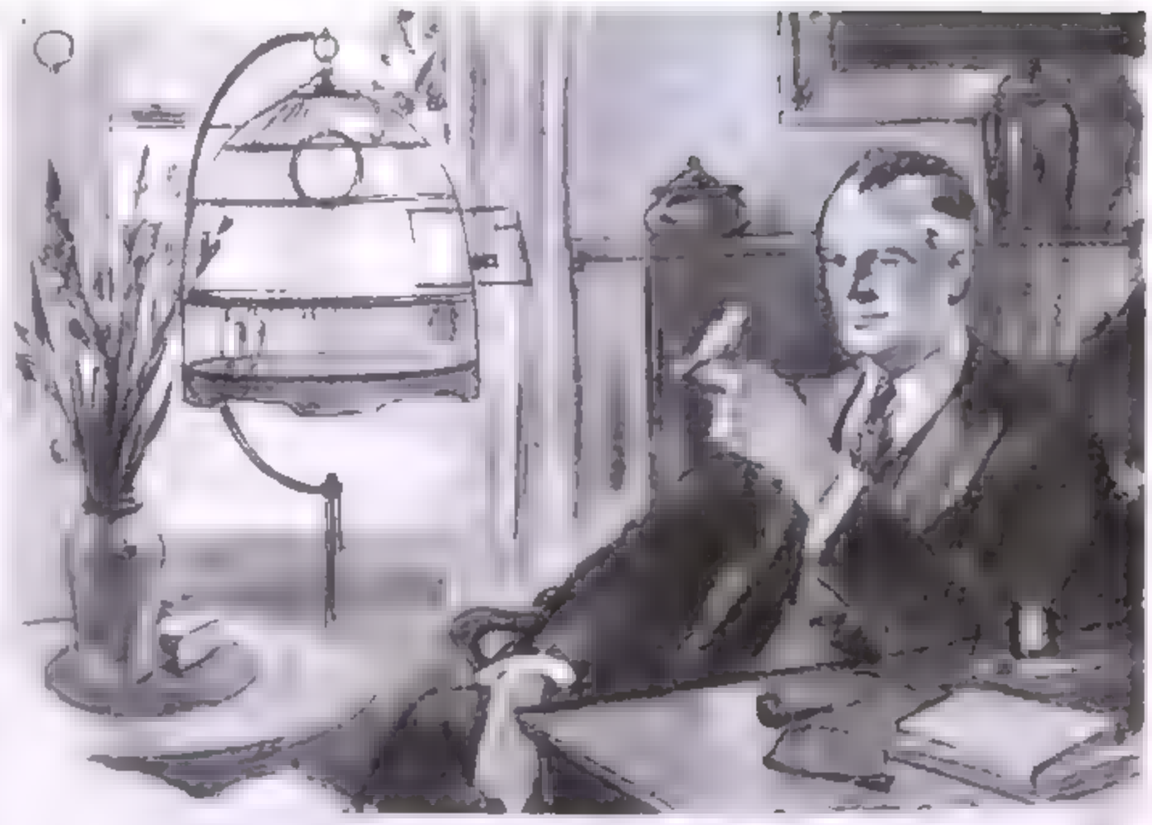
She kept on bearing with Caroline, and the days passed, and presently Caroline had been in Children's Ward a month. For thirty days she did the same things over and over again, like a clockwork man that takes off his hat and bows low. She felt, each day, that she had just escaped being sent for by Miss Rhoda and told that she was hopeless. It appeared to her that she was as much out of place in this world of earnest, capable people as she had been in the ever-babbling circle of Brooklyn Heights. And this worried her and developed in her a sense of her own inferiority and unimportance. But with it all, now that she was beginning to recover from the first aching physical exhaustion, there was a kind of distinct inner happiness that she had never had before. She felt somehow that she had stepped out into a new order of things, where all was worth while and of use. In spite of all the illness, there was a livingness about her new, inclosed, cramped, monotonous life in contrast to the deadness of that seemingly free one she had so unwillingly departed.

Not that there were not times when she longed desperately to escape from it, to get back where gay, laughing people danced and went to theaters and wore soft clinging fabrics and did not toil. Especially did she feel this when there were many very sick cases that took the heart out of one. This wearing sympathy was something that she had been taught must be put behind her, crushed with a stern hand. No emotion must enter into the care of the sick, because emotion warped judgment; and judgment and cool objective kindness were the essentials of conduct in doctors and nurses. She saw the sense of this and was gradually adapting herself to it. But she longed for someone that understood how sad it all was; someone who cared for her, who liked being with her, to whom she belonged. Already, Frances, hitherto the corner stone of her existence, who had never seen anything of pain, who knew nothing of deprivation, was fading into nothing in her consciousness. She didn't, when you came right down to it, even cast a shadow in this world. And as for all the rest of Brooklyn, she had forgotten it almost entirely.

There was little time to make friends with the other probationers. They worked all day and had classes almost every night. There was a feeling of strain even when off duty with any of the juniors and seniors, who, after all, were her superior officers; and the interne was in a class apart. He had failed to notice her existence, naturally, except for that one day, when he had shown a little understanding and heart. She would always feel grateful to him for that.

She had been unaccountably ridiculous that day. Even now, it made her blush to think of it. And she said to herself that she would never again put herself in such an idiotic light.

She was thinking this one day as she changed the outside bandage on an arm case. It was Guild day, and so she had a screen around the bed while she worked. It appeared to the nurses that it was nearly always Guild day, when the whole ward was upset for the entire afternoon, and one had to spend so much time being polite, and answering questions that seemed to have little point. Caroline, on this particular day, was feeling terribly earnest and uplifted. For she had been in the ward three months; and that morning Miss Rhoda had called her into her office and told her that her work had been satisfactory, and



One bird led him to understand all birds.

He had always wanted to study Birds—so one little bird became his teacher

All his life he had secretly longed to study birds, to live in the woods and observe their habits.

But Life, the stern Taskmaster, shut him up in an office and made a

Business kept him from the woods and fields.

business man of him. His dreams were at an end.

Then one night a dinner guest excited his wonder by relating interesting and individual traits he had observed in birds.

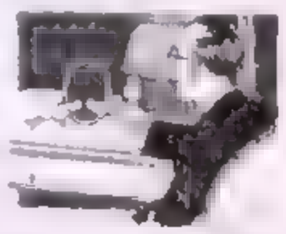
"You have done what I have never had the leisure to do," he said, enviously. "You have made a study of birds."

"But you can study birds in the way I have," his guest laughed. "Everything I have told you I learned from my pet canaries. Since I could not go into the woods to the birds, I brought them into my home to live with me. And for daily companionship and pleasure, one bird in the home is worth two in the bush!"

And so this man realized his boyhood dream after all. For the cheerful little feathered folk he brought into his home to amuse his leisure hours led him into an understanding of all birds.

House your Bird in a Hendryx Home

When you bring a bird into your home, the important thing is to provide the best possible living quarters for it. The "Hendryx" name assures you that you are getting the best from the standpoint of sanitary construction. Designs in lovely Pyralin or Duco-finished homes offer you a wide range of colors which bring a smart decorative note into your own home.



So he realized his boyhood dream.

At almost all bird stores, florists', seed stores, department stores, hardware and housefurnishing stores, Hendryx bird homes may be obtained. Prices range from $2.00 to $150.00; stands from $2.50 to $25.00.

In the Bird Store

"It's queer, queer, so very queer," complained the Littlest Bird—"So many people say 'You poor little birds!' Why do they do that?" "They don't know that each little bird's perch is a throne from which he sings out his joy to the passing world," said the Wise Old Bird. "And because people are unhappy so much, a bird must never forget to sing, 'Cheer! Cheer up!'"

One of the newer Hendryx creations is made of Du Pont Pyralin in green and ivory, ivory, black and orange, amber and ivory, black and white, pink and ivory and blue and ivory. Stands to match.

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Since 1869

"The Feathered Philosopher" is one of the most interesting stories ever written about a bird. An illustrated copy will be sent you free. Write to The Andrew B. Hendryx Co., New Haven, Conn.

Advance News from Santa Claus—"The birds tell me that children are asking for *birds in Hendryx cages* for Christmas."

INDOOR MEN

For indoor men these special lightweight fabrics, sheer as fine lisle hosiery, supply just the right warmth and never cause dangerous overheating. In cotton, cotton-and-wool, rayon-and-wool

OUTDOOR MEN

For outdoor men—and for outdoor sports—Carter makes medium and heavyweight union suits exquisitely soft but not heavy

That *lasting* fit you've sought in underwear

CARTER'S gives it—at little cost—in fabrics for outdoor and indoor life

SLIP into a Carter Union Suit ... You're amazed!... It fits... No binding at crotch or armholes... No needless slack at the waist... No ridgy seams.

Wear that same suit after a score of trips to the laundry ... It still fits at every point.

Carter knit fabrics are the first secret ... In them is knitted (on special multi-needle knitting machines) elasticity that outlives the garments. Then these wonderful fabrics are cut and tailored after models tested in actual wear by average men. Seams are made flat; wrists and ankles lie close; shoulders are the military "sag-proof" style; seat is roomy with a special flap; buttons are sewed on to stay.

Ask for Carter's and have the salesman make sure of right sizes by the crotch-to-shoulder measurement. Office men everywhere are turning to the new lightweight Carter styles. The William Carter Company, Needham Heights (Boston District), Mass.

Carter's
UNION SUITS *for Men*

Short sleeves

Full length sleeves

Athletic style

that her probation was at an end and that she could order her blue uniform and become a junior nurse in St. Martha's Training School. She had telephoned Frances and told her, and Frances had seemed not to be interested at all, but to wonder what she was telephoning about. Hadn't she gone to St. Martha's to be a nurse? It had let Caroline down a lot, that conversation, for she knew what it had cost her to become even barely eligible for St. Martha's. She still could scarcely believe that, with all her mistakes and her incredible stupidity, she had made good.

She had even learned to bandage. This arm was beginning to be a work of art in its lovely white gauze spirals, she thought, when a Guild visitor, against all the rules, slipped around the screen. The Guild visitor looked nervous but determined. Caroline glanced up, politely professional.

"Would you mind," said the visitor, all in a rush—"would you mind—please forgive me for asking this of a perfect stranger—would you mind telling me what you do to your eyelashes to make them so long and thick?"

Caroline observed her haughtily. This was no way to address a junior of St. Martha's. And then all her dignity left her, for a sight met her eyes that almost raised the cap from her head. At the edge of the screen, where he had been for goodness knew how long, stood the broad, red-headed, cool interne, and he was looking at them more coolly, more mockingly, than any interne had ever looked before.

"Oh!" said Caroline, deflating, and prayed God to strike the visitor dead.

The latter turned and fled. And the broad, red, cool interne continued to contemplate Caroline as if she were something quite new in his experience. He had noticed this probationer several times before. He ordinarily did not bother much with nurses. Life was full of them. He had one thing in mind—to advance in the practice of surgery and attain fame.

He was, in a way, a rarity among internes, for he had much money and would some day inherit a great deal more, so that he could face life with the careless calm of a rich young man.

Obeying an impulse he wondered at, even while yielding to it, the interne now found himself saying to this young probationer: "About those lashes—I have often wondered"—and, even as he said it, he realized that he had wondered—"how you get them untangled in the morning."

Caroline looked back at him and for a moment forgot that she was only a private in the ranks. "There's no mystery to it," she told him, and smiled her charming smile. "I simply braid them every night."

"Glad you told me," he said gravely. "Women and children always confide in me. I think it's my kind face."

And then Miss Jagoe came along and handed him a case history, seeming to know by instinct what he had come for.

"That stupid girl," thought Miss Jagoe, whose life was spent in knowing things by instinct—"what was she doing? He looked as if he thought she was crazy."

On his rubber heels, the interne left the ward. Caroline looked after him thoughtfully. He was far from being a cinema hero. Frances would have thought him most unattractive. But she was sure that he had brains and character; and though he was short, yet there was something in the purposeful way he moved, a mastery in his inaction, that she liked and respected. It was nice of him, too, and tactful, to have handled that silly episode of the eyelashes so decently, to keep her from feeling foolish. He was a person to be depended upon, she could see that; and she was glad, for she was going on night duty that night and she was relieved to think there was someone around like that. As a matter of fact, she was afraid of night duty; so afraid that she was almost sick. But every nurse told her that they all felt like that at the beginning. It was understood. It was almost as bad as going for the first time to the operating room.

But the first night was not so terrifying, once you had got used to it. The darkness was horrid, but the work was pretty much like the work she had been doing—like a little clockwork man, at that. Miss Smith, the night supervisor, came in from time to time for medications and hypodermics, and there was a bell in case one wanted her in a hurry. There was a lot of routine work to do until midnight, when the interne made rounds. He did not look surprised to see her on duty. There was, indeed, no expression on his face but a grave politeness and an interest in the temperature list. After leaving an order for "Codeine, grs. ¼, s. o. s."—which meant "if necessary"—he departed.

"Call me if the peritonitis gets restless," he said, putting his head in at the door again, "or if his temperature shoots up."

Caroline said she would, and began to fill ice bags. She did not stop working all night, and the morning came before she realized it. When the day nurses came on at seven, she could hardly believe it possible that she had got through her first night. Miss Jagoe stood at the record table, and she stood there, too, a little disheveled, and gave her report. She, giving a report! As though she had been nursing all her life! Why, she might have been Miss Jagoe herself!

The next night passed uneventfully, and before the week was out she had begun to take the whole thing in her stride. It was a queer life, like being a mole or a bat. Sleeping when everyone else was awake, working in dark wards with little flickering green lights.

That very cool young man, the interne, came in with the nonchalance of regular custom every evening at midnight, looked at his new operative cases, read his temperature list, left his orders, said good night politely and departed. He had three hundred and sixty-five ways of showing that he was a young man with his eyes on his business, one for every night in the calendar, and there was never a moment when he allowed himself the privilege of becoming human.

He was short and stocky; his hair was red; his eyes were keen. He was the image of a hard-boiled interne. His industry was traditional; he outdid all other internes; he knew all his case histories and could recite them at a moment's notice. Had it been necessary, he could have told them backward. His assiduity wearied the attending surgeons not a little. But it chafed not at all the patients or the patients' families. The waiting mothers believed in him and showed it; they had no patience with the nurses, but they ate out of the interne's hand. His contempt for the shiftless in technic, for laxity in diagnosis, knew no bounds, and his idea of heaven was to work under Reinecke of Vienna.

Throughout these riotous days at St. Martha's of operations and plaster casts, of hemorrhages and transfusions and healings by first intention, he was a devotee undisturbed by any outside influence. His family could scarcely persuade him to dine with them once a week.

"He is crazy," they sighed. They gave him up. They washed their hands of him. His sisters ceased to invite eligible, attractive girls to meet him.

It was clear, then, that his momentary interest in a probationer's eyelashes had been but the mood of a moment, induced by his sardonic reflections on the genus Guild visitor, and by a certain quality of the spring air.

Caroline, as night nurse of his most interesting ward, was an important cog in his machinery. Well satisfied with this diagnosis, she went about her nightly business with the gravity and pride becoming one who has the weight of the world on her shoulders. Susceptible to impressions, the interne's paralyzing industry, his unmitigated dedication to the ward, had had its influence. She, too, was beginning to lose all sense of proportion as far as her duties were concerned. The result was that she commenced to put the comfort and well-being of

(Continued on Page 221)

Airplane Manufacturers Using

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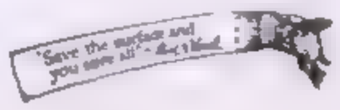

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YALE ELECTRIC CORPORATION
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"A YALE Battery for Every Battery Need"

(Continued from Page 218)

the patients way beyond anything else. This alone made her a little peculiar. To the other nurses she began to seem as odd as she had to Frances. Other night nurses in that ward had sometimes found time hanging heavy on their hands. They had managed to get in a little sewing; they had rolled bandages for the operating-room sterilizer; they had met outside the ward doors and discussed the day's developments; even, at times, fudge had been made on the diet-kitchen stove. But this Miss Page was a flat tire. Go in there and you would find her stewing around, chopping ice, counting respirations, smoothing pillows—always at it. Even the supervisor thought she should get more time to make operating-room supplies.

This was the most commendable female, the interne thought, he had ever seen in his life. She would never produce any brilliant diagnosis or evolve any original deductions from the symptoms that she observed. Women were like that. Just splendid, rare cases could not excite them. But this one was a good nurse.

She had not taken advantage of that incident of the eyelashes, either, in spite of the fact that she was undeniably easy to look at. Nothing annoyed him more than women who insisted upon being noticed, who got in one's way with their complexions and winning ways. This one didn't. What he wanted from this course at St. Martha's was complete escape from all that sort of thing, an absolute change. Having women around demanding one's attention was no change; it was what he had been brought up on. Not that he had any fatuous illusions about what they saw in him; he was heir to a fortune and fair game.

St. Martha's was his strength and his refuge. He had already spent nine restful months here, working unmolested. Not being invited to dances, not having ambitious mothers wheedling him into tête-à-têtes with their daughters, not being plagued and embarrassed; but just enjoying his work, the deep and beautiful joy of doing what he loved to do.

Only three months were left to him in the peace and seclusion of the hospital. Before him lay his life, the opportunity to become famous as a surgeon. It was his chosen career and he ached to get out and at it. And yet there was always that fly in his ointment, that thorn on the rose of his delight—the minute he emerged into the world there would be those pouncing women, those females who would never rest content until every eligible bachelor had been run down, shorn of his God-given right to choose for himself or not to choose, deprived of the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness along his own lines. And all this because he happened to have appendages such as yachts and motors and all that. Unencumbered by these things, he would have been, he felt convinced, as free of feminine attentions as a floorwalker in a department store. Floorwalkers, he supposed, were free. He had never seen his sisters' friends throw themselves at one.

To the nurses, he seemed to be a slave driver. To the superintendent, he was a treasure. From her point of view, it appeared to be his one aim to be a treasure. An interne who loved difficult cases, who ate surgical technic, slept with his red head pillowed on the thought of splendid, rare operations, who gave hours and hours to making a single patient comfortable, alleviating his pain and thereby his outcries and by this process assuring the peace of the ward—an interne like that should be encouraged in every possible manner. His influence could not but be for the best.

He worked all day and part of the night. He was apt to be seen in the ward at all hours. Whenever he went into the children's ward at night he was sure to find Miss Page busy. She kept her ward in fine shape for so young a nurse.

Caroline found that her routine went on undisturbed. Miss Smith came in every two hours and the interne made his rounds at midnight, though sometimes later, and nothing serious happened to any of her patients. Life passed by in the shadowy dim-lit ward, with its sudden noises, its sudden silences, its nights after operations and its nights of rest.

One night she sat rolling the bandages that the supervisor was always urging upon her. It was one of those times when nothing happens. There had been no operations that day, and the peritonitis who had been having relapse after relapse for weeks, seemed to have turned the corner. He had been sleeping now, without a narcotic, since a little after ten. That case was the interne's pride and joy. Caroline felt a proprietary interest in him too. You can't pull a patient back from the jaws of death time after time without beginning to feel that he is stupendously important.

Once or twice, with great caution, and trying to keep her starched skirt from rustling, she stole down to the end of the ward to look at him. He was still breathing peacefully. She turned down the ward lights till they were just flickering green sparks in the dark and slipped back to her bandage machine.

She had the whole ward to herself. No one came near her at all. There would be no one. The street outside had lost all midnight noises and the sounds of early morning had not yet begun. Once the ambulance from the Professional People's Hospital down the street went clanging past. But it came back again presently more quietly, evidently called out on a false alarm. The patrolman passed, whistling softly. A taxicab rattled by with throaty laughs and hysterical squeals. Then the deep silence of two o'clock.

At the end of the ward a child turned over with a little sob. "Mamma!" he cried. "Mamma!"

Caroline jumped up, her bandage rolling across the ward, and hurried down the aisle. Already, through the open French windows, the first cool breeze of morning was coming in from the not-distant river. She must close the windows a little, she thought, and leaned over the case. It was the peritonitis, as she had feared. "Sh-h!" she whispered, and kept leaning over him, making little sleepy, persuasive noises with her lips. At last his respiration became regular, he was once more asleep. Straightening from the crib, Caroline turned to leave.

Then her hand went to her bib, where it rustled above her heart, and she gave a frightened gasp. In the aisle before her, between her and the door, like a darker shade of the dark, was a huge dim figure of a man.

"Oh!" cried Caroline, and her heart seemed to stop. "Oh!"

For a second there was no sound in the shadowy, sleeping silence of the ward. Outside, in the street, was silence too. The apparition swayed toward her and Caroline watched it with incredulous, terrified eyes.

"Hello, baby!" said a voice—a thick, horrid voice.

He stood over her and there was about him thickly the smell of alcohol. He was smiling, she could tell that, for she saw the high lights on his teeth, and a chill like ice ran down Caroline's spine. Her hand went out instinctively and clutched at the rungs of the crib behind her. She wanted to scream, but she thought of the peritonitis patient and couldn't. No, she would rather die than frighten him so terribly, and all those other children that she was supposed to protect.

"He got in through those windows," she kept thinking, as if it made any difference.

Then the shadow moved again. A hand reached for her. Her fingers left the crib, she stepped swiftly into the aisle and tried to slip past the bulk that nearly filled it. But the apparition balked her. "Not so fast, dearie!" muttered the heavy voice, and the clean odor of the ward became once more laden with that revolting odor of bad whisky. "Not so fast!" He stood silent, holding onto her apron, wavering, waiting—waiting for what? She felt that in her terror even her heart had stopped. She became one staring, unbelieving eye. She

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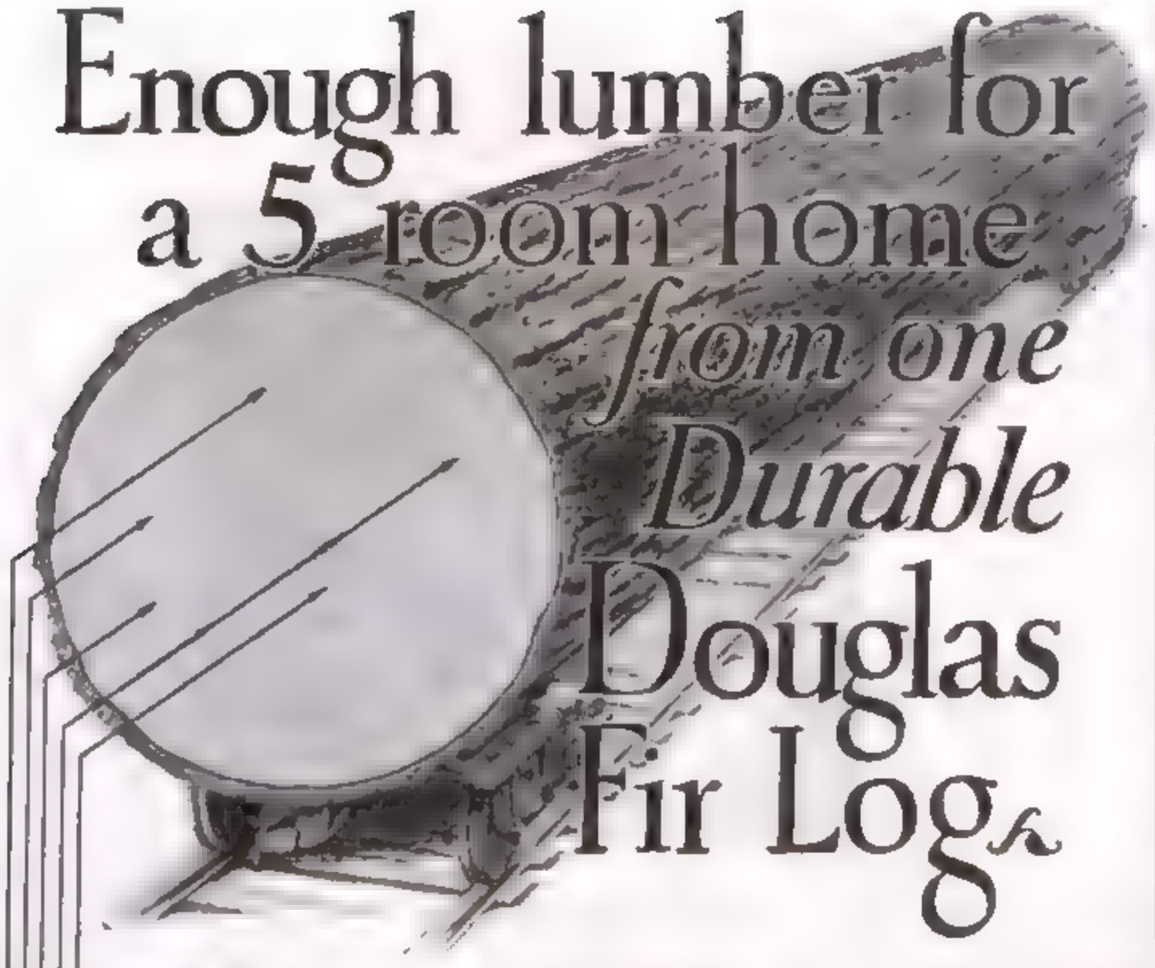

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THIS gigantic log from America's permanent lumber supply, the great forests of Washington and Oregon, symbolizes the magnitude and stability of the Douglas Fir industry in the Pacific Northwest. Consider the advantages of using wood from such sources.

A substantial home

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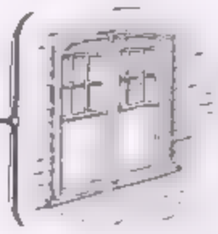

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could not credit that things like this could happen. In her world they did not. There everything was ordered and secure.

"What do you want?" she asked, and thought it was strange that her lips did not tremble except ever so little. The sound of her own voice made her braver. Her mind began running this way and that, seeking means of escape. Behind the black bulk lay the watchman's bell and the telephone and all those means of contact with a world that seemed suddenly miles away. She listened for sounds from the street; there was nothing but that dead silence that falls on Manhattan just before the dawn. She could scream, on the chance that someone would hear her, and frighten all these sick children into a panic. Her lips tightened. No, whatever happened, she would not do that.

Why did he not do something? Why did he simply stand there and grin and sway? A sense of loathing overcame her fear. She was impotent, but she would not show it. With a proud face in the dark, she tried to pull away from him. The apron gave under his hand. She darted forward and then his huge fist caught her back, crushing her crisp white cuff.

"Come back here!" he said loudly. She stayed very still. And suddenly she realized that if she did escape she was leaving him alone in the ward with the helpless children for whose health and safety she was in every way responsible. No, she could not do that. Somehow, some way, she must persuade him to let her past, or, failing that, to go with her into the light. Yes, she must get him away.

A thought came to her. He was drunk and perhaps he could be wheedled. "Hush!" she whispered, finger on lips. "Baby is asleep. Don't waken him!"

Perhaps he could be charmed back, this loathsome brute, into the world from which he had emerged. He was silent, elephantinely endeavoring to comprehend. Then his addled mind understood. "Asleep!" he whispered. "Sure, that's right! Asleep at the switch!" He shook with the humor of it. In the gloom, he pulled her closer. "But you're not asleep, eh, kid? Waiting up for the old man, huh?"

"Yes," whispered Caroline, and remembered that she had left the scissors that she usually wore in her belt on the table near the bandages. She took hold of his sleeve with the tip of her finger. "Come out near the light," she whispered, "where we won't waken the baby!"

Her heart stood still while she waited. Then he moved unsteadily. "Out to the bright lights!" he said. "Come on!"

She knew that she should not hurry him. But she could not go slowly, could not bear the touch of his heavy, reeking arm. She must run out to the light and safety.

She had made a mistake. "What's the hurry?" he demanded stubbornly, and stopped again, pulling her back.

She stopped, too, holding back a scream. She must not cry out, but perhaps the supervisor was out there in the hall now and the slightest unusual sound would attract her attention. She took a long breath.

The peritonitis moved, threw out his hand and it made the crib rattle. Caroline's hand went to her mouth. Silence—that was the thing. She must manage somehow.

"What's the big rush, kid? Ain't you glad I came?"

Caroline caught at her bib. "Oh, yes," she said, with a little sob. She looked around her trap. "Do come," she urged. "I have something to show you."

He stood swaying uncertainly, as if trying to remember what he had come for, what he sought. Caroline could hear, near her, the rattling breathing of the empyema case.

Then the shadow moved with her. Shuddering, she again took his sleeve between thumb and forefinger. "This way," she said, and they moved a few yards up the aisle until they were under one of the ceiling lights. She could see him now, and an unreasoning revulsion shook her as he shuffled beside her, his flat face stupefied with drink. Then he stopped, obstinately, as if he felt somehow her duplicity, as if his fogged brain realized that he was being tricked.

"I'll have a kiss first," he said, his voice thicker and a little louder. His eyes wavered over her, beginning anger in his look. "That's what!" he said. "A kiss!"

For a second the ward seemed to rise and fall under Caroline. This was a dreadful nightmare through which she was passing; she would waken in a second, shrieking, and find herself safe. She moved to fly. The gorilla arms pulled her back.

And then the ward door behind her opened quietly, throwing a long yellow streak of light across the dim white floor. The streak vanished and the latch clicked.

The interne, returning from one of his rare nights at home, had come in for his midnight temperature list. He stood still near the doorway. Then, as Miss Page did not come hurrying up as usual out of the darkness, he started for the record table.

A sound of scuffling feet and heavy breathing broke the silence. He stood motionless for a second, listening, his sturdy dinner-coated shoulders fading away into the shadows. Then he went swiftly down the ward, a short and not too impressive looking figure, but with the light of battle in his steady eyes.

Before Caroline knew what had happened something had come between her and the wavering arms that were trying to engulf her.

"Is that so?" said the interne's cool voice, and suddenly an arm in a well-tailored dinner coat shot forward and landed on the point of the heavy jaw above her.

Without a groan, quietly, soundlessly, the great heap fell back and crumpled up on the floor at her feet.

"A good, fruity wallop!" said the stocky, practical interne. "A good fruity wallop, if I say so as shouldn't."

He rubbed reflectively at his right knuckles for a moment. "Better ring for the watchman," he said. "We'll get your friend out of here."

Caroline did not comply with this reasonable suggestion. It was the first time that she had failed to carry out one of his orders. He glanced at her, surprised. She too had sunk to the floor, and there was sobbing quietly, patiently, under her breath, but as if her heart would break.

"Well, I'll be darned!" murmured the interne, and went for the caretaker himself.

The watchman in due course arrived, and the supervisor, but there was no noise; not even while the interne and the watchman carried out the unconscious figure of the visitor. St. Martha's could be relied on to handle these affairs with expedition and no fuss.

The interne inquired of Caroline, who had picked herself up and was no longer crying, how the peritonitis was, pulled down his cuffs and started off to his own quarters. The supervisor disappeared and in a few minutes the ward was as deserted as ever. Caroline wearily picked up the bandage that she had dropped; it had been a wearing evening.

A few steps up the corridor toward his rooms, the interne jerked about, an unexpected glitter in his eye. There was something he must find out. Retracing his steps briskly, he once more returned to the ward.

"What was the matter," he asked his night nurse curiously, "with your calling for help?"

"Calling for help?" Caroline regarded him; surely he ought to have sense enough to know why she didn't. "Naturally, I couldn't," she said.

"Why not?"

"I couldn't," said Caroline. "It would have scared the peritonitis to death." She reached her hand up because it suddenly occurred to her that her cap must be all crooked. She looked back at him, standing so, with her clear amber eyes that had little flecks in them like gold sealing wax. They were valiant, fearless eyes, he saw;

(Continued on Page 226)

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IN the beauty of Iron Clad silk hose there lies a subtle magic—an intriguing fascination unapproachable in ordinary hose. Like finespun silken veils drawn 'round the softest curves of calf and ankle, they impart to dainty limbs a mysterious, alluring femininity. Smooth and shapely, sheer and clinging, they glorify the loveliest lines of nature.

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CHOCOLATES

NEW YORK CHICAGO MILWAUKEE MINNEAPOLIS OAKLAND

(Continued from Page 222)

and he liked her mouth, that was gallant and yet had something in it of a little child whose feelings have been hurt.

"Were you really trying all the time to keep that case from waking up?" He stared at her as if he could not believe his ears, but his voice was as cool and casual as ever.

"Of course I was!" said Caroline, a little indignantly. She was too tired to be frightfully polite.

"Great catgut!" said the interne solemnly. Think of a woman who put a case before her own safety! Who felt that to protect a patient was the most vital thing in the world! And not only that, think of a woman who could be beautiful even while she attained these heights, a woman who did not pounce! He gave a long-drawn sigh of relief and delight. He didn't think there was a single thing about this wonderful girl that he didn't like. It required a moment's pause to realize this fully. Then he took charge of the situation.

"Do you," he inquired energetically, going straight to the point, as was his nature—"do you, by any chance, need a doctor?"

"Me?" said Caroline, staring. "Gracious, no!"

He looked at her with concentrated interest. "I'm not so sure of that," said he, and producing from his pocket an outpatient prescription blank, he wrote rapidly on it.

"A prescription for me!" said Caroline, and looked at him suspiciously.

He handed it to her, then assumed a relaxed attitude and devoted his energies to observing her face. They were near a light and it was easy to note that her cheeks were waxing pinker and pinker.

She gave a little gasp and moved back a step or two as though she were going to fly. Her eyes were round like a child's. This had begun by being a startling, heart-shaking night and apparently its surprises were never to end. She swallowed and looked again at the order he had written for her.

"One red-headed interne," read the prescription, "to be taken daily, with affection as needed."

She folded up the paper softly as if in a trance. She felt herself floating slowly, slowly toward heaven. Someone loved her. The interne loved her. It was in his writing, in the very paper he wrote on, in his quiet eyes, in his voice, collected and careless no longer.

"Oh, it can't be," she thought, and wanted to laugh, to cry. Her mind flashed to Frances, who had promised to love her and protect her, but who had never really liked her very well. It was hard for her to believe that there was any person in the world who did or would.

She looked up at him, her amber hair shining in the light.

"You mean," she breathed, scarcely able to put it in words—"you mean"—and her glowing eyes saw a halo around his red head, gleaming armor on his broad chest—"that is—you think you like me?"

He looked at her for a moment with a little smile, and his eyes were mocking and provocative and yet tender too. Then he moved toward her and again she gave a little gasp.

"Like you!" said the interne in a strange voice. "You're dog-gone shouting, I do!" And moving still closer he kissed her resolutely, rushingly, as befitted a man with red hair.

"I know," she said to Frances next day—"I know it is sudden, but then ——"

Frances, looking as if she could hardly believe what had happened, drew her into the little oak reception room.

"Sit there," she said desperately, "and do, for once in your life, talk." The whole atmosphere of the little shabby room grew bright with her jewels and her furs. "Tell me how it happened," she commanded. It simply could not be that at last, at last, this girl had acted like a sensible human being. She felt like pinching herself to be sure that she was not dreaming.

"How it happened?" said Caroline dreamily. "It just did."

"But," said Frances, who had had an interview with the superintendent and was still dazed and could hardly believe in her own enormous fortune—"but do you know who he is?"

"Who he is?" repeated Caroline, spellbound and far away under her airy cap. Certainly she knew who he was, Sir Galahad and Sir William Osler and Phœbus Apollo and —

She sat back in her chair. Suddenly she knew what was the matter with Frances and she realized that now their positions were reversed. She thought how Frances had told her she could not come home again "after all this," and she saw that the other, in spite of her assumption of nothing having happened, remembered it too, was trying to pass over it as if it had never been.

It was in her power now, she was aware, to dictate the terms of their relationship, if relationship of any kind there was to be. For a second a hot wave of anger swept her spirit at Frances' assurance that she would this time, as ever, get what she wanted, and for a second the day lost its luster.

Then the remembrance of the interne, of his calm eyes, of his touch, came to her again like a spell and she laughed to herself softly. In that instant she realized this strange thing—that she had always been older than the turbulent Frances, always stronger, always richer. For the only riches was the wealth of the spirit, and that greatest possession, Frances, the ever-seeking, could never have. She could never, however hard she struggled and slaved and connived, get everything she wanted, because within herself was no treasure house wherein to pile up her blessings.

She was seeking the world over, like some figure in mythology, for things, material things, to fill up that bottomless pit which was the emptiness where her soul should have been, and all that one could feel for her was pity and compassion. She knew that she could make Frances unhappy, could be spiteful and horrid. But she was in heaven, and there was no room for nastiness in heaven. So she smiled at her adopted mother.

"You know who he is?" repeated Frances impatiently. "That he is Rutherford Blake, Jr., the man you did not meet at the dance, the man ——"

"Oh, of course," said Caroline, dismissing irrelevancies. "I knew that!"

Frances stared at her, shocked by this prodigious, this insane, indifference. She was certain now that she had adopted a simpleton.

But the god that looks after fools and drunkards had taken thought for this girl, and in her eyes and in those of astounded Brooklyn, adoption was justified of its maker forever and ever.

"See that bottle?

It means no dandruff in 10 days!"

THAT'S a pretty strong statement. But it's true. We make only *one* claim for this product. We claim it *will* put an end to dandruff and itching scalp—in 10 days. If you use occasionally thereafter, your dandruff won't come back.

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Perhaps you think this offer a bit rash. But that's all right. We've tested this product for 4 years—on several thousand people who had dandruff. We know what it will do.

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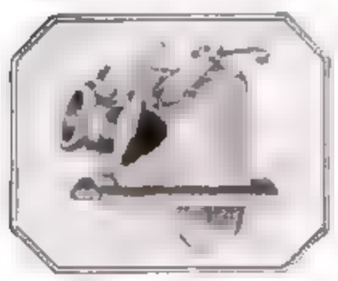

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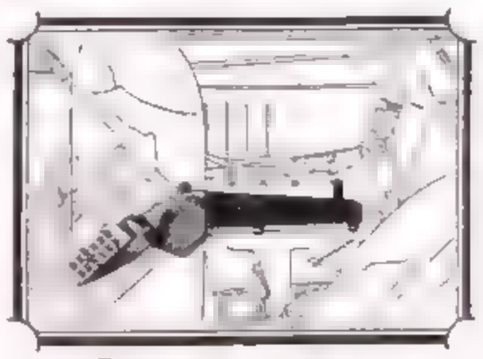

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SIDEWALKS? YES

(Continued from Page 11)

"Well, shake a leg then and bundle those small signposts into the back of the car. I see they're gone. Where are they, Olive?" He came into the open shed, wiping his damp thinning blond hair with a damp handkerchief. His once splendid physique was now curving out plumply from the gripping belt of his linen knickers. He wore a sport shirt with a slightly open collar. His loose lips liked loud laughter and his bright busy blue eyes hunted merriment. He was a man of vast, invulnerable, heartless good humor. At the moment he had all the manner of a bustling executive of momentous affairs. Luke answered the question asked of his mother.

"I chucked your stakes in the bean patch. What you going to do with 'em now?" he inquired pleasantly. Intangibly, closer than their personal relationship, they were two men together, sex supreme. She was merely the woman by whom they happened to be father and son.

"Why, Bee's got hold of a fellow, a painter, who can't make his second payment on a lot she sold him and ——"

"One of our lots?" asked Olive Ainslee.

"Yeh. And she's going to have him paint all our old signs over into farm dope: Muck for Celery, Look at This for Cucumbers, Two Acres Created for Sweet Potatoes—stuff like that. Great! I want to rush 'em right in. The fellow's ready. Go get 'em, Luke."

Luke, commenting sarcastically but amiably on the idiocy of the project, sauntered toward the weed-grown garden. Olive Ainslee rose and began to stir the whale-oil mixture again with the broom handle. It kept her face turned away from her husband.

"Did Mrs. Barnes get the money to pay your note?" she asked.

"No. The darned old crook turned us down. 'Twaan't Bee's fault. We're going to drive to Tampa this afternoon. She's got wind of something really good. One of her old clients looking for an investment."

"And if that fails?"

"Well, then I guess we'll have to let the bank take the lower five acres. But we're dead sure to swing this farm business. Why, it was the logical thing all the time! And we'll come out away ahead of the game this fall."

"The only logical thing now, then or any time is to take care of this grove, after all the years we've spent on it. We'd soon have been fairly well off if —— I don't want you to go to Tampa this afternoon with—your friend."

"Huh! Why not?"

"Because I've stood all I'm going to. Luke's just been telling me what a fool I am to let you two spoof me, as he calls it. He's right. If you ever go anywhere with her again, you go for good and I'll divorce you."

"Why, Olive! G-good Lord, Olive, what's got into you? Why, it's business with Bee and me, nothing but ——"

"Don't you call her Bee to me again, Jim Ainslee! She certainly is a bee, I grant you that, and she's stung you for all you've got; but I don't want to be reminded of it by any pet names."

His laughter was a poor sound. But his voice was unalarmed and conciliatory. "Now, Olive, you're all tired out, that's what's the matter. And it's so hot. I don't know how I can beg you any harder than I have to let this grove work alone and wait till—till we have time to swing this proposition. Now if you'd only stay in the ——"

"Oh, yes, I'm to stay in while you stay out. Well, that's finished, Jim. If you're in love with Beatrice Barnes, why aren't you man enough to say so?"

He was backing out of the shed. "I do declare, Olive, I didn't suppose you'd let that kid josh you into a spell like this. Why, there never was a straighter case of business between two people!"

She suddenly turned upon him, her face flaming with such fury that he stepped sharply aside as if she had thrown something at him. But Luke's voice broke in upon them before her words fell: "All right, dad; here's all eight of your business assets. Let's push on."

"Ought to be nine of 'em," Jim Ainslee called back with important accuracy, escaping gratefully. "You missed one somewhere."

Olive Ainslee went on stirring the mess in the barrel. She saw her tears drop into the soapy stuff, but she had no sensation of crying. She heard them arguing together, both carelessly unconcerned of her. She sat down on the box again and waited for them to leave. Very shortly Luke called, "Say, mother!" She was glad to be summoned, and she went quickly out to the car, where Jim already sat behind the wheel, perspiring profusely and staring straight ahead of him. "Oh, come on, Luke! Never mind, I tell you. Get in here if you're going with me."

"Might's well get all of 'em," insisted Luke. "Say, mother, where's the sidewalk sign? I know I brought it in yesterday. You use it for something?"

"Yes, to make a fire," said Olive Ainslee. Her husband had turned the key and started the car with a great clamor. She reached in deftly and switched the key. "You give me that last three dollars you stole this morning, Jim Ainslee," she said in a low trembling voice.

He stretched his plump body out awkwardly to reach down in his pocket, and silently handed her the three dollars, winking jocosely at his tall, uncomfortable son.

"There, my dear," he said; "anything at all to put you in a good humor."

"Luke," she said, "I'm taking your advice. I've just told your father that if he goes in town now and takes his skirt, as you call her, to Tampa this afternoon, I am through with him forever. Perhaps now you'd better advise him a little too."

The engine drowned her words and they drove off together, both red of face, both uncomfortable, superior.

Alone, she didn't know what to do with herself. Her cheeks burned. It was the first time she had ever made such an outburst. She had endured the hard years by the natural dignity of her unspoken disapproval. Old Squaw, Jim had sometimes good-naturedly called her when her silence at times lengthened to sullenness. She had only weakened herself by this tirade of threats which Luke's sparks of scorn had fired into utterance.

And she had just three dollars. "If I had any clothes ——" No use conjecturing. She hadn't any clothes. For three years she hadn't been beyond the eight-mile-distant Anytown, a village which had mushroomed into skyscrapers, golf courses and yacht clubs in the past twelve months.

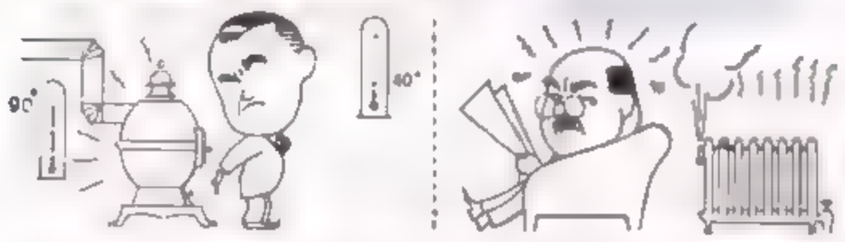
When she heard the gate close behind the father-and-son she had made, she moved for the first time. She went back to the work shed for her hat and gloves. Then she went into the house, but came directly out again through the front door and walked aimlessly about the neglected yard, with its few old oleanders and bravely blossoming scarlet hibiscus bushes. Down near the bank of the loitering little stream the old canoe rocked gently under a great clump of tottering ragged banana plants. Its restful motion attracted her. She dropped her hat and gloves and went quickly down and stepped into it and, standing, began to paddle upstream. It gave her nervous undirected body something to do.

And it brought her the great adventure which, however meager, comes once to all of us, always unsummoned, answering the unconscious call of some simple word or circumstance. Had Olive Ainslee remained inside her house that morning, repinned her hair about her head and permitted herself the tears that tempted her anger and humiliation, she would undoubtedly have

(Continued on Page 229)

Keep on the safe side *the Duofold Side*

Our grandfathers kept warm outdoors by wearing thick, clumsy "red flannels." Now you can be just as warm in light, thin DUOFOLD.



Our grandfathers could wear those clumsy red flannels indoors because their houses were cold a few feet from the stoves. Could you? No! Wear Duofold and be comfortable.

Efficient heating systems have made modern underwear a necessity. Duofold resists the sharp contrasts in temperature and protects your health.

Two THIN layers ~ air space between ~ Warmth with light weight

Why endanger your health this winter?

Why risk sudden chills, disastrous colds, influenza, and pneumonia—just for the sake of being comfortable in warm rooms?

By all means *be* comfortable indoors!

You can be. How? By wearing Duofold—the modern underwear developed by science to meet the requirements of our modern ways of living.

Duofold, by its scientific construction, gives *double* service—warmth outdoors, comfort indoors.

Duofold is made in two *thin* layers, lighter than a one-layer fabric that is not so warm, and warmer than a fabric of one thick layer.

Light enough for the utmost comfort when indoors—at home, in the office, store, or factory, at the theater or dance, where crowds add to the warmth.

And yet when you step out into the sharp cold Duofold protects you—keeps you just as warm and far more comfortable than would bulky, clumsy, *thick* underwear.

Duofold is made in two distinct styles—both layers of cotton, or with wool in the outer layer. This gives the added warmth of wool *without the itch, for the wool can't touch the skin!*

Keep on the safe side this winter. Protect your health. Be *comfortable*. Wear Duofold.

Men's Union Suits	$3.00 to $8.00
Men's Shirts and Drawers	1.75 to 4.00
Children's and Boys' Union Suits	1.75 to 4.50
Women's Union Suits	3.50 to 5.50
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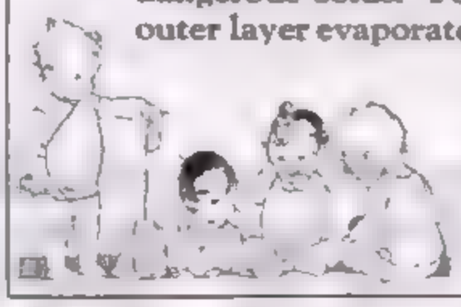
At men's furnishings and department stores in almost every community. Look for this sign.

Send for interesting sample of the Duofold two-layer fabric.

DUOFOLD HEALTH UNDERWEAR COMPANY
Mohawk, N. Y.

MOTHERS! Protect your little ones from catching cold!

Duofold is an effective guard against dangerous colds. For the wool in the outer layer evaporates the perspiration absorbed from the inner cotton layer and keeps body and garments dry.



Duofold *Health Underwear*

for Men, Women, Children and Infants

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WASTE steals your profits just as surely as a thief rifles your safe. Fortunately, unlike the thief, waste can ALWAYS be caught.

Thousands of manufacturers rely on Foxboro Indicating, Recording and Controlling Instruments to detect and arrest waste in all processes in which temperature, pressure and humidity are factors.

A Foxboro CO_2 Recorder installed in the boiler room enables one textile mill to save $3500 a year in coal alone.

A well-known asphalt manufacturer writes: "In October of last year we purchased four Foxboro Recording Thermometers at an approximate cost of $250. The instruments justified their cost the first week they were installed and continue to give us entirely satisfactory service."

Hundreds of cases where Foxboro Instruments detect and arrest waste could be cited. But this is only one service they render. *Foxboro Instruments help to increase production, reduce "seconds" and create the good will that follows a uniformly high-grade product.*

Foxboro Instruments are guaranteed permanent in calibration and accurate to within less than 1 per cent of total scale range. They are worthy to be entrusted with the control of any process in your plant.

Why not let an experienced Foxboro engineer look over your plant. It may *decidedly* be worth your while. Write or wire.

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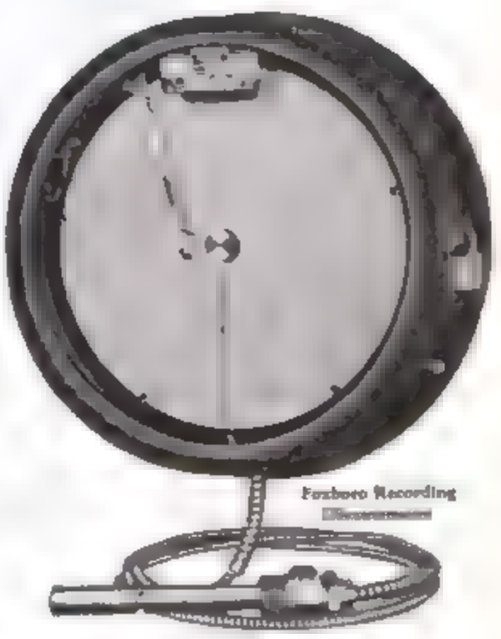

The Compass of Industry

THE sensitive bulbs of Foxboro Recording Thermometers can be located as far as 100 feet (and in some cases 500 feet) from the recording mechanism without affecting accuracy. This long distance feature is very important from the standpoint of convenience and flexibility.

Actuating mechanisms are simple in design and light in weight. They are as responsive to changes as the needle of a compass. Every Foxboro Instrument is guaranteed permanent in calibration and is accurate to within less than 1 per cent of total scale range. It is designed to give the utmost in instrument accuracy and dependability.

FOXBORO
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

INSTRUMENTS *for* INDICATING, RECORDING *and* CONTROLLING TEMPERATURE, PRESSURE, HUMIDITY *and* FLOW

(Continued from Page 226)

dragged through a drab day into an infinity of drab days. But because she happened to see the old canoe, rocking gently, and because she went paddling upstream, her long black braids and lithe easily balanced body making her a picturesque rather than a grotesque figure in her graceless khaki garments—because of this, her long lane took its turning.

She heard a motorboat behind her, and voices, exclaiming voices. Without looking around, she paddled quickly to the far shore and nosed her canoe under an overhanging moss-strung live-oak tree. Then, not turning, she waited for the boat to pass. It was not passing. The noise of the motor softened, slowed and approached.

There were two people in the boat—a sun-browned, bareheaded, round-faced boyish man in the stern who was manipulating the outboard motor, and a girl. The girl was slender and very fair and feature-perfect. She was beautiful, as youth is beautiful in sunrises and springtimes and unfolding buds—except her eyes. The brown eyes that gazed at Olive Ainslee in incredulous delight were beautiful, too, but they suggested summer and full-blown blossoms. In her smart silk sport clothes, the girl looked to Olive Ainslee like a cover sketch on the fifty-cent fashion magazine she shamedly and extravagantly bought perhaps two or three times a year. She was embarrassed and a little affronted under the violent scrutiny of the man and the girl. She looked back at them, unsmiling.

"Oh, Andy"—the girl finally spoke in a rapt ecstatic voice—"isn't she perfect!"

The man said "How do you do?" in a more personal voice, and removed his stubby pipe.

Olive Ainslee flushed very red. "How do you do?" she answered the man.

"Perfect!" marveled the girl. "Oh, don't be angry! We're not as crazy as we look. But we're not used to miracles. You see, you've been sent to us just the way the Lord sent the ram to the old party in the Bible."

"Abraham," said the man solemnly.

"Yes, He's sent you to us!" the girl went on. "Oh, don't move! I could look at you forever! The ram couldn't have looked half so good to Abraham as you look to me."

"It was a very bad day for the ram, as I remember it," said Olive Ainslee steadily, her temples throbbing. Perhaps these unbelievable people were drunk. But at least they were not real-estate dealers. She felt certain of that. And they weren't making fun of her. But ——

"Well, we've a very different problem than Abraham had," said the man. "May we introduce ourselves, madam? This is Miss Lane—Virginia Lane. And I am Andrew Holden, her humble director. We're down the creek a little way, on location, trying to get some shots of our Seminole Indian maiden fleeing through those reeds and rushes in that swamp. But our temperamental Minnehaha went on the warpath and ——"

"The point is," broke in Virginia Lane, "we're offering you anything you ask, plus our love and affection, to get in here and go back with us to begin your career as an emotional screen actress. If you have religious scruples, or anything like that, we'll be obliged to kidnap you. So you may as well accept without a struggle. Do you live in that house over there?"

"I did before my career began," said Olive Ainslee.

"Great! That's the spirit!" said the film favorite. "Do you have to go over for anything, or can you come right along with us?"

"I've some beets on boiling, so I guess I'd better turn out the stove—if my career's to last longer than forty-five minutes."

"You're signed for a month at least on this one story. We'll have a lot of retakes in the studio. And if you're half as good as you look, your days of beet boiling are over. I do pray you haven't got scads of little children."

"No. I've a son. But he's seventeen—and he feels seventy. He's in town with his father. What would you want me for?"

"A Seminole princess—beautiful, wild, wistful, heartbreaking. You'll be crazy about yourself. Oh, don't worry; it'll only take our make-up expert about five minutes to put you in the ingénue class. I still know a camera face when I see one, even if I did perpetrate our present catastrophe. You see, I'm the germ of all our trouble. Everybody begged me not to cast a real Indian girl in this part, but I was determined to satisfy the true-to-life demands of the dear public. My distributors pleaded with me, Andy here used every argument except the ax, all my advisers quoted history—but I would have the real thing.

"Andy wasted six weeks before he found a girl that suited me. Well, she's wreckage; she's terrible; she wades like a cow and she swims like a hen. She ruins film faster than fire. And talk about temperamental! She saw a little alligator—a nice little alligator no longer than my arm—down there this morning and she won't budge! She's sitting down there on a log like a tobacco sign. So Andy left his assistant director to argue with her and brought me off up here to try to talk me into something more economical than a perfectly justifiable murder. Whereupon God has delivered you into our hands. Now don't do one thing to yourself; a hairpin would be too much. Turn off the beets and come on. We can bring you back for a suitcase this afternoon. Leave a note for your husband if he might worry."

"My husband," said Olive Ainslee, who, naturally shy and silent, had never spoken of her personal affairs to a human being, "isn't the worrying kind. Besides, he's in love with a lively real-estate agent and tired to death of me."

The summer eyes in the springtime face of Virginia Lane sparkled with genuine sympathetic understanding. "Then we're as providential for you as you are for us. There's nothing better to refresh tired husbands than to leave them alone. I've tried it on several, as you probably know, and it works like a charm. Of course, you're not very likely to want him once you get him cured, but it's a satisfaction just the same. Start the motor, Andy; let's launch this career as fast as we can."

"But what if I'm as bad as your Indian girl? I can swim and wade and I'm accustomed to alligators, but ——"

"No buts," said the screen queen. "Your contract started five minutes ago and we're wasting your salary. We'll stay down here at the Gulf View Hotel tonight and go back to Miami tomorrow. Paddle over and tell your beets good-by and we'll wait under those bananas."

Olive Ainslee took ten minutes to depart from the life she had lived for seventeen years. Her cheeks burned, her throat was tight, her heart hammered. But her brain was clear-thinking and clean of humiliation. She hurriedly turned out the coal-oil flame, found the stubby kitchen-drawer pencil and wrote a swift, unhesitating note on a flat brown paper sack, weighting it safely down with a big potato:

Dear Jim: I am going away. The beets on the stove are only half cooked. You must boil them thirty minutes longer if you want to use them. I will get work of some kind, so that my check can go for Luke's schooling the same as always. In a few weeks, when I know definitely what my plans are, I'll write.

OLIVE.

She put two of the three one-dollar bills under the potato with the note.

"Looks like you've been doing some subdividing here," said Andy Holden, helping her down with the big scratched brown suitcase and stepping off the narrow new sidewalk to give her place there. But she continued to walk on the grass.

"I don't like these sidewalks," she said. "They—they hurt my feet."

II

JIM AINSLEE and Luke came home that night at nine o'clock. It was very dark. "Humph! Guess your mother's gone to bed."

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Duro Gloss Top Finish may be bought at most any garage, accessory store or trim shop, in convenient cans. Just brush it on, and overnight you have a bright new-top lustre. Or, if you prefer, any good trim shop, paint shop or service station will apply it for you.

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The most beautiful tops are made of fabric top material. Note the graceful lines in the car pictured above with top, back and quarters of *Duro Gloss* Top Material. It will pay you to select a car with a *Duro Gloss* top.

Top Finish
Top Material
Top Patching

TO THE TRADE Write name and address in margin below, tear off and mail for attractive *Duro Gloss* proposition. Check whether— ☐ Jobber, ☐ Trim Shop; ☐ Car Dealer; ☐ Accessory Store

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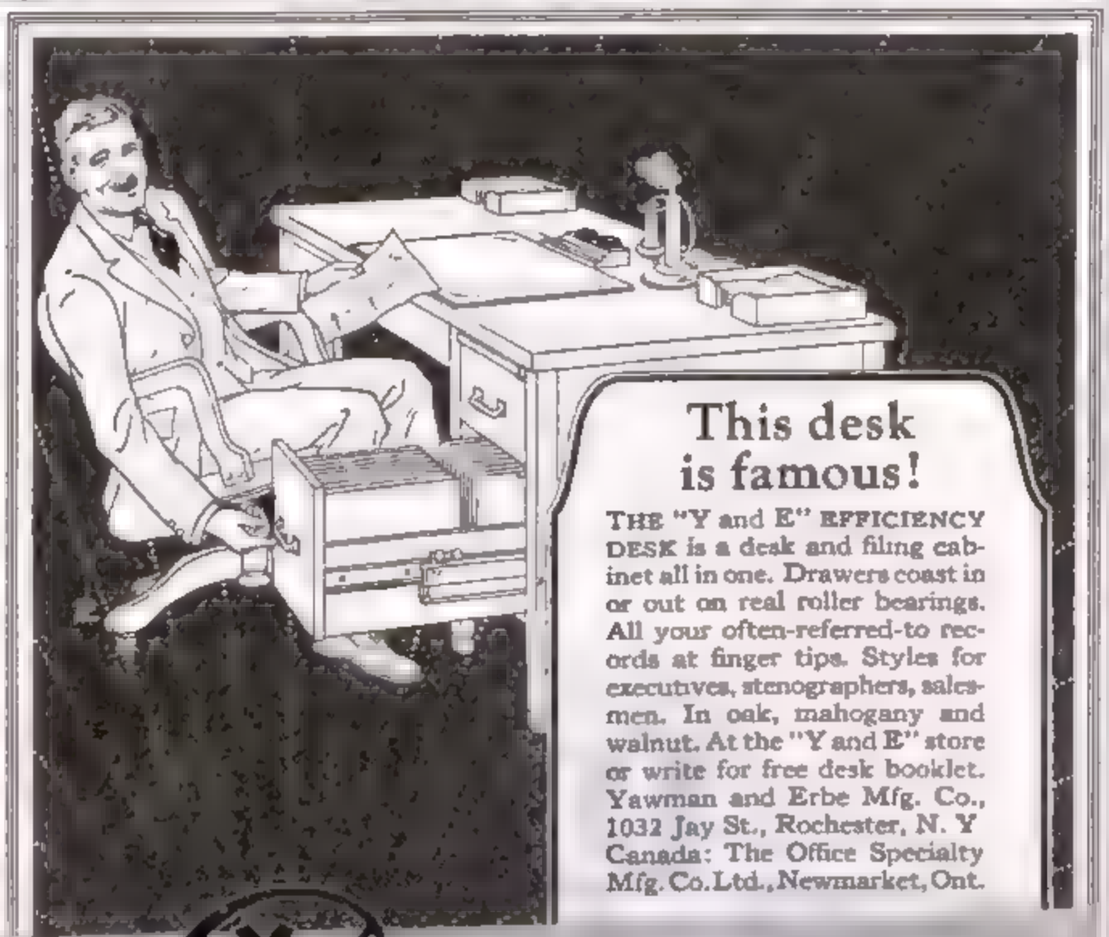

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It had been a genial, vindicating day. Mrs. Barnes had, indeed, cajoled some actual cash out of her old client in Tampa. Luke had gone with them. And coming home alone together from Anytown, Jim had shared something of his amiable tolerance of women and their ways with his son.

The pup came sneaking from under the back porch. Luke said in a queer voice, "Funny mother didn't put the pup to bed."

In the kitchen, his father stretched about for the new electric light. They both saw the paper sack and the money at the same instant. They looked at each other quickly. Then Luke leaned over the table, the new bulb swinging brightly above his head, and read the note aloud. He swung the sack open and whistled.

"Well, father, I guess all you've got to do now is to hold the sack."

"Lemme see it," said Jim Ainslee, grinning foolishly.

Luke watched him read it, unreasoning anger growing in his dark young eyes.

"Aw," said his father, "go look in the bedroom. She's round here somewhere."

"Like fun she is! I knew she wasn't here soon's I saw that dog."

"Well, how would she go any place? The flivver's in the garage."

"I don't know how she's gone. But I do know she's gone. Here, take this two dollars. I don't want it." He stalked through the four other rooms, turning on the new electric lights as he went. The only evidence of a departure was a pile of variously colored cloth scraps on the bed. They were rag-rug pieces that were kept in the seldom used old suitcase. Luke went back to the kitchen. His father still stood by the table, looking down at the note. But the money was not there.

"Suitcase is gone," Luke reported. "This'll be a pretty mess in the neighborhood, won't it?" His tone was an accusation. He sat down and glowered. His father grunted and went on noisy feet to explore the house as Luke had done. Then he came back and sat down heavily in the other kitchen chair. He picked up the potato and rolled it about in his moist hands. He kept wetting his lips with a quick tongue.

"She'll be back in a few days," he said; "don't you worry."

"Aw, what's the use kidding yourself? Mother's no windjammer like—like some other people I know. Just the same," he added adultly, "it's a hell of a way to do."

"Yep. Women are queer birds, Luke. Now I'd have sworn your mother was the last person on earth to disgrace us like this. I'd have thought she would have considered you, even if she didn't me."

"Well, I suppose she knows we can both take care of ourselves," said Luke stoutly; "and after what you've just been telling me about her not understanding you an' everything, I can't see why you're caving in like this. You said you needed congeniality—well, she's left you to it."

"It's going to make people think very unfair things about Bee," said his father ponderously, with a massive scowl.

"Oh, she'll buzz along all right, I've an idea. Maybe if she'll leave a dollar loose around Mr. Barnes, he'll be as accommodating as mother and slip out and get him a little bottle of poison."

"Your mother'd never take poison!"

"Sure not. The old gentleman might, though, since he can't get well and knows he's keeping his little Bee from sipping the honey she wants. Just what do you suppose mother will do with her one dollar?"

"Buy a ticket to Tampa, most likely. Then if she's mad enough she won't be above a dishwashing job. She could maybe clerk somewhere if she had any clothes. But she hasn't."

"That's the truth," said Luke, laughing unpleasantly. "I guess you could have got her a pretty fair dress for the price of that string of jade you hung round your understanding one's neck."

"What jade? Why, I never ——"

"Oh, don't, father, don't! I'm wise to this dangerous age that's eating you. Didn't I see you get red under the collar when she told me they were given her by a delightfully foolish client?"

"You're wise to too much for your own or anybody's good, my boy. That's why we're in this mess right now. You've talked your mother out of her senses, that's what you've done. Why, she's never had a tantrum like she had this morning in all the years we've been married! If you'd kept your fool young mouth shut we'd ——"

"S-say now, father, it's time we got this straight. I let you think I swallowed all that Platonic bunk you handed me on the way home just to see how much funny stuff you could pull. Now get this, father—mother and I both saw you deliver that furtive little kiss on Beeatreechay's neck the other night when you helped her into the car. I pretended I didn't see it and so did mother. But I knew she had and she knew I had, I guess. I hand it to you, pop, for being some sheik, but it's rotten technic to pull your coy antics right in front of mother's face."

Jim Ainslee glanced hastily at his son with something of the same surrendering helplessness with which his wife had regarded Luke that morning.

"Ah-h, that didn't mean anything. If your mother'd thought it amounted to anything, she'd have said something. Your talk was what upset her."

"She has said something, if you ask me. Don't kid yourself that my talk gave her any new dope about you. Mother's nobody's fool. Trouble is that you old sheiks are just like ostriches with their heads in a hole. What'll you do—get out a search warrant?"

"Well, not tonight."

"It's nice you're so unconcerned about it. I'm going to do something. . . . One dollar! Lord!"

His father squirmed. "I don't see that there's anything to do except sit tight. The train went to Tampa hours ago. She's not one to tell her troubles to the neighbors, so there's no sense telephoning around and letting loose a lot of gossip." A blustering note gradually bravened his voice. "Your mother's done this of her own sweet will and she can get her fill of it now without any help from me!"

"At-a-boy, subdivider! I guess she won't much miss any help she's ever had from you, pop. Gee! When I think—she had three dollars and she left you two!" His voice slipped uncontrollably into the shrill tremor of his recent adolescence. "When I think of how she looked this morning out by that disgusting dirty old barrel, and then when I think of the Barnes dame all dolled up in your green beads, and when I think—when I think ——"

"Stop thinking," suggested his father genially, playfully rolling the potato across the table. "You do too much thinking about things you don't understand."

"Don't understand, don't I? How d'you get that way anyhow? Think I'm a child—a baby? I understand you so well I'm sick of you! That's how well I understand you! I know mother isn't much for looks an' I know she's no riot of optimism like your little Bee; but mother's got—mother's got—well, she's got class, that's what she's got. An' I can just tell you, even if I wished sometimes she dressed a little better an'—an' things like that—I can just tell you no cheap skirt could ever put it over me so that I wouldn't know mother had her skinned a block for class. An' what's more ——"

"What's more, you young pup, if you hadn't bled your mother for every cent she could get her hands on these last two years she might have dressed better. You never wrote her a letter you didn't beg for ——"

"Yes! An' why? Why? Haven't I been preached to about amounting to something ever since I could crawl? And hasn't a boy got a right to expect his parents to feed and clothe him like the other fellows where he's sent to school? The reason I sent to mother for money is because you're a total loss, that's what you are—a total loss. I don't

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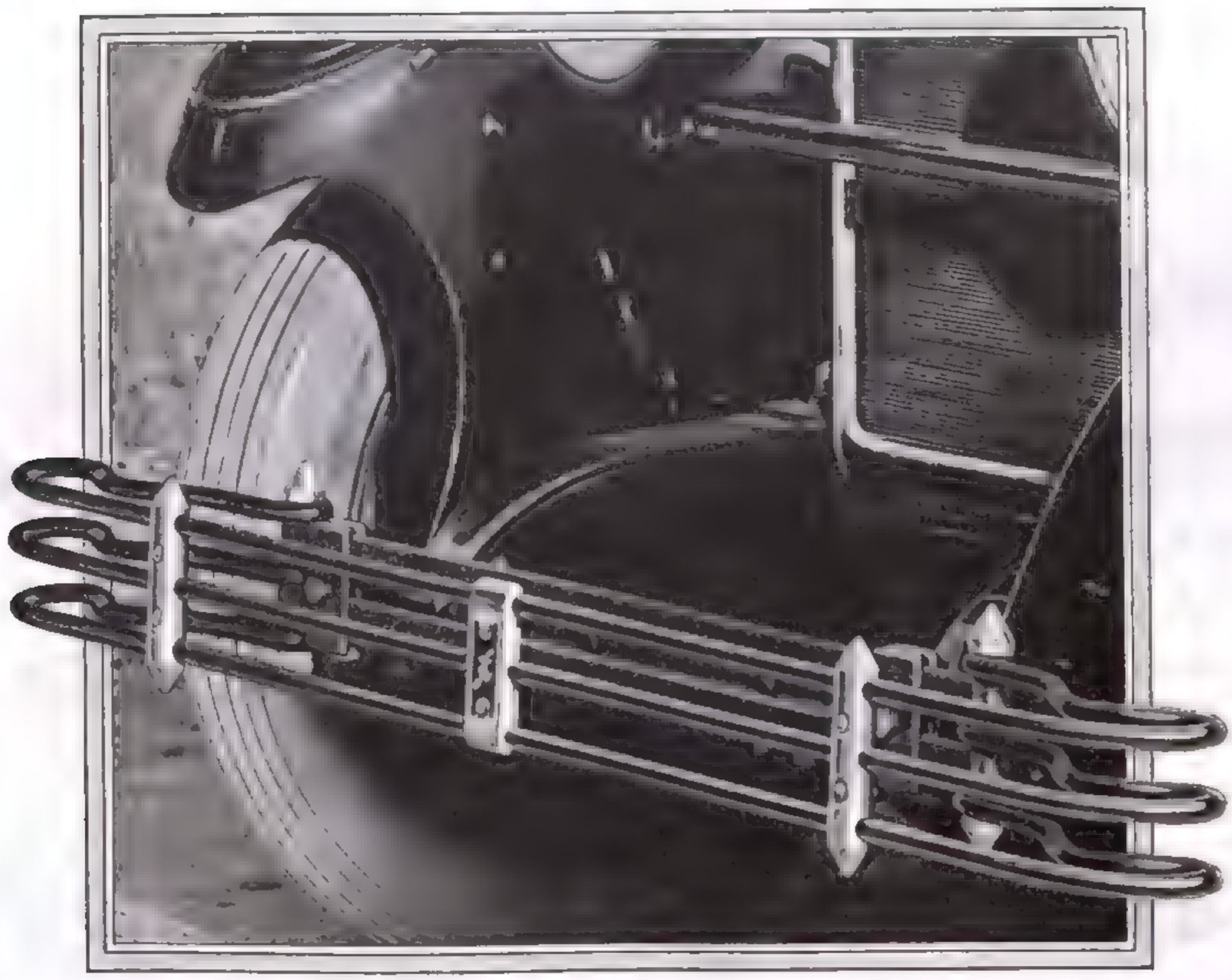

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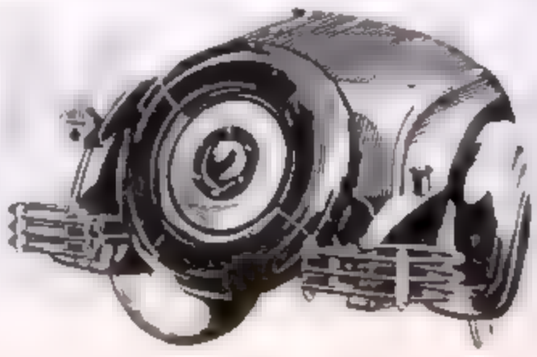

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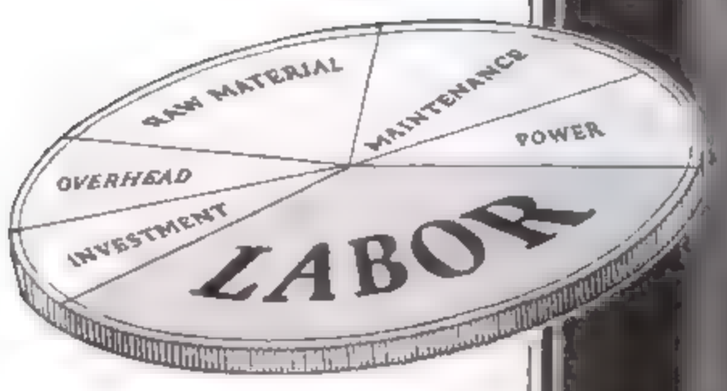

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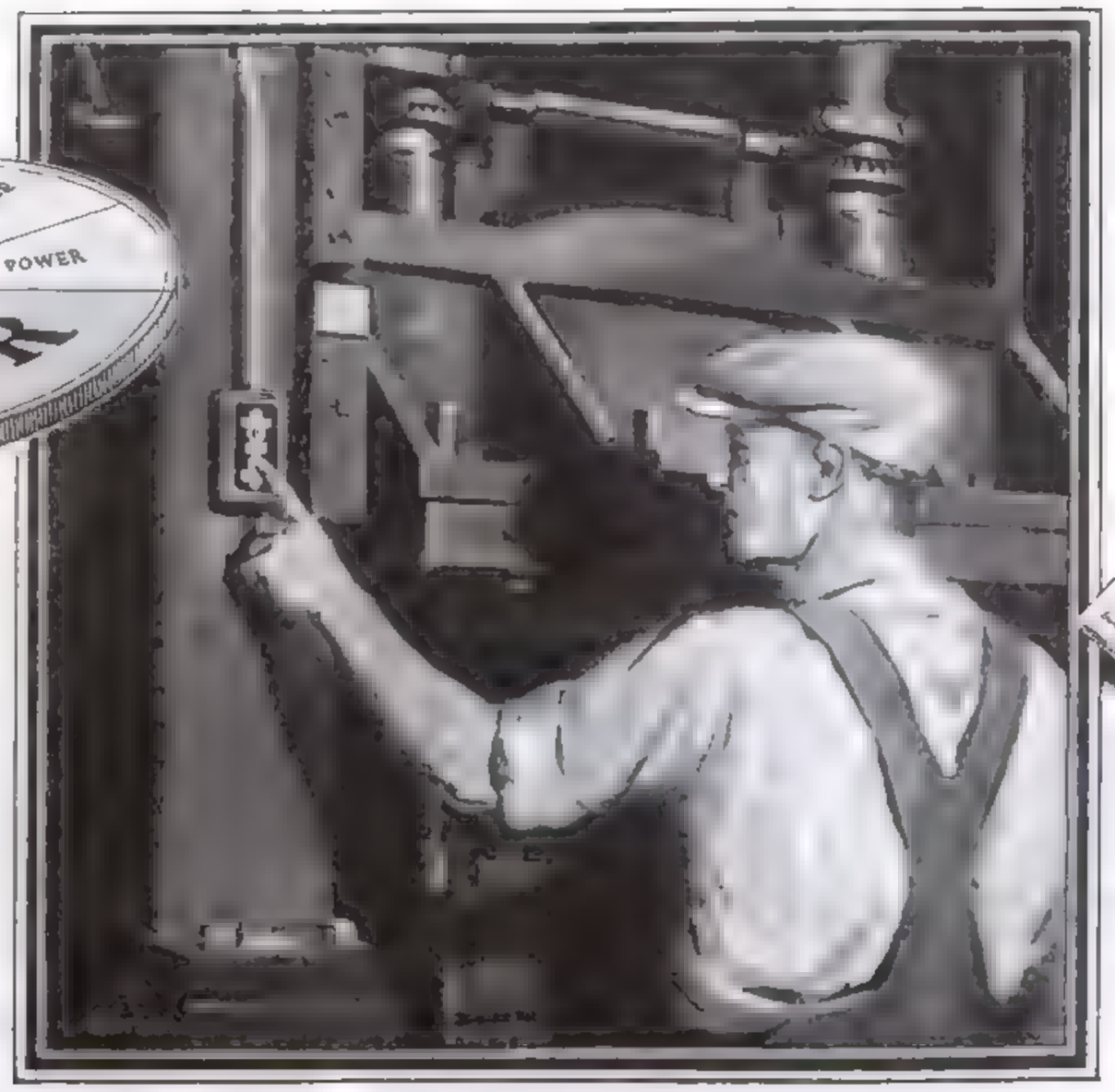

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WHERE does your plant stand in this battle industry is waging to eliminate waste? Have you checked up to see where worthwhile savings can be effected in *your* production?

Competitive conditions today demand it.

In most plants—in every industry—in plants of every size, the major item of manufacturing expense is usually the cost of labor. And wages cannot be decreased! Economists point out that the present prosperity is largely due to the increased buying power of the nation resulting from higher wages.

It is a vital time, then, to analyze manufacturing costs. To materially increase profits it is necessary to save where saving counts the most—in the wasted time of labor.

The greatest tool of labor today is electric power. The use of motors is practically universal in industry.

But even if your plant is *completely* motorized you cannot be sure it is wholly efficient. For motors by themselves are only brute force. The savings in labor that you expect—the savings that add substantially to industrial profits—come through the proper application of motors. They come through the effectiveness of correct motor control.

Someone in your plant *must* investigate. To add to profits now through savings in production gives any plant an advantage in competition. To wait only postpones progress.

The development of motor control equipment has been so rapid that it has been easy for plants to fall behind. In the short span of ten years the electric power consumed by industry has multiplied by six. Such rapid expansion has brought wondrous perfection in the control equipment required. It is high time to make a check on the motors you use to determine where modern control will reduce production costs.

Thirty years of engineering experience to show you the savings possible

Without charge, the Cutler-Hammer field engineers, expert in the application of electric power for greatest efficiency, will co-operate with your plant men or consulting engineers. Either to assist in the choice of new equipment, or in the revamping of existing drives their counsel is yours without obligation. And the control equipment they may recommend pays for itself through savings in production.

In the purchase of new equipment in which motor and control are incorporated as an integral part by the machine builder, demand C-H Control. The familiar C-H trademark on all your motor control is the best assurance you can have that your plant is keeping pace with electrical progress—that your motors are giving you the true economy of production you have a right to expect.

The CUTLER-HAMMER Mfg. Co.
Pioneer Manufacturers of Electric Control Apparatus
1259 St. Paul Avenue Milwaukee, Wis.

CUTLER-HAMMER

Industrial Efficiency Depends on Electrical Control

(Continued from Page 230)

know how mother's put up with you as long as she has. You'll know a good thing now maybe—maybe you will—now that it's gone! Gone!"

There was more bewilderment in his father's bright busy eyes than emotion. His plump pleasant face was neither ashamed nor resentful. He rose and stretched himself profoundly. "Now there's no sense us getting into any wrangle, Luke. I don't know how Olive has put up with me, either, so far as that goes. But we all have to be like the good Lord made us. I don't think your mother'll stay away longer than a day or two. But anyhow, I know her well enough to know the best thing to do is to let her alone. Now come on to bed and wait for what a new day'll do for us. Put out the lights when you come through."

In half an hour Jim Ainslee was snoring. Luke tiptoed in from the sleeping porch and stared down at his sprawled, uncovered figure. A late low moon was climbing up an aisle of orange trees—a wide aisle where two rows of trees had died to make place for the white shell roadway with its companioning narrow cement sidewalks, already half overgrown with eager weeds. Luke, grotesquely tall in his loose pajamas, hot eyed, his throat aching, stood there staring down the misty roadway for long minutes. Suddenly his father's snores surprisingly and irritatedly ceased.

"Great Scott, Luke! What in the devil're you prowling around for?"

"N-nothing. I s'posed from the racket you were raising that you were asleep. I—I haven't got a pillow out here. Gimme one, will you?"

His father flung himself to the far side of the bed, throwing a pillow as he turned. Luke caught it dexterously by one corner. His hand closed on dampness. He carried the pillow to the porch, close to the screen; plumped it out and scrutinized it in the pale light. Yes, undoubtedly those round wet spots were tear stains. The pillow was wet with his father's tears! He threw himself face down on his couch and sobbed smotheringly into his own pillow

After a time—he was nearly asleep—he heard his father calling him, calling in an odd, hushed, frightened undertone: "Luke! I say, Luke! Isn't that your mother?"

"Wh-at? Where?" hissed Luke, growing goose flesh.

"Down the grove! Look! By the creek!"

Luke, already at the window, shivering, started violently as his father stepped noiselessly beside him. "I heard a motor," his father said; "it went back."

It was surely Olive Ainslee. She was walking down an aisle of trees near the bank of the stream, her right shoulder sagging a little with the weight of the suitcase. She wore something white and fluttering. Probably the new white dress she had been making from a pattern in the fifty-cent fashion magazine. The weeds were high, and with her short skirt and hidden feet she looked as if she were floating. Only one row to her left were the new sidewalks and the wide white road. But she walked in the weeds under the orange trees. A straggling branch crossed her shoulder. They saw her stop at the touch of it. She stood still an instant. Then she dropped the suitcase, put out both her hands and caught the branch to her breast, bent her face down in the leaves, stood so. It was an intimate, secret, solitary gesture, dividing flesh from spirit. Then she came on again, sagging with the weight of the suitcase.

The father and son stood like one figure, strengthened by unconscious resentment for their recent apprehensions and by shame for their tears. The weary spiritless figure neared into greater familiarity.

"Well, I thought she'd have spunk enough to stick it out a day or two, anyhow," said Jim Ainslee, with an immense and genial satisfaction. "You got pretty uppish there a while ago, my boy, but nobody knows better than your mother that there's heaps worse husbands than I am." Luke said nothing. "Lord, but it's hurting her pride to have to come skulking home like this! I'll bet she's had the devil of a day."

"Just so it's been bad enough," said Luke judicially, "so that this sort of stuff won't get to be a habit with her. Gee!"

"Now don't get excited. . . . You get back in bed here . . . Easy now. . . . Keep in that shadow so she can't see you. We'll both be in bed asleep, see? Just's well for her to think we were able to bear up all right. . . . Sh-h now!"

They sneaked back to bed, bent double, cautiously coaxing the springs to silence. Then the snores began. But nothing happened!

Luke heard the pup whimper, and tensely raised himself to peer through the screening just above his bed. His mother, quite near, was bending low over the fluffy pup that cringed and crept at her feet. She talked to it: "Poor little Cracker! Didn't they put you to bed?" His mother had a different voice, somehow, from most women—funny time to notice it.

His father snored, blubbers of noise, regular, phlegmatic, clarions of peaceful, comfortable slumber.

Then his mother's soft footfalls on the grass. Luke stretched his head up again cautiously. The muscles of his neck pained. The white figure now stood by the bedroom window. . . . Gee, a pretty dress! Why in the deuce hadn't she ever made one like it before? It gave her girlishness, made her fragile, unbelievable—like a ghost. She stood with her head thrown back a little, stood thoughtfully, listening to those blubbers of noise. The fluffy pup scampered around her. At last she moved. Luke dropped and lay flat on his back like a corpse, breathing with sustained, carefully regular breaths. The shrubs next the house rustled as she pushed through them. Then he knew that she stood with her forehead pressed against the screen, looking down at him. It seemed very long. The rustling noises continued and he did not hear her leave, so he lay motionless, in painful rigidity. Finally it grew so long that he risked the narrowest crack of an eyelid. She was not there. But the rustling noises persisted, so he did not move.

Ten minutes! He couldn't endure it any longer, and even his father's snores were losing their convincing vigor and regularity. He pushed himself boldly into a sitting posture and thrust his forehead against the screen wire. It was the fluffy pup that made the rustling in the bushes. He was tied there with something—a long narrow ribbon—a belt. Hearing Luke push against the bulging screen wire, he whimpered. A fish leaped in the stream; it made a solitary lonely sound. Luke got up stiffly, like a somnambulist

"Mother!" he called. His voice hurt his throat, frightened his ears.

"Hello! What's that? What's that?" answered his father's genial histrionic tones. "Your mother back already? Well, well!"

Luke ran to him, grabbed him with stiff fingers and pulled him to the window. "Where? Where is she?"

The old suitcase sat there, erect and believable, on the narrow shining sidewalk. And if they had looked just a moment sooner, they might have seen their old canoe slip round the last bend in the river, deftly guided by a slender figure, white and fluttering.

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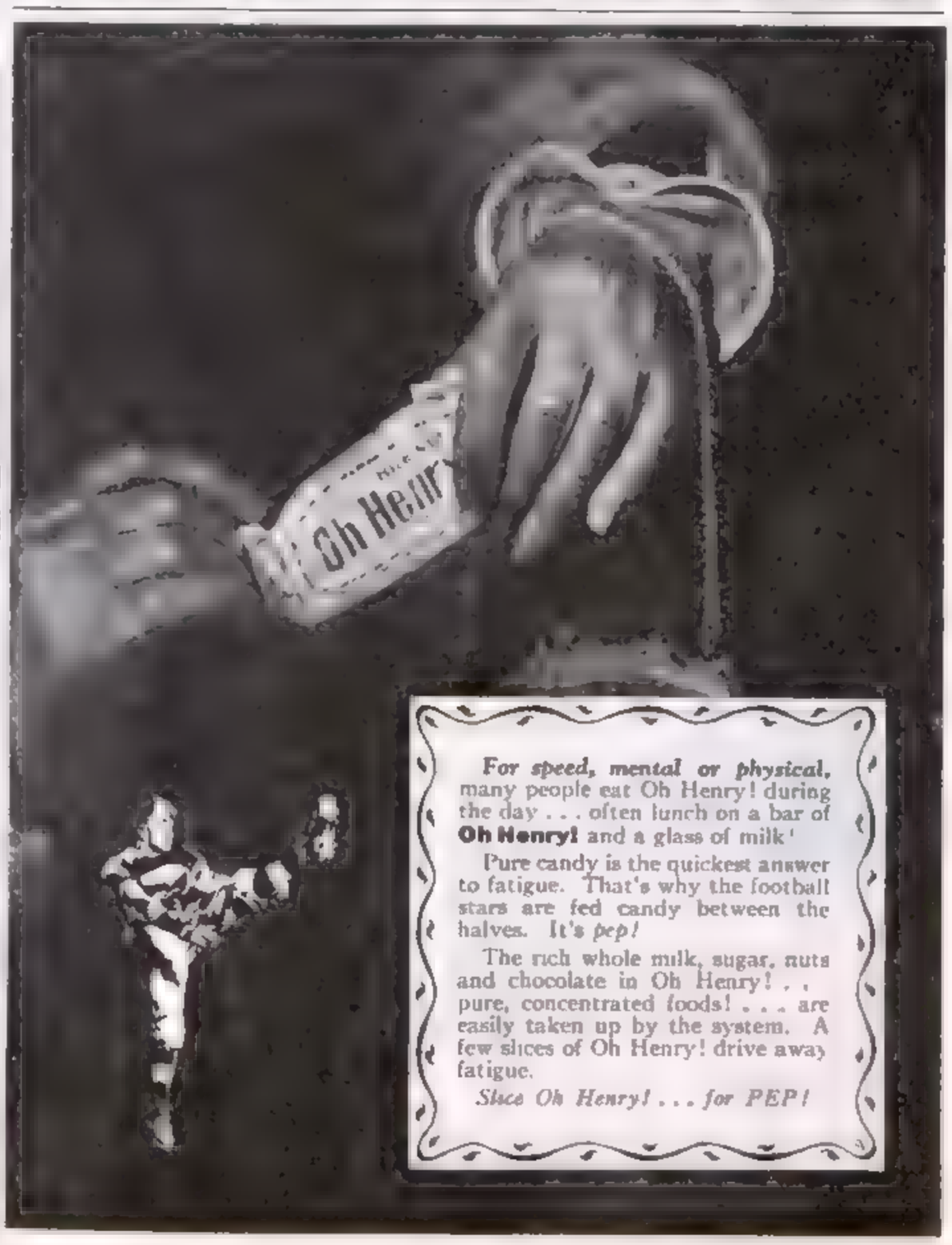

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THEY USED TO BE NICKEL SHOWS

(Continued from Page 35)

knot of people swirling around the ticket window. There were many shapeless women in the crowd, some wearing shawls; and the majority of the men were rough fellows, heavily muscled, but pale. Many wore the mustaches of Old World soldiers, but the adaptation to their frames of American shoddy clothing was anything but becoming. The throng was leavened with children.

"It's still Hunkytown," thought Maloney, "call it whatever they want to."

Then the boy returned with two tickets and scampered past the ticket taker within three seconds after pressing one ticket into Maloney's hand. The proprietor of the Rivoli Palace winced at the fetid odor that assailed him as he passed through the doorway into the darkened theater, where it was as if he had walked into the early days of moving-picture exhibitions.

Bicycling Film

A piano player was following the film with obvious tunes, finding her cues by watching the picture as it came on the screen. Maloney, seeing that the film was an old one, followed his showman instinct and counted the house. To his surprise he learned that there were at least 600 people in the place, and at twenty-five cents a person there was a nightly gross indicated of at least $150. Maloney wondered what the unidentified proprietor paid for his film. Such horribly large fixed charges as he himself had to meet did not, he was sure, trouble the proprietor of this shabby, smelly place of entertainment. He guessed that the gross for a single night would pay all expenses, except for film, for a week of operation.

The last of the ancient comedy at which he had been looking flickered on the screen. There was a moment of darkness. Then a minute of light during which everyone's head was turned to the rear expectantly. Maloney turned his head with the rest. He heard quick footsteps on the flooring of the lobby. The swinging doors opened abruptly as a young man burdened with a canister of film dashed in and then disappeared up the narrow stairway leading to the metal-and-asbestos box that sheltered the operator of the projection machine. Maloney was almost certain he had recognized the young man who had arrived in something like the manner of Bluebeard's vengeful brother-in-law, but he was not positive. In another minute the place was once more cast into darkness, and then there began to run the first reel of what Maloney recognized as the newly released feature of one of the biggest and best film companies—a picture in which the leading rôle was played by the best-drawing star of that company's galaxy.

The real significance of this for Maloney was in the realization that the picture was the same one which was being shown, he knew, this same night in his rival's theater, The Little Gem, in Cambyses, six miles away. Maloney hurried out of the heavy atmosphere of the Hunkytown auditorium before the characters of that new feature film had been fairly introduced. Just around the corner he espied a very sporty-looking automobile and he wrote down the license number as a sort of formal evidence of something he knew as well as he knew the outlines of his own car. The sporty roadster belonged to Herman Eckhardt, proprietor of The Little Gem of Cambyses. For another fifty minutes Leo K. Maloney lounged in the shadows across the street from that roadster, and when the youth who had delivered the film dashed out, leaped into the car and started off toward the highway leading to Cambyses, Maloney had no difficulty in recognizing him as the younger brother of Herman Eckhardt, and when he did he also understood how Eckhardt had been able to give him such stiff competition. Eckhardt was engaged in that sort of cheating which the moving-picture industry characterizes as "bicycling" film, and also as "switching."

When he understood that, many other things became clear to Maloney, and he saw how his rival had planned to fight him out of business with the illicit profits of this thieving enterprise in Hunkytown. For a long time he had known that Eckhardt aspired to own a chain of motion-picture theaters. The next day Maloney went to Chicago and called on the secretary of the Film Board of Trade.

As a result of the secret investigation that followed, Herman Eckhardt also made a trip to Chicago about a week later, and when he returned he was several thousands of dollars poorer, and almost piteously fearful that one of the biggest of the film companies was going to refuse ever again to lease him any film. Since that time Eckhardt has sold his theater and moved away from Cambyses.

The excuse he made before the body which fined him—a board of arbitration composed of three other theater owners and three representatives of the film companies—was not exactly a tribute to his inventive powers. Eckhardt pleaded that he had a verbal understanding with the salesman of the company whose film he had bicycled that he would be permitted to show the film in his other house. He lied, of course.

Film switchers have three stock alibis and none has ever been saved from punishment by any one of the three. The first and most overworked excuse of the exhibitor who is caught is poor business; next is that he about a verbal understanding with the salesman, and then—the weakest of the three—that a competitor was doing the same thing.

A recent case of switching was brought to light in Brooklyn, where the owners of two theaters were found to be exchanging their entire programs. When they were confronted with the evidence against them each confessed his guilt, and they paid $1500 each to nine exchanges whose film had been overworked.

Honesty More Profitable

The chief sufferer in all such cases is not the film company whose product is subjected to this form of conversion, but the competitors of the cheating exhibitor who must meet his unfair competition.

An investigation conducted recently in Greater New York and New Jersey brought to light many instances of switching, with the result that the distributors are employing detectives and in other ways seeking to stamp out the practice. The investigators are getting results too.

Up in one of the commuting towns along the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad there was a moving-picture proprietor who paid for the film he leased on the usual basis for a 1200-seat house with an admission price of twenty-five cents. It is not a fashionable suburb, but within a few miles of the railroad station that serves it is an ultra-fashionable suburban hotel. An investigator learned that motion pictures leased to the theater were being exhibited two nights a week in one of the hotel ballrooms and that the guests almost cheerfully paid a dollar admission for the privilege of attending these exhibitions. In that case the moving-picture proprietor paid a fine that ate up all his illicit profits and made him profess, at least, that honesty is the best policy.

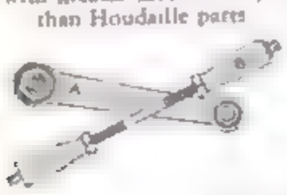
In another case the pictures switched were given new names in the programs of the theaters which were exhibiting them illegally, as a means of allaying suspicion and making detection less likely. Some

(Continued on Page 237)

"Liquid cushioning" that *smothers* fiercest shocks

The world's *easiest riding* motor cars use Houdaille *hydraulic* Shock Absorbers

A bone and muscle demonstration of the Houdaille. your hand is the section that grasps the springs; your elbow and wrist, the movable joints that follow the shock up as well as down, instantly transmitting the degree of resistance required to the shoulder or hydraulic chamber. The Houdaille ball-jointed link corresponding to your forearm and the upper arm moves up or down in ratio to the unevenness of the road. Both the arm (a) and the connecting link (b) are drop forged and will outlive the car. Other vital parts are forged steel and parts where greatest strain occurs are molybdenum. Few fine watches are made with greater mechanical precision than Houdaille parts



EVERY action has an equivalent reaction. That is a law of physical science. It explains the terrific recoil of the super-powered French "75"—the outstanding field piece of the World War. Only because of a marvelous hydraulic recoil mechanism which rendered its devastating "kick back" harmless, was this amazing gun made practical.

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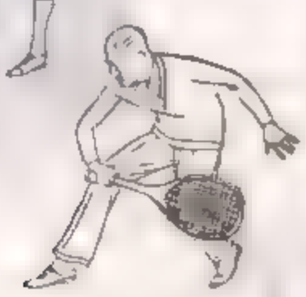

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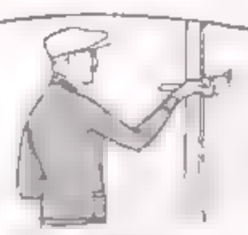

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THEY HOLD THEIR SHAPE

(Continued from Page 234)

exhibitors were found with theaters in outlying regions who had been consistently urging the exchanges with which they dealt to ship their film several days in advance of the date set for showing. These same exhibitors, it was found, were just as consistently several days late in returning the film. This extra time was employed by these theater owners to exhibit the shows in other theaters without authorization.

Another device employed was to purchase a picture for one day at one house and for the succeeding day at another, and then proceed to show the picture at both houses two days. This trick was employed by the proprietor of a small chain of theaters in the East, and when he was caught he applied a sort of balm to the wound he then suffered by giving to the particular film board of trade which punished him information about his rival, who until then had been undetected in a similar form of bicycling, for it continues to be called bicycling even though the least of the practitioners employs an automobile for the swift transport that is necessary to make the switches.

No Place for Tips

The exhibitor who profits from this sort of thing may be a dangerous competitor for honest theater proprietors who are not on guard. Happily, though, most of them are on guard, for the great majority of the theater owners have become amazingly sensitive to all influences that tend to shrink or increase the sizes of their own audiences, and the easy profits from bicycling are often employed to fatten programs in the manner of Herman Eckhardt in his rivalry with Leo Maloney.

An illustration of the sensitiveness of the keenest exhibitors is to be observed at certain of the finest New York motion-picture theaters nowadays in the behavior of the ushers. They cannot be induced to accept a tip.

These ushers belong to a corps which is drilled under the command of a high officer of the chain, who is a graduate of West Point. They are polite, well set-up, smiling young men. Many of them are still attending college. The management of that chain has employed every means within its power to keep its employes feeling that they are above receiving tips. In Chicago it succeeded in doing so, but theatergoing New York was rather skeptical of the sincerity of the management with respect to the no-tipping rule, until recently, when one of the skeptics made what he regarded as a momentous discovery. He learned that all uniforms worn in the theaters of that chain are furnished by the owners and there are no pockets discernible in any of the trimly fitting garments; a Cromwellian expedient quite as efficacious as keeping powder dry in another kind of fighting.

"We are selling seats," said the head of the chain recently, "and the oftener we sell each seat the more money we make. In one of our large Chicago houses alone we play to more than 130,000 people a week. Even if we were not opposed to tipping as a matter of principle, it would be downright rotten management for us to allow employes to display any yearning for tips, because if we did permit tip grabbing we might sell only 125,000 seats instead of 130,000.

"Hiring the kind of employe who won't accept tips is just one example of what we call management."

In one of the New York theaters where the ushers accept tips openly it has been estimated by men who have kept a check on their activities that each of these employes extorts from $15 to $30 a week from the patrons of their employers. It is an expensive perquisite from the employer's standpoint, however, if the nontipping patrons are driven to other theaters by the partiality of ushers.

There is still another angle on the tipping question which weighs heavily with the big chain-theater managers, and that is the necessity for smooth working of what is called the spill and fill. Movie patrons are constantly arriving and constantly leaving during the motion-picture theaters' open hours. Ushers whose pockets and itching palms are a sort of supplemental box office naturally interfere with the operation of the spill and fill, because they seek to catch the eye of the patron with a tip-giving manner rather than the ordinary mortal who just happens to be next in line.

The spill and fill has had a curious influence on the interior decoration, and even upon the architecture of the elaborate structures which have been built within the past few years to shelter their share of the national movie audience, which, it is estimated, buys 90,000,000 tickets a week within the borders of the United States. For one thing the newer theaters have huge, deeply inset vestibules to shelter the crowds that come at the peak hours; there are wider spaces between the seats; roomier aisles; and the thick carpets are laid on deep padding to deaden the footfalls of the departing and the arriving patron.

Various are the schemes which have been planned by the theater proprietors to lessen the amount of spill and fill without diminishing the actual number of admissions sold, but even the most inventive ones confess that it will always be one of their problems. Peak loads are just as fascinating to picture-theater owners as they are to transportation men, and to all others with something to sell who can vision greater profits if only they can devise some way to flatten the peak.

That peak comes to the moving-picture theaters every evening all over the United States, when Americans have finished their dinner and laid aside problems of the day; it is the time when they want to be entertained and their mood seems to come in the wake of the setting sun. There is another peak in the afternoons, but it does not compare as a rule with the one which assails the box office between seven and nine at night.

In one of the large Western cities that peak was flattened ingeniously by persuading a theaterful of patrons to attend a performance that began each night at 6:30. The result was that at 8:30 the entire audience cleared out and made way for another theaterful.

The Law of Gravity and Prices

It came about this way: The manager of one of the chains began to complain about business in the outlying districts, and finally directed one of his staff to go out and study the situation. At the theater at which this man rather hopelessly began his investigation, he lounged near the box office awaiting an opportunity to gossip with the manager. While he waited he heard a man who had bought tickets exclaim with pleasure at the handful of change he received from the cashier after buying tickets for his party.

"Gosh!" he said. "I don't get this much change at night."

The investigator pricked up his ears. It was about four o'clock, and at that hour the show sold seats at what it called a bargain-matinée price. Then he played a hunch, leaned forward and addressed himself to the man who had spoken.

"I am connected with the theater," he said. "Did you not know before that prices were lower now than in the evening?"

"Never heard of it," retorted the man, and went on into the darkened theater, unaware that he would be regarded in the future by some motion-picture-theater men as physicists regard that apple which bounced from Newton's head.

A few days later patrons of that theater learned that if they bought their tickets before 6:30 in the evening they could attend a full evening program at the matinée price of fifty cents—a saving of twenty-five cents. The result was that a great many people in that vicinity retarded their dinner hour until after 8:30 so that they could attend the cheaper show at 6:30. Instead of

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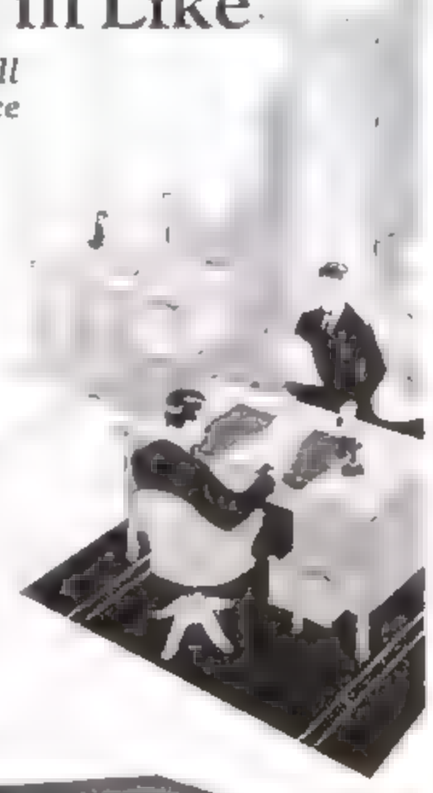
Here is a Desk You Will Like

—and it will serve you as well as one much higher in price

Convenience, durability and beauty of finish are the outstanding features of this new Weis Tabledesk. Card records, invoices, letters, contracts—things you want quickly when you need them—are right at finger's end. Cards and papers are filed vertically, *across the drawer* instead of lengthwise. No contortions, no awkward positions when filing or finding.

Card trays are removable to use elsewhere. Arrange the drawers in either pedestal as desired three half height, or one half height and one full height to a pedestal. The desk top is heavy five-ply cross veneer construction—a guarantee against warping and splitting. The dust-proof drawers glide easily and smoothly on silent fibre rollers. It will pay you to know fully about this new Weis product. Let us send you the information.



The Weis Manufacturing Co.

Manufacturers of Filing Equipment, Filing Supplies and Sectional Bookcases

Monroe, Michigan

A. H. Denny, Inc., 156 Broadway, New York

Horder's Loop Stores, Chicago

Three popular colors: light natural quartered oak, mahogany and walnut finishes. Or any special finish to match present furnishings

Will You Take $2.50 for Each Spare Hour?

"How do you like the way my subscription orders are coming in to you? Yesterday I secured 16 subscriptions. Not bad considering that I'm selling automobiles at the same time. The two work together splendidly."

—Grant DeK. Pritchard

Mr. Grant DeK. Pritchard of New Jersey sells automobiles all day. But on Saturday afternoons and in the evenings, he has many times averaged $2.50 an hour extra as our spare-time subscription representative for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. But there are other reasons which will prove just as attractive to you:

1. You need no previous experience to succeed.
2. You do not need one penny of capital.
3. Profits from the very start.
4. You work just when it suits your convenience.
5. You need not leave your own locality.

That's all we can say in this limited space. The next step is up to you—which is the reason for the coupon. Upon its receipt, we will promptly send you all the rest of the pleasing details—for there is no better time to start than *NOW!*

Just Clip the Coupon and Mail Today!

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
615 Independence Sq., Philadelphia, Pa.

Your offer sounds attractive. Send me all the details.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____ *Age* _____

having patrons straggling in and out between 6:30 and 8:30, every seat was occupied during that period; and at 8:30, having to all intents and purposes saved seats for the impatient throng which did not regard economy so highly, these bargain hunters left to make way for the full theater load that was waiting to take their turn at looking and listening. The peak had been flattened. When this was definitely established, the 6:30 bargain price of admission was extended to all the theaters of the chain.

There is only one price for the seats in the theaters of that chain. It costs no more to sit in the orchestra than in the balcony, but nowadays there are several price gradations throughout the day so as to stagger even the lesser peaks.

It is a wonder-inciting thing for strangers in the cities where that chain operates to see long cues of patrons waiting in front of its downtown theaters for the box offices to open at 10:45 in the morning. The price then, for an admission ticket, is thirty-five cents, and women and children swarm into the houses when the doors are opened. At one o'clock in the afternoon a crowd slightly more reckless with its money comes prepared to pay fifty cents, and later there is another advance to sixty cents, while on Saturday afternoons and evenings and all day on Sundays the price is seventy-five cents.

Post-Graduate Education

The thirty-five-cent customers miss a part of the musical program, but see the same pictures that run all day; but the pre-6:30 customers get a complete program at a reduced price as a reward for holding seats for the impatient ones who clamor for amusement at 8:30.

Even with this elaborate price schedule fixed by the peaks that show on the graphic charts drawn in accordance with ten-minute counts prepared by clockers stationed at the doors, the necessity for spill-and-fill arrangements persists, and waiting patrons are informed by means of a system that is mysterious to most of them just how soon and where seats will be available.

If twenty-five customers entered between two and ten minutes after in the afternoon and the theater is full at five minutes to four, the head usher, knowing that a complete show is run every two hours, is able to predict to those waiting for seats that there will be twenty-five vacant seats within fifteen minutes; and there is no guesswork about it.

At intervals the predictions based on the records are justified by flashes of light on an indicator board just inside the entrance. Those flashes indicate how many patrons are leaving their seats, and in what part of the house. Therefore, in the houses of the chain using that system, when an usher informs a patron that there are four seats halfway down the aisle on the left, his information is accurate even though the house is dark—while on the screen a heroine of lights and shadows rides madly ahead of the flood to warn the village and save her lover's lifework, and so forth.

Since the trend of motion-picture exhibition is toward larger houses seating from 4000 to 5000 patrons and costing anywhere from $1,000,000 to $10,000,000 there is a need for captains to command these enterprises. Besides possessing tact and other rare human attributes, the managers of these institutions must have a technical skill almost on a par with that required to direct a battleship. A civil engineer is managing the best theater of one big chain, and among the other managers running houses of that string are three graduates of West Point, several of the University of Wisconsin, six men with diplomas from Georgia Tech, half a dozen from Purdue University; and a sprinkling of Yale and Harvard men. But no matter how impressive are the degrees possessed by an employe of these theaters, all must attend for six months a training school that is conducted in New York before they may aspire to the command of one of the chain's theaters. There, after paying $300 for their tuition as proof of the seriousness of their intentions, they are given courses in the history of the motion picture; the interrelation between production, distribution and exhibition; public speaking, music—with emphasis on the cueing of pictures, projection and lighting, exploitation, program building, theater accounting and fire-and-accident prevention.

They get their best laboratory work at night, when they work as ushers, ticket takers, and in other capacities in the theaters in New York owned by the film capitalists who established the school.

One of the important tasks of a big theater manager—one that would baffle the average person who might feel inclined to scoff at the idea that technical skill of a high order is essential for the proper management of a modern motion-picture theater—is control of what is called thermometer opposition. Just what that means is illustrated by the low box-office receipts that cause theater owners anguish whenever the weather is such that the commonest, anger-inciting remark is that inane, but nevertheless accurate, statement, "It's not the heat; it's the humidity." During a week of hot and humid weather in New York not long ago, when many theaters in the town were so feebly patronized that the box offices established low gross records, just one theater was selling standing room, and that was the house which was first in New York to install a modern plant for the manufacture of satisfactory indoor weather.

Theaters of the vast size and costliness that are being raised by the coins of movie patrons today may not be operated seasonally. The tremendous sums which represent the fixed charges on these reservoirs of invested capital can be met only if there is a steady attendance every day in the year. The directors of these enterprises simply had to abolish the seasons.

In Chicago, for example, it costs $2000 a week to maintain and operate the cooling and ventilating plants in four theaters of a chain. More than fifty motors ranging from 5 to 240 horse power are used. It sounds expensive; yet it is cheaper to do this than to shut down these theaters during the periods of tropical heat that sweep across our continent from time to time.

A Special Exit for Odors

Need of a special ventilation system was apparent to the director of one immense group of theaters even as far back as 1908, in the dark ages of the motion picture, when the average show house was a vacant storeroom and seats were kitchen chairs held in rows by the scantlings to which they were nailed. Because his narrow nickelodeon was never free from an assortment of humanity which regarded his dark establishment as an inexpensive place in which to sober up after sessions in the barrooms of Madison Street, he decided it was wise to invest twenty-eight dollars in a secondhand exhaust fan that was offered for sale in the display space of a near-by junk yard. In its prime that fan had been a part of the equipment of a saw mill. When operated full blast it hinted strongly of the approach of a cyclone. There was a restaurant next door to the movie, and the odors of yesteryear's fried onions, of watermelon rind and disinfectant were seized upon by that fan and hurled into the blend of odors the theater had inherited from its succession of bleary-eyed audiences.

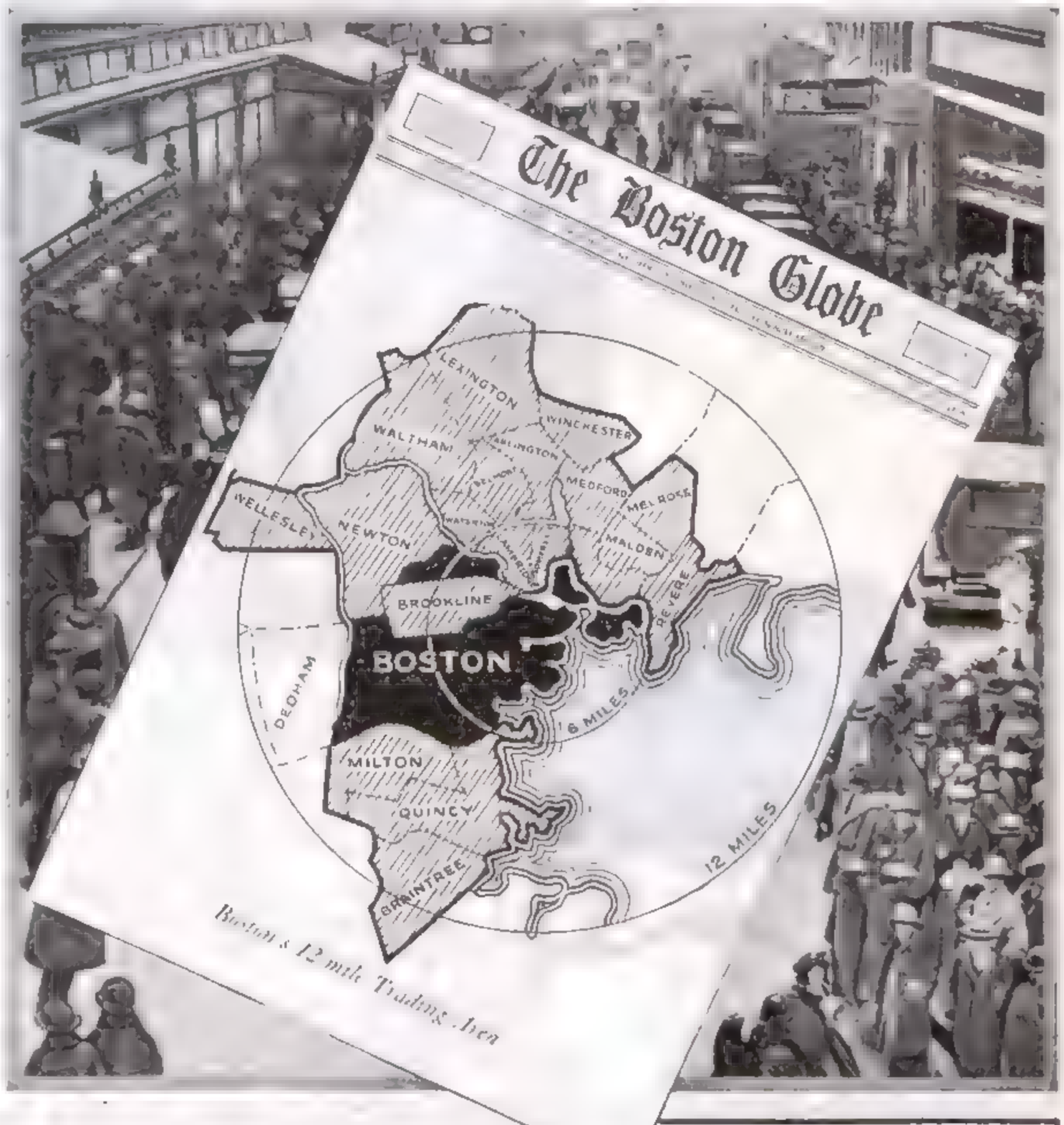
The most recent ventilating and refrigerating equipment ordered by that man who bought the secondhand exhaust fan was for installation in a New York theater. It cost $250,000, which is regarded as by no means extravagant. The electrical freezing plant produces the equivalent in coolness of about 500,000 pounds of ice every twenty-four hours.

Today, in theaters in Los Angeles, Chicago, Dallas, Houston, St. Louis, Atlanta, New York, and other towns, some of the

(Continued on Page 241)

Is *selling the Boston Market* one of your hard problems?

Successful Boston retailers prove the existence of a key market upon which to concentrate advertising



TO the manufacturer Boston *appears* to be a city with a shopping radius of at least 30 miles. But—Boston is a city with *only a 12-mile shopping area.*

This fact was uncovered by the Globe in a recent investigation. Here is what the Globe discovered:—

Boston department stores make 74% of their package deliveries to customers living within this 12-mile shopping area

Boston department stores obtain 64% of all their charge accounts within this 12-mile shopping area. Estimates from some authoritative sources credit to the population living within 12 miles as high as 90% of all business volume.

That population numbers 1,567,257. It forms almost two-thirds of all the population living within 30 miles of Boston. It is rich—with an average per capita wealth of about $2,000.

The Globe concentrates upon Boston's key market

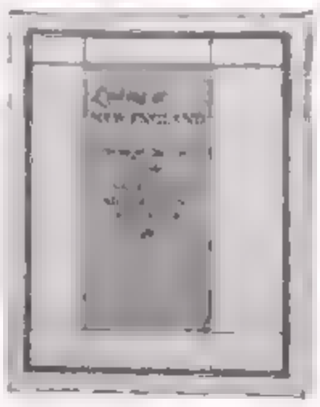
HERE within this 12-mile area, the Sunday Globe has the largest newspaper circulation in Boston. This is the Globe's market. And the daily Globe exceeds that of Sunday in this key market.

Because of this uniform seven-day concentration upon Boston's key market the Sunday Globe carries as much department store lineage as the other three Boston Sunday papers combined. And in the daily Globe the department stores use more space than in any other daily paper.

This is only logical. These Boston stores—keen merchandisers as they are—know their market in great detail. Their sales figures must reflect the Globe's concentration upon the most responsive homes. And so the stores use the *Globe* first.

The Globe's great strength among the people of Boston is due solely to its editorial and news merit. The Globe offers no premiums—makes no inducements for circulation.

The Globe in addition, makes a strong appeal to women through its Household Department—written by New England women themselves.



Study the map of Boston's key market on this page. See how the Globe leads in this key market. Note the figures on distributing outlets. Then buy the Globe *first* in Boston.

May we send you this interesting booklet?

If selling the Boston market is one of your problems you will be interested in our new booklet—"Looking at New England through the eyes of the Sales and Advertising Manager." We will be glad to send you a copy on request.

Taking a 30-mile radius as Boston's extreme trading limit the 12-mile area contains

74% of all dept. store package deliveries
64% of all dept. store charge accounts
61% of all grocery stores
60% of all hardware stores
57% of all drug stores
57% of all dry goods stores
55% of all furniture stores
46% of all auto dealers and garages

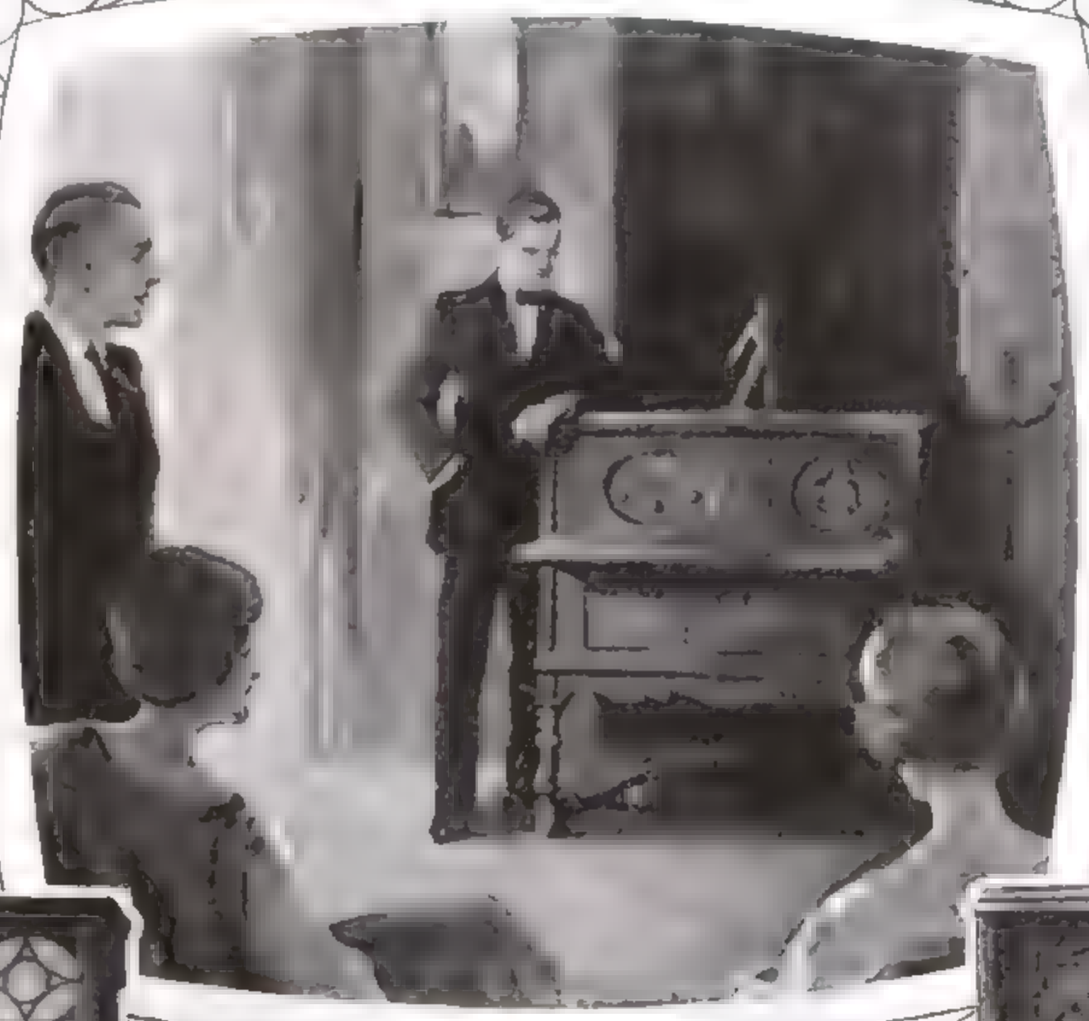
Here the Sunday Globe delivers 34,367 more copies than the next Boston Sunday newspaper. The Globe concentrates in this area—199,392 daily—176,479 Sunday.

The Boston Globe

The Globe sells *Boston*

Total Net Paid Circulation: Daily 280,159—Sunday 332,282

"MOST RADIO PER DOLLAR"



KING RADIO BUFFALO

KING-HINNERS RADIO CO. INC. BUFFALO

Prices slightly higher Denver and Westward on Canada

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office by Inspection Reg. Mfrs. Under Hazeltine Patents Nos. 1,450,080, 1,489,228, 1,533,858 and 1,577,421

KING RADIO 63

Six tubes Single Dial Station Selector. Completely Shielded. Price without accessories, $210

KING-HINNERS NEUTRODYNE 72-H

Seven tubes completely shielded and loop operated. Four stages of tuned transformer amplification. Single dial control. Price with built-in loop, $175

IF YOU HAVENT A GOOD RADIO HALF THE WORLD IS PASSING YOU BY

CONNOISSEURS of fine furniture will be quickly won to the new KING RADIO. Cabinet work of surpassing beauty. Classic lines, fine woods, superb finishing. The KING CONSOLE 63 shown above claims proud descent from designs of noble lineage. Your friends will marvel at its beauty; at the tuning ease of its single dial station selector; its ample volume and fine tone. Three thousand dealers will gladly demonstrate any KING. We will send you the name of your nearest authorized KING Dealer and interesting radio booklet "VOICE OF THE WORLD!" free if you will mail your name and address on a post card, in a letter or on the margin of this page.

NEUTRODYNE is the best-known circuit in radio. It is, we believe, the only radio developed upon the exact mathematical calculations of a pure scientist. Neutrodyne results are known. Its popularity is proved. The KING-HINNERS organization specializes in the development and production of Neutrodynes exclusively. We build the best radios we know how, place them in the finest cabinets money can buy. In performance and appearance, KING-HINNERS NEUTRODYNE is custom-built. Unique manufacturing advantages enable us to sell them at production prices. Ask for booklet "THE RADIO QUEST" and name of nearest dealer. Then get a KING-HINNERS demonstration.

KING-BUFFALO, INCORPORATED : BUFFALO, N. Y. : KING-HINNERS RADIO CO., Inc.

KING RADIO

R.2

(Continued from Page 238)

motion-picture audiences enjoy the programs in an atmosphere that has been washed, cooled and dried. The washing is done by fans which suck the air in through curtains of water; the cooling is performed by the electrical freezing machinery, and the drying by a mechanism called a dehumidifier.

The control of this basement apparatus is exercised from the theater as easily as a ship is controlled from its bridge, but the control must be exercised by someone with understanding.

If the temperature in a refrigerated theater was kept too low the weaker portion of an audience might suffer ill effects upon going into the street. Indeed, there have been cases of women fainting upon return to the humidity of a summer day from the interior of a theater where the ventilation was controlled by a man with more enthusiasm than judgment.

Theater comfort calls for a temperature of between seventy degrees and seventy-five degrees Fahrenheit and a relative humidity of between 50 and 60 per cent, with a gentle air motion throughout the house. By means of frequent readings of wet-and-dry-bulb thermometers the managers who know their profession maintain those temperatures whether they have to use oil-burning heating plants or electrical freezing machines. Not very much steam heat is required for the well-conditioned theater, even in the coldest part of the winter, for the reason that the animal heat of an audience plus the heat from the lights would actually overheat the house were it not for regulating doses of cold air.

Chops Lost and Found

If the air drawn into a theater were cooled but not dried, two disastrous things would occur. Moisture would condense on the costly fabrics with which the finer ones are draped, working great harm, and then the keys of the $70,000 pipe organ probably would stick together, seriously interfering with the day's program of music; all of which is intended to explain why motion-picture-theater managers watch the wet and dry bulbs of the house thermometers with something like the earnest loyalty of vestal virgins.

In one Chicago theater, and not the most elaborate either, there is a record of costs for interior decorations and furnishings that totals $500,000. This sum includes the amounts paid for some excellent paintings. No ordinary janitor is intrusted with the care of the delicate fabrics of the lamp shades, the velvet of the hangings and the thickly piled carpets for which much of that half million was spent. The proper cleaning fluids and the methods of application were worked out in laboratories before the theater was opened. Modern appliances to absorb dust—large-scale adaptations of the household vacuum cleaner—do much to keep clean that theater and the rest of the chain to which it belongs.

The same man who evolved the cleaning system laid down the principle that no candy or other edibles should be sold in any of the houses. At first glance it appeared to some of his associates that he was foolishly turning his face against some easy profits, but he was able to show in black and white that the damage resulting to their furnishings through the carelessness of patrons, and from the vermin that would be attracted by stores of sweets, would more than offset any profits. But his clinching argument was based on the idea that audiences are distracted by the rustling of oiled paper in candy boxes and the clink of glasses. The man in charge of the maintenance of the interiors of all the theaters of that chain today is not a janitor. He is an interior decorator of high caliber.

It is the rule in almost all of the more than 20,000 motion-picture theaters in the United States that the ushers must police the floors and aisles with flash lights after the closing performance every night. The varied articles that are gathered up by them, and for which there are no claimants, form, after a year or so, a considerable store.

One of the commonest reactions to the vicarious adventures and trials and triumphs to which movie spectators are subject is the abandonment of all articles that are commonly supported in the lap. Gloves, hand bags, handkerchiefs, packages and vanity cases by the hundreds are accumulated in the course of a year at every one of these theaters. Sometimes jeweled rings and bracelets of great value are picked up by the ushers, but all the salvaged articles are entered in a record and, to whatever extent is possible—in the well-managed institutions—efforts are made to restore them to their owners.

In one Eastern theater a brown-paper parcel was picked up by an usher in the course of the closing ritual. It was duly inscribed on the record as "one brown-paper parcel, found in center aisle, row 15," and put away for its unidentified owner.

About ten days later the manager of that house called his engineer to his office and complained bitterly about the ventilation. The mark of good ventilation was, in his opinion, complete freedom from odors.

"Just sniff this place yourself." Obediently the engineer sniffed. "Could it be a rat that's died? There has never been a rat in the place overnight."

"Well, I don't know what it could be," confessed the engineer, and went unhappily back to his post, brooding over the indignity that had been put upon him after three years of service. He began to explore the basement, and after a time he came to the front of the house and beckoned to the manager.

"I've found that smell," he boasted, "and all the ventilating schemes in the world could not beat it. Somebody's cook dropped her pork chops, and the bundle has been getting ripe for days in the lost-and-found storeroom."

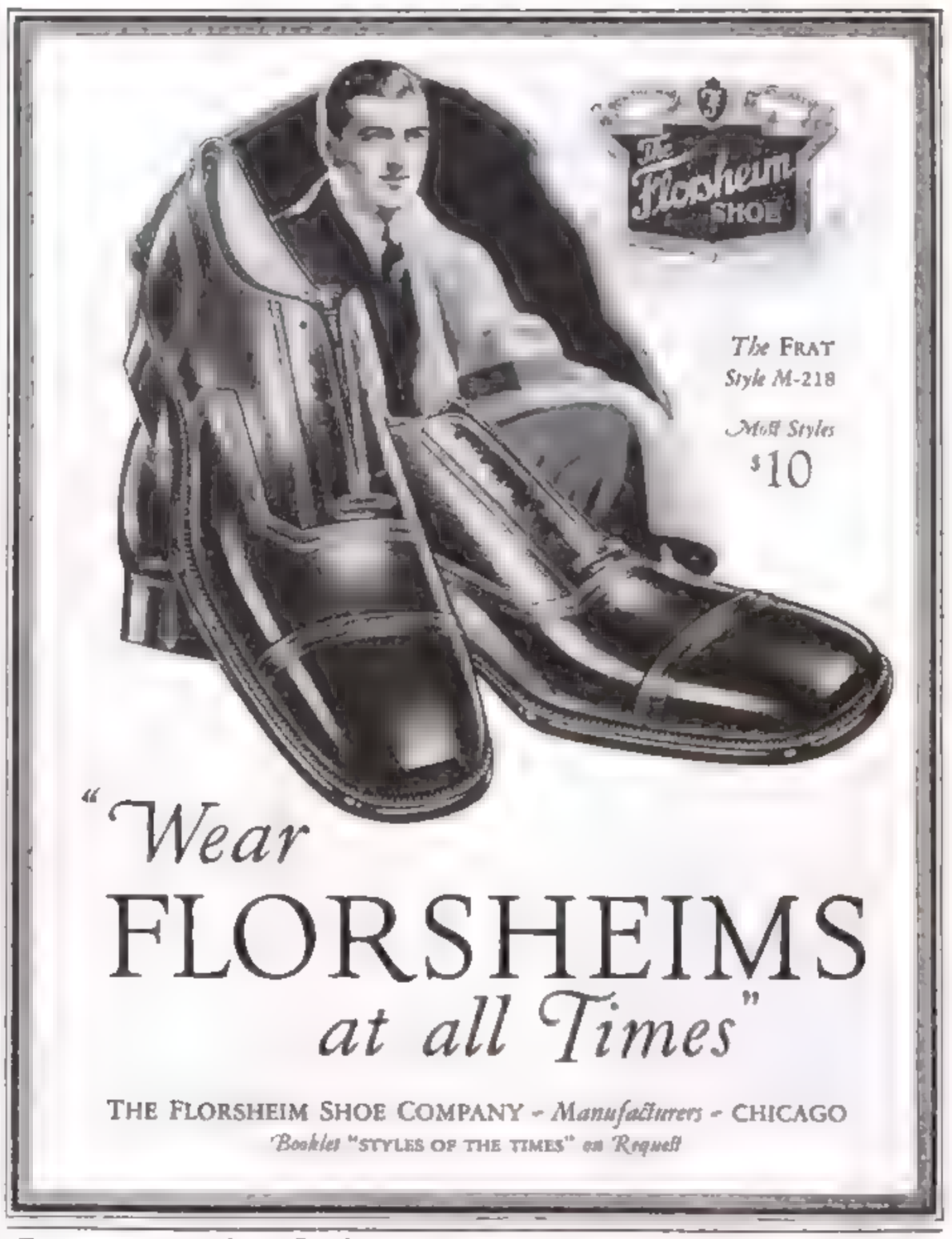
The manager of a theater is, of course, an important figure about the house, but there is one person to whom he bears a relationship that has its only analogy on the sea in steamships. The skipper of a vessel may be boss of the deck and the bridge, but there is another lord in the engine room—the chief engineer. He is nearly a law unto himself, and like him is the orchestra leader of a motion-picture theater.

Using Music's Charms

The orchestra leader is so vital a factor in keeping the seats filled that in many instances it has been found wisest to make him manager also. There are many theaters in the United States which spend in excess of $200,000 a year for musicians' salaries, but the directing of the men who earn that money is but a small part of the orchestra leader's job. He is the man whose baton, like a wand, must synchronize the moods of his audience with the moods of the pictures. There may be sixty pieces in his orchestra, but the orchestra is for him simply one of several instruments which he must direct.

While he flourishes his baton his signals are also going to the technicians backstage, to the man behind the projecting machine, to the electricians, and to the men standing, with something like the discipline of sailors, at the ropes with which the scenery of special numbers is shifted or the curtains raised and lowered. His is the intelligence which directs the spotlight man and which from time to time recalls the organist, so that his true pets—the men of the orchestra—may be lowered magically on the mastodonic elevator which is their platform, to take their ease back of the stage.

The music library, which is as necessary to the high-priced motion-picture houses as the projection machine, must contain, to be of value, many thousands of compositions; and when a program is being built the orchestra leader is the only person fitted for the task of selecting the music to suit the spirit, the action and the varying emotions of the pictures and other features.



"Wear FLORSHEIMS at all Times"

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY - Manufacturers - CHICAGO

Booklet "STYLES OF THE TIMES" on Request

Guaranteed a Lifetime

They Last!

WHILE others come and go a Krementz stays right on the job for a lifetime. Select the style you prefer at your dealer's.

Krementz

Distinction

WHO among us does not secretly aim to be distinguished—to be different from others?

John Shannon's English Coats

add just that touch of *distinction* which all well-dressed men seek. They are "Incontestably Correct".

Ask your dealer—if he cannot show you these coats, write us for name and address of a dealer who can.

Illustrated Booklet, showing three Fall Models, sent on request

MAGNUS IMPORTS, Ltd.
Sole Selling Agents
208 Fifth Avenue New York City
Wholesale Only

Stenographer Earned $1000.00 Part Time Before Graduating

Selling Xmas Cards

Esther McCall, Ark. earned $59 first day. Mary Kline, Pa. earned $164 in four days. W. C. Allen, Ohio, earned $1000 spare time showing our

Personal Christmas Greeting Cards

that sell on sight. No selling experience necessary. Double your income—earn $5.00 to $10.00 every hour you can spare.

Weekly pay checks. Bonus checks every month. No money required. We furnish everything

$10 Outfit Free Write quick! Start at once making big money. Rush season right at hand.

THE JOHN A. HERTEL CO.
318 W. Washington St., Dept. 1704, Chicago, Ill.

Hotter storms may interfere with travel, telephone operators are at their posts

An Unfailing Service

AMERICANS rely upon quick communication and prove it by using the telephone seventy million times every twenty-four hours. In each case some one person of a hundred million has been called for by some other person and connected with him by means of telephone wires.

So commonly used is the telephone that it has come to be taken for granted. Like the air they breathe, people do not think of it except when in rare instances they feel the lack of it.

Imagine the seventeen million American telephones dumb, and the wires dead. Many of the every-day activities would be paralyzed. Mails, telegraphs and every means of communication and transportation would be overburdened. The streets and elevators would be crowded with messengers. Newspaper men, doctors, policemen, firemen and business men would find themselves facing conditions more difficult than those fifty years ago, before the telephone had been invented.

To prevent such a catastrophe is the daily work of three hundred thousand telephone men and women. To maintain an uninterrupted and dependable telephone service is the purpose of the Bell System and to that purpose all its energy and resources are devoted.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

BELL SYSTEM

IN ITS SEMI-CENTENNIAL YEAR THE BELL SYSTEM LOOKS FORWARD TO CONTINUED PROGRESS IN TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION

The cueing of pictures is an art that is too little appreciated. It would be impossible to count all the Americans who have thoroughly enjoyed some of the world's finest music while watching motion pictures, but who would reject with scorn the notion that they might get similar enjoyment by attending a concert at which they would hear precisely the same music. But for the orchestra leaders' understanding of the emotional values of music and their ability to synchronize it with stretches of film having nearly similar values, there are a lot of us who would find the movies rather flat entertainment.

There is one city in the United States—and it is not New York—where there are a couple of newspaper critics whose good opinion is regarded as vital by those who sell, or rather lease, film there. Now it is the custom in that city for the critics to see the picture in the projection rooms of the exchanges. After a number of painful experiences some of the shrewder men among the distributors decided that the critics were writing sour reviews for no other reason than because they were not getting the same emotional kick out of the pictures seen in the drab projection rooms that they felt when they reviewed with enthusiasm other pictures, no whit better, under the stimulus of suitable music. The critics insisted on advance showings, so the astute distributors began to arrange, when important pictures arrived, private shows that had all the quality of social functions; and as the pictures flowed across the screen the tear ducts and the risibles of the critics were seductively conquered by music.

"And," said the man who told me that, "we try to make sure that they see the pictures after dinner, and not before."

Accuracy in Timing

When an orchestra leader is selecting the music for a picture he sits in the projection room with a stop watch in one hand. In the other is an electric button on a silken wire that leads to a buzzer in the operator's booth. With the buzzer the orchestra leader signals the operator to start the picture. Suppose there is a scene showing the hero leaving home and bidding farewell to his dog. At the end, where the hero climbs into his uncle's flivver and starts for the railroad station, the leader presses the button and the stop watch. The picture stops. He consults his stop watch and learns that the scene had been screened in five minutes. On a memorandum pad he then writes, we may suppose, "Five minutes, Dear Old Pal of Mine," and presses the buzzer and again puts the stop watch in action to clock the next scene.

There is a speedometer on the projection machines so that the operators are able to control the speed of a picture, and in most theaters the rate insisted on is about eighty-five feet a minute. Obviously, if the operator should go faster or slower when the picture is shown to an audience, the cueing would be disrupted and Hearts and Flowers would be played at the wrong time. It happens sometimes, but rarely in a well-managed theater.

As a general thing managers know how to operate projection machines, but whether they do or not, it is a part of their job to know whether pictures are being screened with a sharp definition. Sometimes machines get out of focus, or condensers become discolored and must be cleaned. It is the manager's job to check up on these things many times a day.

It is not the projection of film that worries them so much, though, as it is the delivery of film from the exchanges. There are in the United States about 280 film exchanges operated for a dozen big producing companies. The largest company has forty-two exchanges, several serving populous states such as New York, one serving several of the smaller states. The film exchange is a branch selling office of the producer. There the majority of the exhibitors come to do their shopping, and after these customers have completed their marketing, booked the picture shows they want, or which the producers will let them have, it is the duty of the exchange to see that the exhibitors receive those pictures according to schedule.

Movie Maps of the Country

Elaborate records are kept, so that the man in Bird Center gets the canisters containing the film to which he is entitled and not those which are to go to the proprietor of the Bijou in Punkus Falls. Every time a picture returns to the exchange it is wound by inspectors, generally women, on hand reels, and torn and damaged parts are taken out and the remainder patched together. In spite of the precautions taken, though, it sometimes happens that the Bird Center theater gets a mixed shipment containing incomplete parts of two pictures. If the discovery is made in good time no great harm is done, but if there is only a narrow margin of time before the shows are scheduled to begin in the theaters which are the victims of these mistakes, there occur wild rides to correct the error which are quite as dramatic as anything ever photographed in a Western made in Hollywood.

Last year the people of the United States paid $900,000,000 for admissions to the motion-picture theaters, which is one of the reasons the makers of film plays are finding it good business to acquire chains of theaters. At the present time there are several large chains of theaters owned by producing companies and operating from fifty to as many as 350 theaters each. Agents of these companies are still engaged in buying other theaters.

The man who directs the principal chain has in his commodious office a huge map of the United States covering one wall. Pins with brilliantly colored heads as large as filberts show him where his houses are situated, but in his desk are supplies of pins to be stuck in that map when deals are closed for other houses.

SANFORD'S
The Original
FOUNTAIN PEN
INK
ALWAYS GOOD
ALWAYS THE SAME

PATENTS. Write for free Guide Books and "RECORD OF INVENTION BLANK". Send model or sketch of invention for Inspection & Instructions Free. Terms Reasonable
Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C

Sign Lights?
Replace sign switch with 10-Day TORK CLOCK. Turns lights on & off regularly at times set. No attendance needed. No waste. Saved up [illegible] in 100 cities. Copy of [illegible]
TORK COMPANY, 12 East 41 St., New York

For all Lifting Purposes
REES JACKS
Rees Manufacturing Company
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Ten Dollars a Day
Commissions Paid Daily
Part time representatives [illegible] come $10 weekly in spare time. Full time people can earn
$250.00 Monthly $500.00
Johnson Earned $90 in a Day
Selling America's most fairly priced and widely known line of "Made-to-Order" Personal and Business Christmas Greeting Cards, in universal demand among Banks, Business, Society and Professional people. For full details and exclusive territory
ADDRESS DEPT. A
The Progress Engraving Co., Inc.
Troy at 21st St., Chicago

CASH for Christmas
How much do you need, in order to remember your friends as you would like to? $25, $50 extra? For an easy, sure way to earn it, just mail a card with your name and address to Box 1624, c/o THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, 616 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

A Bit of the Shore Line Along the Minnesota Side of Lake Superior

Federal *makes beautiful new models for every home need*

E-40

E-40—*Six tubes. Wet or dry battery type. Balanced, tuned radio frequency. Single control. Extremely selective. Maximum range. All-metal construction. Illuminated scale. Built-in speaker. Receiver compartment slides out. Walnut cabinet, antiqued, with rosewood inlay. Ample battery space. Without accessories, $300.00.*

The Greater Federal Line includes many models, ranging in price from $75 to $400, and four de luxe custom-built models retailing at $600 to $1000. B and C models have space for all batteries, also for current supply devices which operate from electric light sockets. C models are completely self-contained and portable.

F-40

F-40—*Seven tubes. Wet or dry battery type. Balanced, tuned radio frequency. For use with loop only. Single control. Maximum selectivity—long range reception. All-metal construction. Illuminated scale. Extra large built-in speaker. Walnut cabinet, antiqued, with vermilion inlay. Ample battery space. Without accessories, $400.00.*

D-10—*Five tubes. Wet or dry battery type. Balanced, tuned radio frequency. Centralized control. Very selective and sensitive. Genuine mahogany cabinet, mahogany lined. Finish, rich brown. Without accessories, $100.00.*

D-5—*Console. As illustrated. Specially designed and finished to match D-10 Ortho-sonic. Ample space for all batteries. Equipped with gliders, $30.00.*

D-10

Federal's 14 Points

1—Ortho-sonic receiving sets made complete in Federal factories assure perfect matching of parts.

2—Built around Federal's own patented circuits.

3—Ortho-sonic tone quality—the result of years of acoustical research.

4—Rugged all-metal construction—will last a lifetime.

5—Cabinets of carefully selected mahogany and walnut.

6—Multi-shielding. Provides isolation of all circuits from one another and from extraneous influences.

7—Simplified control with the maximum efficiency.

8—Razor-edge selectivity; allowing reception of distant stations through locals.

9—Illuminated, self-indicating scale, acting as a pilot light.

10—Uses dry battery tubes, also standard tubes, without adjustment.

11—Re-radiation proof—does not interfere with your neighbor's receiving set.

12—Includes a model for every purse and a design for every setting.

13—A precision instrument built by Federal telephone and radio experts.

14—Backed by a solid, substantial company—can never become an "orphan."

NO matter what kind of a radio set you want—whether beautifully simple or elaborately beautiful, whether table or floor type, whether operated from loop or antenna, you can now have your choice in a Federal.

And with it you can have all the exclusive and revolutionizing advantages of the Ortho-sonic circuit—patented, magnificently shielded—famous for the more beautiful and life-like tones it brings in as well as for its greater selectivity, range, ruggedness and operative simplicity.

For Federal radio engineers have now built these magic circuits into cabinets of such a variety of style and type that practically every individual preference and price requirement is met. No longer need any home be denied the privilege and the pleasure of Ortho-sonic Radio.

Most folks want good-looking radio sets. Note here several of the new models added to the Federal line. Where did you ever before see radio sets glorified with such beauty and individuality of design?

Here are cabinets of choicest walnut and mahogany—exquisitely finished—embellished with rich inlays, hand-carving and duo-tone wood effects. Here, too, are models whose panel designs show single-dial and centralized controls, both enhancing appearance and giving new speed and ease in station-finding. Never before was more quality assembled in radio. Never before more value.

The sign displayed by all designated Federal retailers. Wherever you see it, feel free to enter, and listen in!

Remember, behind every Federal Ortho-sonic Radio stands an organization of engineers whose reputation for fine telephone, wireless, and navy radio apparatus goes back over a quarter of a century. Responsibility!

So before buying any radio, go to your Federal retailer. See the complete line of Federal Ortho-sonics. Listen in—with closed eyes. Compare the tone, the selectivity, the price, the quality! *That's all we ask!*

FEDERAL RADIO CORPORATION, *Buffalo, N. Y.*
(Division of Federal Telephone and Telegraph Co.)
Operating Broadcast Station WGR at Buffalo

Federal ORTHO-SONIC* Radio

Reg U. S. Pat. Off.

★ The fundamental exclusive circuit making possible Ortho-sonic reproduction is patented under U. S. Letters Patent No. 1,582,470.

Does the Tariff Help or Hinder?

Is it true that the American farmer buys in a protected market and sells in a world market? Does the tariff favor industry at the expense of agriculture? Or does the farmer share the benefits of protection? Would free trade help? Would higher duties boost the farmer's income?

E. V. Wilcox has figured out the debits and the credits of the tariff as it hits the farmer's pocketbook—what high protection costs him and what he gets out of it. Read

What the Tariff Does for the Farmer

In the October issue of *The Country Gentleman*

and 116 OTHER FEATURES. Every single item in the 192-page October issue of *The Country Gentleman* was chosen because of its particular appeal to the man, the woman, the boys and the girls *on the farms of America.*

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The Modern Magazine for Leadership Farm Families

More than 1,300,000 a month

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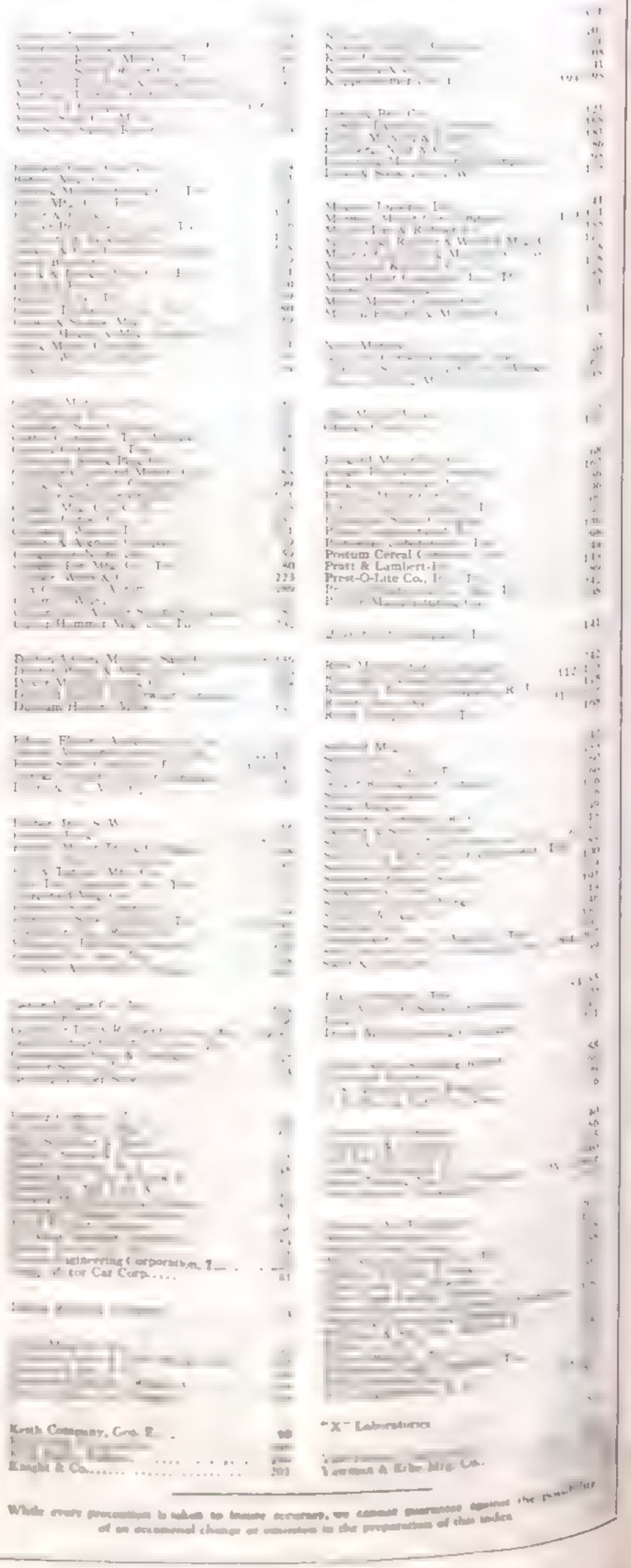
Index of Advertisers

October 16, 1926



While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index

Think of the money these NOGAR clothes will save you!

NOGAR Utility Clothing—for work, business and sport—costs little and wears long.

More than a million men wear Nogar garments. They can testify to the extraordinary service and economy of these *sturdiest of all clothes*

Nogar Suits, designed primarily for work suits, are unequalled for this purpose. But they are so up-to-date in style and their new weaves and patterns so attractive that thousands are worn as business suits. For motoring, gunning, fishing and other sports they are ideal.

Nogar Topcoats are perfect motor coats.

Nogar Boys' Suits will stand the hardest usage and always look well.

Direct from factory to you

Nogar Clothes are sold to you direct from the factory by our trained and trustworthy representatives, with whom you may deal in fullest confidence. Give the Nogar man a welcome when he calls and let him show you the wonders of the Nogar Special Cloth of which our garments are made.

There is only one Nogar Cloth and we make it. Only garments shipped direct to you from our mill at Reading, Pa., are made of genuine Nogar Cloth. It is almost tearproof, won't burn easily and repels water. It will outwear any other fabric used in clothing and keep a good appearance.

Nogar is the original utility clothing and all garments are *guaranteed*. Mail coupon for full information.

Suits & Topcoats
$12.50 & $13.50

Hunting Suits $15.50

Boys' Suits
$9.85 & $10.85

Slightly Higher in Canada

Can you use more money?

To salesmen whose present connections do not pay well enough, and office workers and others whose salaries are not sufficient, we offer the opportunity to sell Nogar Clothes for Men and Boys. You can devote either full time or part time to this work, with substantial profit.

There are decided advantages in representing a house like Nogar, which is the leader in the utility clothing field. The splendid value and economy in Nogar garments make them one of the easiest products to sell on the market today and satisfied customers recommend you to their friends. Extensive advertising opens doors to you everywhere and good men are advanced to lucrative executive positions. If you are willing to work, your future is assured.

NOGAR CLOTHING MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Home Office and Factory, Reading, Pa. *Branch Offices in Principal Cities*

Mail coupon today for further information.

NOGAR Suits are ideal for

Mechanics	*Railroad Men*
Drivers	*Farmers*
Mill Workers	*Motorists*
Engineers	*Gunners*
Chauffeurs	*Fishermen*

—and all men who need extra-duty clothing

Nogar CLOTHES

Nogar-ments wear like them

Nogar Clothing Mfg. Co.
Dept S-10, Reading, Pa

Please send me further information about Nogar Clothes for Men ☐ for Boys ☐
Check which you are interested in

Name

Address.....

If you wish to represent us, check here ☐

Buy separately
or in assortments

She will approve a hanging bookrack

AN open bookrack that hangs on the wall is fashionable just now. Why not make one yourself? There's real satisfaction in making something with your own hands. Relaxation, too. With a set of Stanley Tools you are able to attend to odd repair jobs and make many of the things you want around your home.

Good tools are necessary to do really good work. Every Stanley Tool is as efficient as expert craftsmanship can make it. That's why nearly every carpenter uses Stanley Tools. And that is why they are the first choice in thousands of manual training classes.

You can buy Stanley Tools separately and gradually accumulate your own set. And there are sets of Stanley Tools in a wide range from which to choose—from No. 904 containing 12 tools in a sturdy oak chest at $15, to No. 850 containing 49 tools in a beautiful cabinet at $95.

There are also assortments of the same Stanley Tools in strong cardboard boxes with simple directions in each from which you can make your own chest. Prices $5 to $20.

IMPORTANT: For only 10c (to cover cost of printing and mailing) we will gladly send you a plan sheet which gives full directions for making a Bookrack like the one shown above. Ask for Plan No. 1–SP.

Ask your hardware dealer to show you the line of Stanley Tools. And send for our Catalogue No. 34 which describes Stanley Tools both separately and in assortments. Address: The Stanley Works, New Britain, Conn.

The best tools are the cheapest to use
Ask your hardware dealer

STANLEY TOOLS

The Poets' Corner

The Gasoline Age

A MOTOR throbbing through the night,
Like beat of waves upon a shore,
And, while I listen in affright,
The shriek of brakes before my door

And that is you! The frantic need
Not yours alone, but, oh, mine too!—
For speed and speed and speed, more speed!
A pace dead lovers never knew.

Lovers, in ancient centuries
Whose stories live to stir us [illegible]
Had never feelings sharp as these—
A great car bending to one's will.

An engine throbbing 'neath the hand,
While overhead boughs interlace,
We laugh and kiss and laugh again
While with unpitying death we race.

Yes, love was pleasant once, no doubt,
On snow-white steeds in forest places,
But, oh, to watch the stars go out
And feel the wind upon our faces!

Ah, when the young Queen Guinevere
With Lancelot rode, she never knew—
Because our joy is fraught with fear
The hot, wild pride I have for you

Your sinewy hand upon the wheel
The moonlight pricks its freckles red—
Can make my very senses reel,
And as you watch the curve ahead,

And with your eyes still on it, find
And snatch, in deviltry, a kiss
I see, who till tonight was blind,
I know that life was made for this.

And I thank God for bolt and tire,
For tricky curve and treacherous road,
The cut-out sharpens our desire,
The foot feed is love's sternest goad.

Mary Carolyn Davies

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible an address label from a recent copy.

STOPS HEAT · · · STOPS COLD · · · QUIETS NOISE · · · ADDS STRENGTH
SHUTS OUT WIND · · · RESISTS MOISTURE · · · SAVES MONEY

Amazing Lumber

〖not cut from trees〗

adds *new* comfort . . . *saves money*

It builds homes Winter-warm . . . Summer-cool . . . costs little or nothing more . . . saves ⅓ fuel money!

A CHANGE is taking place in the building of homes today!

Already more than 90,000 homes have been built with an amazing lumber. A lumber that shuts out both the discomforts of sweltering Summer heat . . . and the biting cold of Winter . . . that keeps every room at a healthful, unvarying temperature the year 'round . . . that cuts fuel costs by ⅓.

These houses set a new standard of American building practice. Now that insulation has been made practical, heat-leaking houses are a poor investment. The authorities agree that such houses are becoming obsolete: harder to sell, rent or borrow money on.

This amazing lumber is Celotex, developed five years ago to meet the urgent need for a building material that would resist the passage of heat and cold better than wood lumber, masonry and other wall and roof materials.

Celotex is not cut from trees, but is manufactured from the long, tough fibres of cane. It is enduring . . . scientifically sterilized and waterproofed. Celotex is stronger in walls than wood lumber, because of the great bracing strength of the broad boards, and many times better as insulation. Wind and moisture can not penetrate Celotex. It quiets noise.

ACTUALLY *saves money*. Thus, unlike ordinary insulation, Celotex is not an extra item in building. It replaces wood lumber as sheathing (see the illustrations) eliminates building paper, gives greater wall strength and adds the insulation needed back of wood, brick and stucco exteriors at no extra cost.

Under plaster, replacing lath, Celotex costs a few cents more per yard at first, but is a great economy. It means less upkeep expense because of no lathmarks . . . fewer cracks.

Because Celotex helps deaden noise it makes your home more quiet and restful.

Moreover, with Celotex in the walls, and in the ceiling, or roof of your house, a smaller, less expensive heating plant and smaller radiators will keep you comfortable. And year after year, Celotex will *save from 25% to 35% of your fuel money!*

NEW COMFORT *for old homes.* In houses already built, a big measure of this comfort and economy is being secured by lining attics and basements with Celotex. That helps a lot and costs but little. There are dozens of other places where Celotex is the ideal material for building and remodeling.

Ask your architect, contractor or lumber dealer to tell you more about Celotex. Leaders in these lines advise its use. All lumber dealers can supply it.

Also ask about the $200.00 *gold bond* now issued on every Celotex Insulated house.

THE CELOTEX COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.
Mills: New Orleans, La.
Branch Sales Offices in many principal cities
(See telephone books for addresses)
Canadian Representatives: Alexander Murray & Co., Ltd.
Montreal Toronto Halifax Winnipeg Vancouver

CELOTEX
INSULATING LUMBER

AS SHEATHING
Celotex is nailed directly to the framework and supplies the insulation needed back of brick, wood or stucco exteriors. Here it replaces the rough boards formerly used, gives greater strength to the house walls and makes building paper unnecessary.

UNDER PLASTER
On inside walls and ceilings, plaster is applied directly to the surface of Celotex. This eliminates the use of lath and gives stronger, insulated walls: less apt to crack and free from lath-marks.

IN THE ROOF
Most heat heats into houses through roofs in summer, causing hot attics. Most heat leaks out through roofs in winter, causing high fuel bills. Celotex applied over or under roof rafters gives the needed protection. For best results both ways are recommended.

FOR OLD HOUSES
In homes already built, a big measure of Celotex comfort and economy may be secured by lining attics and basements with it. In the attic an extra finished room can be made by nailing Celotex to the roof rafters. In the basement: line ceiling with Celotex.

Free Building Book

Send the coupon below for the free Celotex Building Book. It explains fully this great improvement in building.

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645 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send the Celotex Building Book.

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Street .....

S.E.P.—10-10-26

City ..... *State* .....

~~8,000,000~~

10,000,000

DRIVERS PROVE IT

1926 has added 2,000,000 more users of the Boyce Moto Meter. *Today it is protecting 10,000,000 motors.*

Could there be greater proof that the motoring public wants a motor heat indicator mounted on the radiator cap directly in the line of driving vision where the eyes need not be averted from the road to a confusing array of dash-board instruments?

The demand for these millions of genuine Boyce Moto Meters is the public's response to a permanent combination of beauty and utility rather than mere radiator ornaments of the moment.

The Boyce Moto Meter is so simple in construction that you can put it on yourself. It requires no upkeep and outlives any car.

Leadership of the Boyce Moto Meter obtains throughout the world. It is made both in America and five foreign factories.

Dealers everywhere will show you Boyce Moto Meters for every type of car—in various designs—$3.50 to $15.00.

Standard Model
Ten Dollars

NOTE. We also manufacture Boyce Moto Meters for dash-board or steering column installation. Thousands of these are now in use on automobiles and U. S. Army and Navy aeroplanes. Whatever type of heat indicator you prefer, you can obtain it in a genuine Boyce Moto Meter

BOYCE MOTO METER

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE

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The name "Moto Meter" is the registered trade-mark and the exclusive property of this Company

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THE ARGOSY *has arrived!* . . A new pattern in 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silverplate; a stately and regal pattern with lithe and slender lines . . . enchased with a design of lace-like delicacy.

Displayed by silverware merchants everywhere . . . in both flatware and hollowware . . . charming tray and chest-assortments of knives with stainless steel blades, forks and spoons, with tea and dinner sets to match. Now just off the Harbor of Homeland . . . waiting to enthrall you!

Booklet X90 of ARGOSY *design, in flatware and hollowware, will be sent gladly on request. International Silver Co., Dept. E, Meriden, Conn.*

·1847 ROGERS BROS·

SILVERPLATE

· INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO ·

SALESROOMS: NEW YORK, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO . . . . CANADA: INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, HAMILTON, ONTARIO

Never a dull moment

WHAT would you like to hear—a bit of grand opera? A symphony? A thrilling band piece? A toe-teasing fox-trot? Just say what—and *when!* The new Orthophonic Victrola, with its flawless reproduction, is waiting to play for you always. Waiting to play the things you like in a way you have never heard before.

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